

S. A. Kennett

This was my Fathers

John Chalkhill, wrote the
Ballad called Corydons Song

"Oh the sweet contentment
the Country doth find"

and the other Ballad of

"Oh the gallant Fishers
Life

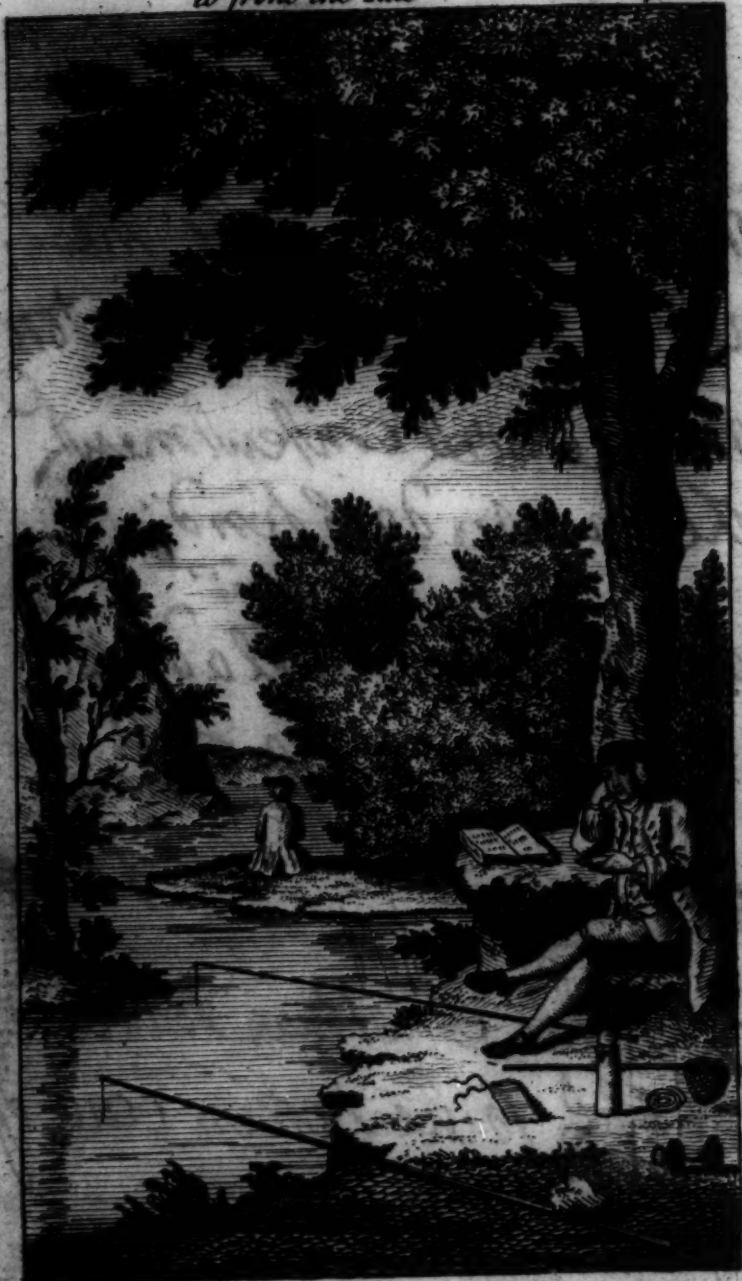
1679

As this is a Rare Book
it ought to be taken care of



to front the Title

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T H E
Compleat A N G L E R :
O R,
Contemplative M A N ' s Recreation.

In T W O P A R T S.

By the ingenious and celebrated
Mr. Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton, Esq;

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. <i>Being a</i> DISCOURSE of Rivers, Fish-Ponds, Fish, and Fishing. | II. INSTRUCTIONS how to -angle for a Trout or Gray- ling in a clear Stream. |
|---|---|

Correctly and very accurately published.

(With DRAUGHTS of all the FISH ; ornamented with
a Number of COPPER PLATES, and a great Variety
of useful and copious Notes.)

By M O S E S B R O W N E,
Author of PISCATORY ECLOGUES, &c.

The S E V E N T H E D I T I O N,
Very much amended and improved.

With the L A W S that concern *Angling*.
And an A P P E N D I X,

Which shews at one V I E W,

The proper *Rivers, Haunts, Baits, Seasons, and Hours of
biting* : General Directions, &c. for every Fish that is to be
angled for ; *alphabetically* digested, in a Method singularly useful,
and never yet attempted.

With S H O R T R U L E S relating to the *Tackle, Baits, several Ways of
Angling*, and Weather improper and proper for the Sport.

The Whole comprizing all that is Valuable, Instructing,
or Curious, that has appeared on the Subject.

Peter saith unto them, I GO A FISHING ; *they* say unto him,
WE ALSO GO WITH THEE, *John* xxi. 3.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by HENRY KENT, at the Printing-
Office in *Finch-Lane*, near the *Royal Exchange*. MDCCLIX.

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and sold by H. A. ...



To the Right Worshipful

JOHN OFFLEY, Esq;

Of *Madely* Manor, in the County
of *Stafford*.

My most honoured Friend,

S I R,

I Have made so ill Use of your former Favours, as by them to be encouraged to (intreat that they may be enlarged to the Patronage and Protection of this Book, And I have put on a modest Confidence that I shall not be denied, because it is a Discourse of *Fish and Fishing*, which you know so well, and both love and practice so much.

You are assured, though there are ignorant Men of another Belief, that *Angling* is an *Art*: And you know that *Art* better than others. And that this is Truth, is demonstrated by the Fruits of that pleasant Labour that you enjoy, when you propose to give Rest to your Mind, and divest yourself of your more serious Business, and (which is often) to dedicate a Day or two to this Recreation.

At which Time, if common *Anglers* should attend you, and be Eye-witnesses of the Success, not of your Fortune, but your Skill, it would doubtless beget in them an Emulation to be like you, and that might beget an industrious Diligence to be so. But I know it is not attainable by common Capacities. And there are now many Men of great Wisdom, Learning and Experience, which love and practice this Art, that know I speak the Truth.

iv DEDICATION.

Sir, This pleasant Curiosity of *Fish* and *Fishing*, of which you are so great a Master, has been thought worthy the *Pens* and *Practices* of Divers in other Nations, that have been reputed Men of great *Learning* and *Wisdom*: And amongst them I remember Sir *Henry Wotton* (a dear Lover of this Art) told me his Intentions were to write a Discourse of the Art, and in Praise of Angling; and doubtless he had done so, if Death had not prevented him. The Remembrance of which hath often made me sorry; for if he had lived to do it, the unlearned *Angler* had seen some better Treatise, that might have proved worthy his Perusal, which (though some have undertaken) I could never see in *English*.

But mine may be thought as weak; and as unworthy of common View. And I do here freely confess, that I should rather excuse myself than censure others: My own Discourse being liable to so many Exceptions; against which you, Sir, might make this one, That it can contribute nothing to your Knowledge: And lest a longer Epistle may diminish your Pleasure, I shall enlarge this no farther than to add the following Truth, that I really am,

S I R,

Your most affectionate Friend,

And most humble Servant,

Isaac Walton.



T H E

Editor's P R E F A C E.

✠✠✠ R. ISAAC WALTON's Compleat Angler,
✠✠✠ M which (with the Second Part by Mr.
✠✠✠ Cotton, of equal Searcity and Value) I
✠✠✠ have the Satisfaction of restoring in the
present manner to the Public, has been
always had in the greatest Reputation, by such as
are acquainted with Books, and have any Discern-
ing in Works of Merit and Nature. And it is so
happy to have this, which is very singular and un-
common to recommend it, that it has found the Way
to render itself exceedingly agreeable to Readers of all
Tastes, who have ever perused it. Not only the
Lovers of this Art, but all others, who have no In-
clinations in the least to the Diversion of Angling
that it treats of, have join'd in giving it their mu-
tual Suffrage and Commendation; an Instance of
which I have the Pleasure to remember, and not im-
properly in this Place to its Honour, that on a Time
when I took the Freedom to present it to the amiable
and deservedly admired COUNTESS OF HERTFORD,
late DUTCHESS OF SOMERSET (a Name that
wrings a Throb of Anquish from my Heart) with
my earnest Request to peruse it; she was afterwards
pleas'd to tell me (with a Condescension always na-
tural to her, and strangely engaging) "That I had
" really deceived her into a Disappointment she never
" should have expected from me; for that contrary

“ to all she had conceived of it by the Title, she
 “ had never read a more entertaining Book than
 “ the *Compleat Angler*, nor could I have made
 “ her a more pleasing Present.”—It was impossible
 for her fine Discernment and Genius not to have
 made this Discovery; and is indeed no more than a
 just and candid Criticism—must allow to the Merit of
 this little accomplished Piece.—Its suitable, elegant
 Simplicity of Stile, its lively and masterly Descrip-
 tions, the most curious Discoveries (for its Time)
 in Matters of philosophical and historical Science,
 the happiest Mixtures of religious and moral In-
 struction, enlivened with a Vein of innocent Hu-
 mour, and chearful Entertainment, appear in every
 Page of it. Nothing can be drawn more in Cha-
 racter; the honest Man, the plain, good-natured,
 inoffensive Angler, is conversing with you in every
 Line; and there is a Modesty so winning through
 the Whole; in a rich Store of Learning, it ex-
 presses, under a designed and studied Concealment,
 that I question if its Equal is to be met with in any
 Book (with so unpromising a Title, and that gives
 you no Expectation, from its Subject, of such an
 Entertainment) that has been written in our own,
 or any Language.

The Parts which treat merely of Directions for
 the Sport, I have contrived so to distinguish and en-
 close within particular Marks (as will be seen in
 the Volume) that they may be past over, and nothing
 but the entertaining Parts of the Book present them-
 selves for those, to whom those other might appear
 dull and unpleasant; at the same Time that it will
 answer this double Use, that such who want more
 immediately to peruse the abovesaid Directions, &c.
 may find them more readily by these Marks, and
 follow

follow them (as in a Chain) through the several Pages. These are allowed to be the best that have been hitherto communicated; and indeed he seems to have exhausted the Subject; since nothing from that Time has been published, among the many Treatises of this Kind, but what are borrowed from his Discoveries, and are Copies of the driest Parts of him, without any of that artless Dress of Language, and Mixture of pleasing Transitions with which he has (by a singular Genius) relieved such Places, and rendered them entertaining. He seems an Original and Model to all that have come after, as Virgil appears among the Writers (ever since) of *Georgics* and *Pastoral*: An Author who has writ latest of Angling says, "This Art seems to have arrived at its highest Perfection almost at once, and to have been the same in Mr. Walton, as that of Poetry was in Homer. The Improvements that are made by the Generality of later Writers, are indeed so few, and for the most Part so trivial, rather adding to, and perplexing his Words, like the Commentators on the Greek Poet, than either clearing up or enlarging his Sense; that I could not, says he, but wonder at seeing so much done to so little Purpose." They, at best, do but every one, represent the Jay in his furtive Plumes; the reading of this Volume will detect them, and sink their Value, by restoring all they have injuriously borrowed, to their right Owner.

This Book has been deservedly commended, and very large Editions printed of it; but it having, by an unaccountable Neglect, become of late Years difficult to obtain, though frequently enquired after by several who desired it, it was thought the recovering it in such a Way, would be reckoned a very accept-

able Service. Accordingly, at the Invitation of a very ingenious and learned Friend, * whose Judgment of Men and Books is sufficiently established by his Writings, in the Opinion of the World, I undertook this Employment of introducing a favourite Author of the last Age, who seemed exposed to the Unkindness of being forgotten (a Fate many excellent Writers have suffered) to an Acquaintance with the Readers of my own Time. There were other Reasons made it proper I should perform this Office to Mr. Walton; he being one whom it was known I had commenced an early Acquaintance with; had spoken of in a Work of my own (of somewhat the same Kind) † with peculiar Esteem, to whom I owed my first Hints, and (in a Measure) the general kind Acceptance and Success, that Performance has been favoured to obtain from the Public.

Any will readily discern that this Writer (under whatever Disguise his Humility chose to put on) had the Appearance and Grace of a Gentleman. His Soul was truly such; and what he claimed by Affinity and Blood: being a Grand-Nephew and Descendent of our ever memorable and good Archbishop Cranmer. Yet with all the Acquisitions he was possessed of, he had the common Lot of Merit, an inferior Station. His real Appearance in Life, was in that of a lower Sphere and Character; being no more than an ordinary reputable Tradesman, and worthy Citizen of London, whose Name adds Lustre of Reputation and Respect on that antient honourable Body. He lived in a Degree of Credit as such, and with an easy Competency; but his remarkably moderate Desires,

* Mr. Samuel Johnson, Author of the Folio Dictionary of the English Language.

† PISCATORY ECLOGUES. A new Edition of which I have been much solicited to make, and am giving my last Hand to finish: for its Appearance, as soon as Conveniency admits, from the Press.

Desires, and Love of Leisure, Contemplation and Angling, made him decline acquiring a bulky Estate by Trade, or being fond of passing with the World by the Name of a Man of Business; contenting himself with only the one half-part of a Shop, in his House in Fleet-Street, near Temple-Bar, where he dwelt as a responsible, well-respected Linnen-Draper. And yet, what has in it somewhat singularly remarkable, for one in no higher nor other Condition, there was scarce a Man living that had an Intimacy and Friendship, like himself, with such Numbers of People of the first Rank, and highest Employments and Eminency for Birth and Learning, or that ever received more public Attestations of long familiar Love and Esteem, than was paid from all of them to Mr. Walton. Chiefly (in which indeed he was a CHARACTER worthy to be imitated) on account of that pleasing Sweetness of Nature and Conversation, innate Simplicity of Manners, and, above all, his religious Integrity and undissembled Honesty of Heart, for which he was so remarked and endeared to the Affections of all that ever knew him. They sat so naturally on him, you may trace him in every thing he writ; he drew his own Picture in almost every Line; I think there are hardly any Writings ever shewed more the Features and Limbs, the very Spirit and Heart of an Author. These Virtues seem'd inwrought with his*

a 5

Frame,

* This is a Remark that lay so in his Way, he could not help seeing and mentioning it himself, with the prettiest natural and moral Turn imaginable (at the fourth Paragraph of his Preface)—And is so obvious, every Reader will of necessity make it—Only I would point him to one single Passage, not written till almost thirty Years after composing his *Compleat Angler*, and added upon publishing his fifth Edition, where he appears with that same graceful Cheerfulness and Habit of pious contented Honesty, that always adorned him; after he had past the Age of Eighty-three. The Passage is at the closing up of his first Part, from Page 204 to 210 of this Volume, and may be said to be Mr. WALTON dissecting his OWN SELF.

Frame, and gain'd him the Name with Posterity of a Nathaniel (like which it might be said of him, and of no one, perhaps, more justly) in whom was no Guile. One very remarkable Instance appears in proof of this, and shews the high Opinion that was had of his singular Probity; which is, that in the public Troubles of his Times, when it was consulted what Person of Secrecy and strictest Fidelity, should be sought out in whose Keeping to deposite, with greatest Security, the GEORGE, which his MAJESTY wore at his Breast; Mr. Walton's were the HONEST HANDS pitched upon and approved, to whose private Custody it was thought it would be best and safest entrusted.

It is really something extraordinary, considering what I have related of Mr. Walton's private Station and Condition, that a Person with no more outward Circumstances of Advantage than his was, should gain this Respect, and be honoured with so many great and distinguished Friendships. Besides his known Familiarity with his dear Sir Henry Wotton, of celebrated Memory, and his beloved Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Donne, Sir George Hastings, the judicious Mr. Hales of Eaton, and many others, he had the Happiness to enjoy the freest Intimacy and Friendship with the great and good Archbishop Usher; the learned Moreton, Bishop of Durham; pious Bishop Hall, of Norwich; the Lord Bishop of Winchester, Prelate of the Garter, to whom he dedicated his Volume of Lives; and speaks therein of two of them,*
(viz.

* There was something peculiar harmonising and similar in their Inclinations and Tempers, that engaged them thus to each other. — They both fondly loved Angling—both were noted for Contentedness and Chearfulness.—A single Speech (as I have said) will often show the Person. Mr. Walton has done this for his Friend, as well as himself, in a Saying he mentions of his dear Sir Harry's (as common with him) That *he would rather live five May Months than forty Decembers.*

(viz. those of Mr. Hooker and Mr. Herbert) to have been written under his Lordship's Roof, and mentions, "the Advantage he had (by hearing and discoursing with him) of a forty Years Friendship." — The like he had with Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, who writes to Walton, * "Though a Familiarity of more than forty Years be sufficient to endear our Friendship, yet I must confess my Affection much improved, &c." And it was at the Instance of Gilbert, Archbishop of Canterbury (as Mr. Walton tells his Reader) "That, at a time, discoursing with him, his Grace twice laid upon him his Injunction to set about his writing the Life of Mr. Hooker," as since published by him. — These are Instances sufficient for the Purposes I have used them, and to shew the Esteem the World had for this worthy Man. Several of his Lives were written, and his Reputation by them established, long before his appearing here in the Character of his humble Angler, and they are conducted in the whole, in a manner so naturally easy, and singularly pleasing, as few besides himself are so happy to have succeeded in †. This is taken Notice of, and the Names of several, with whom he maintained an honourable Acquaintance, are recited in some Verses by Edward Powel, M. A. written (with four other Copies, by Persons all of the same Degree, and a Latin one by his Friend the Dean of Peterborough) on the Occasion of his publishing

* In a Letter of the Bishop's, printed with the Volume of Lives, he begins it with "Honest Isaac," and ends, "Your ever faithful and affectionate old Friend, Hen. Chichester."

† Bishop King (in his Letter before-mentioned) says in Testimony of this, "That besides others, the best Critic of our Time (as allowedly he was) Mr. John Hales, of Eaton College, affirmed to me, He had not seen a Life written with more Advantage to the Subject, or more Reputation to the Writer, than that of Dr. Donne's."

lishing the present Treatise. I shall transcribe Part of the above-mentioned Verses, which are very aptly and prettily introduced, leading in, as it were, his Author by the Hand, and engaging him a Respect and Veneration from his Reader. The others not agreeing with the poetical Taste of the present Times, have been judged proper to be omitted. Mr. Powell's Lines follow.

He who both knew and writ the Lives of Men,
Such as once were, but scarce shall be again ;
Witness his matchless *Donne* and *Wotton*, by
Whose Aids he cou'd their Speculations try.

He that convers'd with Angels, such as were
Oldsworth and *Featly*, each a shining Star,
Shewing the Way to *Bethlem*; each a Saint,
Compar'd to whom our Zealots now but paint.

HE, that our pious and learn'd *Morley* knew,
And from him suck'd Wit and Devotion too.

HE that from these such Excellencies fetch'd,
That he could tell how far, how high they reach'd;
What Learning *this*, what Graces *r'other* had,
And in what several Dress each Soul was clad :
Reader, this He, this *Fisherman* comes forth,
And, in a *Fisher's* Weeds, wou'd shroud his Worth.

Dr. Donne here named, whose Writings are at
this Day very justly admired, and who, a celebrated
Critic of the last Age says, " had more Wit than
" is to be found in all our other Poets put together,"
was remarkable for being the Person who was the
Instrument of *Mr. Walton's* Conversion, as himself
confesses, * who was wont, upon that Account, to
style him his Spiritual Father; and has given us
some other incidental Passages concerning him, in
that

* In his Elegy on him, annex'd to his Life.

that excellent Life which he has also written of the pious and truly valuable Mr. Herbert.

It was twenty-six Years after the Appearance of the first Part of the Compleat Angler, that Mr. Cotton, who had engaged himself by Promise, and was the best qualified of any Man for that peculiar Province he undertook, wrote the second Part, which he dedicated to Mr. Walton, whose Daughter I have been told he had married, and for whom (as will therein be seen) he had a singular Esteem and Friendship; the printing of it he left to his Father Walton's Care and Direction, who published it; together with the fifth Edition of his own Book, in the Manner the Reader will here find it; with a Letter of Mr. Walton's: which will give a farther Evidence of the generous Sincerity, Plainness, and Honesty; the Gentleness and Sweetness of Temper that prevailed, so distinguishedly, in this good Man's Heart.

There is something exceeding pleasing, and of uncommon Merit, in its Way, in Mr. Cotton's Performance, but the Difference of Stiles is considerable. Mr. Walton was a Writer of the true pastoral Character, * in which perhaps he has not his Parallel; yet, through a willing Inattention, and different Mode of Language then in use, some frequent Inaccuracies and Redundencies have insinuated themselves, which I should be injurious to him as his Editor, not to retrench and prune away. I have been modest and used great Deliberation in these Retouches, and have supplied some Deficiencies I found in him, by the Notes and Appendix, which I have added from later Experience. My Aim was, but to file
off

* If the Reader will turn particularly, in the Index, to the Articles, *Anglers Happiness*, *Anglers Evening Dialogues*, *Milkmaids Dialogues with*, *Rural Descriptions*, &c. he will find agreeable Instances of this Sort.

off that Rust, which Time fixes on the most curious and finished Things, and to imitate in this the Pains an elaborate Workman would bestow in repairing some Pile of exquisite antient Architecture: or the Art a judicious Painter would be supposed to use, in refitting up the decayed and curious Portrait of some great Master: where he is concerned and careful to use a tender Hand, and circumspect Eye; and express his utmost Skill to preserve such Parts of his Picture in their Likeness, Spirit, &c. and all their original Proportions, Features and Colouring.

These Variations are so conducted as not to be discerned but by an inquisitive Eye, and I have the Presumption to think will always be adjudged in my Favour, as well as of his, as they now appear. It may be believed with what a scrupulous Partiality I have attempted them, from the high Opinion I have here, and in other Places, expressed of him, whose Memory and Virtues I dearly love and honour, and have formerly, upon Account of his Abilities, commended * “ as an Author of peculiar Character, “ and happy above all others in alluring his Reader “ by a kind of negligent Beauty, in a purely natural Stile, and an artless, inimitable Simplicity.”

MOSES BROWNE.

Olney, Bucks,
August 30, 1759.

* Occasional Spectator, Numb. 5, on rural Pleasures.



POSTSCRIPT.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I THINK it needless to trouble the *Reader* with an *Errata*, in misspelling a *Word* or *Name*; using (it may be) a *Plural* for a *Singular*, and the contrary, &c. Which are Mistakes no Circumspection can avoid, and that will happen at the most careful Press; and, I think, is affronting *his* Sense to point out to *him*: Such will be easily seen, and *his* Candour correct; which I would ask to a *very few* of these Kinds, that I have discover'd; but I thought too inconsiderable to refer him to. There is *but one* of these I know of, that alters the Sense; that I have marked at the End of the Index: and is submitted to his Pardon.

I have the Concern, however, to tell him, that by my great Distance from the Press, a few Enlargements of Mr. *Walton's*, to his 5th Edition, (which deserved inserting, in their Places) have been undesignedly left out, by the Printer's misunderstanding his Copy; that are here collected, with Design to be disposed in their due Order, in another Edition. And are as follow,

Page 15, l. 3. after, *I have almost lost myself*, this (for its Modesty and Ingenuity of Spirit) should deservedly be added, "Which I confess I
" may easily do in this philosophical Discourse:
" I met with most of it very lately (and hope
" happily) in a Conference with a most learned
" Physician, Dr. *Wharton*, a dear Friend, that
" loves both *me* and my *Art of Angling*."

I will pass, &c.

Page 17. l. 16. *Pis.* O Sir, doubt not but Angling is an Art.

Immediately after should have been added,

“ *Is it not an Art to deceive a Trout with an artificial Fly? — A Trout! That is more Sharp-sighted than any Hawk you have named; and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Martin is bold! And yet I doubt not to catch a Brace or two, To-morrow, for a Friend’s Breakfast.* Doubt not therefore, Sir, but Angling is an Art, and an Art worth your Learning.”

The Question is, &c.

Page 35, l. 30, after the Words, *ten Miles in a Night*, add, “ to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with Fish; and I may acquaint you that Pigeons will fly forty Miles for a Breakfast.” But, Sir, I can tell you, &c.

Page 51. l. 14. After the Words, *Man knows not how*, this Addition should be supplied;

“ And this may be believed, if we consider, that when the *Raven* hath hatched her Eggs, she takes no future Care, but leaves her young Ones to the Care of the *God of Nature*, who is said in the Psalms, *to feed the young Ravens that cry unto him.* And they are kept alive, and fed by a Dew, or Worms that breed in their Nests, or some other Ways, that we Mortals know not;” and that may be believ’d of the *Fordige Trout*, &c.

Page 136. *At the End of the Receipt for dressing the Carp*, add this (*for the Good-nature that is in it*) “ And much Good do you.”

Page 175. After the Verses on Music, follows this Addition.

Ven. And the Repetition of these last Verses, of Music, has called to my Memory what Mr. *Waller* (a Lover of the *Angle*) says of *Love* and *Music*.

Whilst

Whilst I listen to thy Voice
Chloris! I find my Heart decay:

That powerful Voice!
Calls my fleeting Soul away.

Oh! suppress that Magic Sound,
Which destroys without a Wound.

Peace *Chloris*, Peace — or Singing die,
That together you and I,

To Heaven may go;
For all we know,

Of what the Happy do above,
Is that they *sing* and that they *love*.

Pis. Well remember'd Brother, &c.

Page 185. At the very *Bottom of all*, this whole Paragraph is to be supplied, between the Marks.

“ And you may also Note, that the *Spawn* of
“ most Fish is a very tempting Bait, being a little
“ hardened on a warm Tile, and cut into fit Pieces.
“ Nay *Mulberries*, and those *Blackberries*, which
“ grow upon *Briars*, are good Baits for *Chubs* or
“ *Carp*s: With these many have been taken in
“ Ponds; and in some Rivers, where the Trees
“ have grown near the Water, and the Fruit
“ customarily dropt into it. And there are an hun-
“ dred other Baits, which by constant feeding the
“ Water, will be a tempting Bait for any Fish.


§ * §

You are also to know, that there are divers Kinds of *Cadis*, &c.

These Additions I was not willing should be omitted, out of my Kindness to Mr. *Walton*, and my Circumspection, as *his Editor*—to let Nothing escape inserting, that had the smallest Tincture of *his Gold* in it, or so little as a bare Sentiment, to commend

commend it to the Esteem of the Reader, and my Care of preserving. I shall be pleased to have the closest Comparison made between us, with the accutest Eye of the Candid and the Judicious; especially the *Poetical Parts*, that cost me most Labour, and indeed, of Necessity, required my indispensable Help: conscious throughout all, that I have had, even a superstitious Regard, to set every Thing, that appeared to bear the least Degree of Merit, in the most advantagious, friendliest Light; and to cast into necessary Shade his few and pardonable Blemishes, or what, at this Day, wou'd be conceived so; that are to be charged on the Fashion of the Age when he wrote, not the Author; are the Defects of *Time*, not the *Man*.

M. B.

Refer to the Postscript
upon finding  in the
margin



Mr. Isaac Walton's PREFACE.

To all Readers of this *Discourse*, especially
to the honest ANGLER.

THINK fit to tell thee these following Truths, That I did neither
I undertake, nor write, nor publish,
and much less own this *Discourse* to
please myself: And having been too
easily drawn to please others, as I proposed not the
gaining of Credit by this Undertaking, so I would
not willingly lose any Part of *that* to which I had
a just Title before I begun it, and therefore desire
and hope, if I deserve not Commendation, yet I
may obtain Pardon.

And though this *Discourse* may be liable to some
Exceptions, yet I cannot doubt, but that most
Readers may receive so much *Pleasure* or *Profit* by
it, as may make it worthy the Time of their Per-
usal, if they be not too grave or too busy Men.
And this is all the Confidence that I can put on,
concerning the Merit of what is here offered to
their Consideration and Censure; and if *the last*
prove too severe, as I have a Liberty, so I am re-
solved to use it, and neglect all four Censures.

I wish the Reader also to take Notice, that
in writing of it, I have made myself a *Recreation*
of a *Recreation*; and that it might prove so to
him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in se-
veral Places mixed (not any Scurrility, but) some
innocent, harmless Mirth; of which, if thou be a
severe four-complexion'd Man, then I here dis-
allow

allow thee to be a competent Judge; for *Divines* say, *There are Offences given, and Offences not given, but taken.*

And I am the willingest to justify the pleasant Part of it; because, though it is known I can be serious at seasonable Times, yet the whole Discourse is, or rather was, a Picture of my own Disposition, especially in such Days and Times as I have laid aside Business, and gone a fishing with honest *Nat.* and *R. Roe*; — but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant Hours, even as a Shadow that passeth away, and returns not.

Next let me tell the *Reader*, that in that which is the more useful Part of this Discourse, that is to say, the Observations of the *Nature*, and *Breeding*, and *Seasons*, and *Catching of Fish*, I am not so simple as not to know, but that a captious Reader may find Exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must intreat him to consider, that Experience teaches us to know, that several Countries alter their Time, and I think almost the Manner of Fishes breeding, but doubtless of their being in Season; as may appear by three Rivers in *Monmouthshire*, namely, *Severn*, *Wye*, and *Usk*, where *Cambden* (*Brit. f. 633.*) observes, that in the River *Wye*, *Salmon* are in Season from *September* to *April*; and we are certain, that in *Thames* and *Trent*, and in most other Rivers, they are in Season the six hotter Months.

Now for the Art of catching Fish, that is to say, how to make a Man that was none, to be an *Angler by a Book*; he that undertakes it shall attempt a harder Task, than *Mr. Hales* (a most valiant and excellent Fencer) who, in a printed Book, called, *A private School of Defence*, undertook by it to teach that Art or Science, and was laugh'd at for his

his Labour. Not but that many useful Things might be learned by *that Book*, but he was laughed at, because that Art was not to be taught by Words, but Practice; and so must Angling. And in this Discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but to acquaint the Reader with many Things that are not usually known to *every Angler*; and I shall leave Gleanings and Observations enough to be made out of the Experience of all that love and practise this Recreation, to which I shall encourage them: For *Angling* may be said to be so like the *Mathe-maticks*, that it can never be fully learned, at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new Experiments left for the Trial of other Men that succeed us.

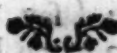
But I think all that love this Sport, may here learn something that may be worth their Money, if they be not poor and needy Men; and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get Money, but for Pleasure, and this Discourse boasts of no more; for I hate to promise much, and deceive the Reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high Content in the Search and Conference of what is here offered to his View and Censure: I wish him as much in the Perusal of it. And so I might here take my Leave; but will stay a little, and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in Fly-fishing for a *Trout*, the Angler must observe his twelve several Flies for the twelve Months of the Year; I say, he that follows that Rule, shall be as sure to catch Fish, and be as wise as he that makes Hay by the fair Days in an *Almanack*, and no surer; for those very Flies that use to appear about, and on the Water, in one Month of
the

the Year, may the following Year come almost a Month sooner or later, as the same Year proves colder or hotter; and yet, in the following Discourse, I have set down the *twelve Flies* that are in Reputation with many Anglers, and they may serve to give him some Light concerning them. And he may note, that there is in *Wales*, and other Countries, peculiar Flies, proper to the particular Place or Country; and doubtless, unless a Man makes a Fly to counterfeit that very Fly in that Place, he is like to lose his Labour, or much of it. But for the Generality, three or four Flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a *Trout* in most Rivers all the Summer. And, for *Winter Fly-Fishing*, it is as useful as an *Almanack out of Date*. And of these (because as no Man is born an Artist, so no Man is born an Angler) I thought fit to give thee this Notice.

When I have told the Reader, that in this Impression there are many Enlargements, gathered both by my own Observation, and the Communication of Friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy Evening to read this following Discourse; and that (if he be an honest Angler) the East Wind may never blow when he goes a Fishing.

ISAAC WALTON.



THE

T H E C O N T E N T S.

P A R T I.

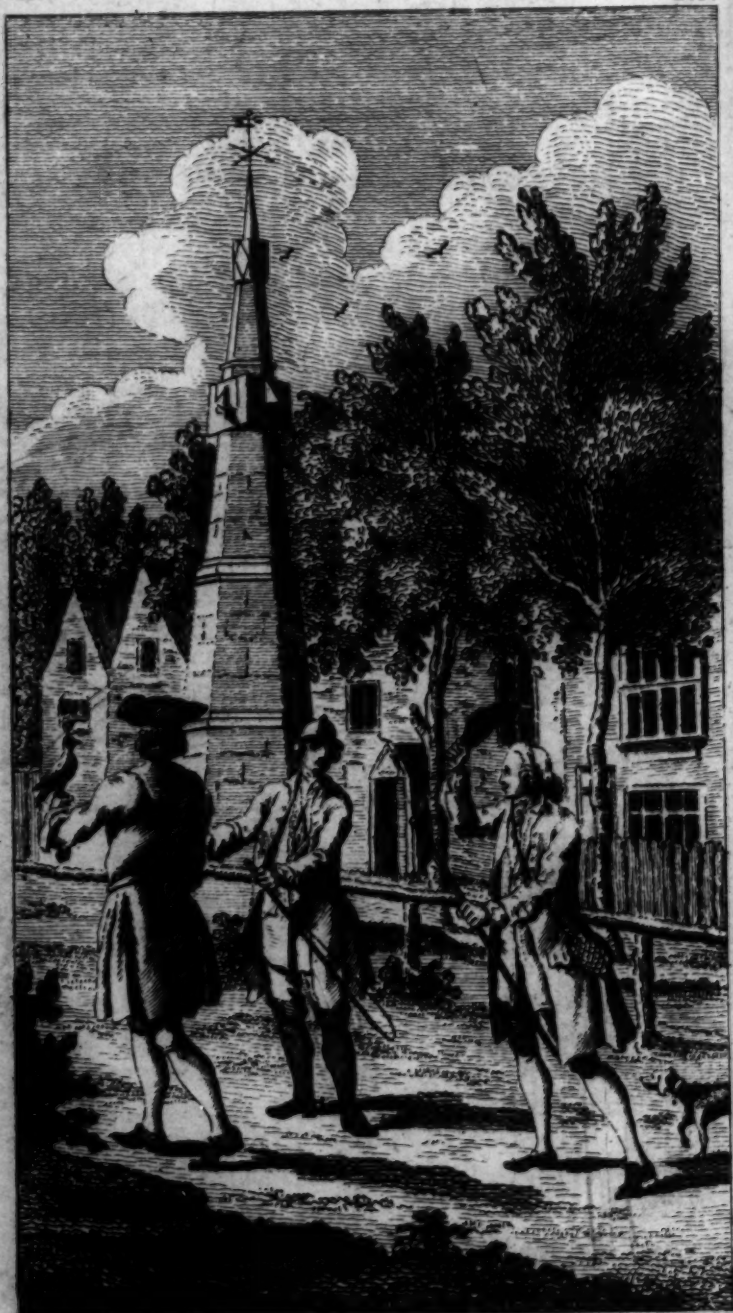
| | |
|---|--------|
| Chap. I. <i>A Conference between an Angler, an Hunter, and a Falconer, each commending his Recreation, &c.</i> | Page 1 |
| Chap. II. <i>Observations of the Otter and Chub</i> | 34 |
| Chap. III. <i>How to fish for, and to dress the Chervender or Chub</i> | 43 |
| Chap. IV. <i>Observations of the Nature and Breeding of the Trout, and how to fish for him. With the Milkmaid's Song</i> | 49 |
| Chap. V. <i>More Directions how to fish for, and make for the Trout, an artificial Minnow and Fly; and some Merriment</i> | 61 |
| Chap. VI. <i>Observations of the Umber or Grayling, and Directions how to fish for him</i> | 102 |
| Chap. VII. <i>Observations of the Salmon, with Directions how to fish for him</i> | 105 |
| Chap. VIII. <i>Observations of the Luce or Pike, with Directions how to fish for him</i> | 113 |
| Chap. IX. <i>Observations of the Carp, with Directions how to fish for him</i> | 127 |
| Chap. X. <i>Observations of the Bream, and Directions how to catch him</i> | 136 |
| Chap. XI. <i>Observations of the Tench, and Advice how to angle for him</i> | 143 |
| Chap. XII. <i>Observations of the Pearch, and Directions how to fish for him</i> | 146 |
| Chap. XIII. <i>Observations of the Eel, and other Fish that want Scales, and how to fish for them</i> | 151 |
| Chap. XIV. <i>Observations of the Barbel, with Directions how to fish for him</i> | 160 |
| Chap. XV. <i>Observations of the Gudgeon, the Ruff, and the Bleak, and how to fish for them</i> | 165 |
| | Chap. |

xxiv The CONTENTS.

| | Page |
|--|------|
| Chap. XVI. <i>Is of nothing, or that which is of nothing worth</i> - - - - - | 168 |
| Chap. XVII. <i>Of Roach and Dace, and how to fish for them. And of Cadis</i> - - - - - | 176 |
| Chap. XVIII. <i>Of the Minnow or Penk, of the Loach, and of the Bull-Head, or Miller's-Thumb</i> - - - - - | 189 |
| Chap. XIX. <i>Of several Rivers, and some Observations of Fish</i> - - - - - | 193 |
| Chap. XX. <i>Of Fish Ponds, and how to order them</i> - - - - - | 197 |
| Chap. XXI. <i>Directions for making a Line, and for the colouring of both Rod and Line</i> - - - | 201 |
| P A R T II. | |
| Chap. I. <i>The Interview and Conference on a Journey</i> - - - - - | 221 |
| Chap. II. <i>The Journey continued and ended</i> - - - | 229 |
| Chap. III. <i>A Morning's Recreation, and the Description of the Fishing-house</i> - - - - - | 238 |
| Chap. IV. <i>Containing the various Methods of Trout and Grayling fishing</i> - - - - - | 243 |
| Chap. V. <i>Of Fly-fishing</i> - - - - - | 244 |
| Chap. VI. <i>Of Fly-making, with some Trials of Sport</i> - - - - - | 254 |
| Chap. VII. <i>The first Lecture on making artificial Flies</i> - - - - - | 262 |
| Chap. VIII. <i>The second Lecture on making artificial Flies</i> - - - - - | 275 |
| Chap. IX. <i>A Morning Conference</i> - - - - - | 283 |
| Chap. X. <i>The Success at Angling, with the way of dressing a Trout and Grayling</i> - - - | 284 |
| Chap. XI. <i>Directions for angling at Bottom for a Trout</i> - - - - - | 287 |
| Chap. XII. <i>Of angling at Middle-water. The Conclusion</i> - - - - - | 294 |
| <i>A Discourse touching the Laws that concern angling</i> - | 305 |
| <i>Appendix</i> - - - - - | 311 |
| <i>Short Rules, &c.</i> - - - - - | 335 |

e
3
6
9
3
7
1
1
9
8
3
4
4
2
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THE
Compleat ANGLER:
 OR,
 Contemplative Man's Recreation.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

A Conference between an ANGLER, an HUNTER, and a FALCONER, under the Names of Piscator, Venator, and Auceps; each commending his Recreation.

Pis. **W**ELL overtaken, Gentlemen, a good Morning to you both: I have stretched my Legs up *Tottenham-Hill* after you, hoping your Business may occasion you towards *Ware*, this fine, fresh *May* Morning.

Vena. Sir, I, for my Part, shall almost answer your Hopes; for my Purpose is to drink my Morning's Draught at the *Thatched House* at *Hodsden*, where I have appointed a Friend or two to meet me; but for this Gentleman you see with me, I know not how far he intends his Journey; he came so lately into my Company, I have scarce had Time to ask him the Question.

Auc. Sir, by your Favour, I shall bear you Company as far as *Theobald's*, and then turn up to a
 A Friend's

Friend's House, who mews a *Hawk* for me, which I long to see.

Vena. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool Morning, and I hope we shall each be the happier in the others Company; and, Gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate, or mend my Pace, to enjoy it; knowing that, as the *Italians* say, "Good Company makes the Way seem shorter."

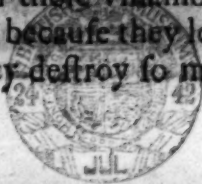
Auc. It may do so, Sir, with the Help of good Discourse, which methinks we may promise from you, that look and speak so cheerfully; and, for my Part, as an Invitation to it, I will be as free and open-hearted, as Discretion will allow me to be with Strangers.

Vena. And, Sir, I promise the like.

Pis. I am glad to hear your Answers, and in Confidence you speak the Truth, shall put on a Boldness to ask you, Sir, Whether Business or Pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast; for this other Gentleman has declared, he is going to see a *Hawk*, that a Friend mews for him.

Vena. Sir, mine is a Mixture of both; a little Business, and more Pleasure; for I intend this Day to do all my Business, and then bestow another or two in hunting the *Otter*, which a Friend that I go to meet, tells me, is much pleasanter than any other Chase; however, I mean to try it, for Tomorrow Morning we shall meet a Pack of *Otter* Dogs on *Amwell-Hill*, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the Sun-rising.

Pis. Sir, my Fortune has answered my Desires, and my Purpose is to bestow a Day or two in helping to destroy some of those villainous Vermin, for I hate them perfectly, because they love Fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much; indeed so much,



P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 3

much, that in my Judgment, all that keep *Otter-Dogs* ought to have a Pension from the King, to encourage them to destroy the very Breed of those base *Otters*, they do so much Mischief.

Vena. But what say you to the *Foxes* of the Nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed? For doubtless they do as much Mischief as *Otters*.

Pis. Oh! Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my Fraternity, as those base Vermin the *Otters*.

Auc. Why, Sir, I pray, of what Fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor *Otters*?

Pis. I am, Sir, a *Brother of the Angle*, and as such, an Enemy to the *Otter*; for you are to note, we Anglers all love one another, and therefore I hate the *Otter*, both for my own, and their Sakes, who are of my Brotherhood.

Vena. And I am a Lover of *Hounds*, I have followed many a Pack of Dogs many a Mile, and heard many merry Men make Sport and Scoff at *Anglers*.

Auc. And I profess myself a *Falconer*, and have heard many grave, serious Men pity them; it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull Recreation.

Pis. You know, Gentlemen, 'tis an easy thing to scoff at any Recreation; a little Wit, mixt with Ill-nature, Confidence, and Malice, will do it; but though they venture boldly, they are often caught in their own Trap, according to that of *Lucian*, the Father of the Family of Scoffers.

*Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ;
Friend, that's your Folly, which you think your Wit,
This you vent freely, void of Wit and Fear,
Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.*

If to this, you add what *Solomon* says * of Scoffers, That they are an Abomination to Men,

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* Prov. xxiv. 9.

let him that thinks fit, be a Scoffer still; I count them Enemies to me, and to all that love *Virtue* and *Angling*: And for you, that have heard many grave serious Men pity *Anglers*, let me tell you, Sir, there are many who are taken by others to be serious grave Men, which *we* contemn and pity: Men that are *taken to be grave*, because Nature hath made them of a sour Complexion; Money-getting Men, that spend all their Time, first in getting, and next in anxious Care to keep it; Men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy, or discontented: For these *poor rich Men*, we *Anglers* pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their Thoughts to think ourselves happy: No, no, Sir, we enjoy a Contentedness above the Reach of such Dispositions; and, as the learned and ingenious *Montaigne* says *, (like himself freely) “When my Cat and I entertain each other with
 “mutual apish Tricks, as playing with a Garter;
 “who knows but that I make my Cat more Sport
 “than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be
 “simple, that has her Time to begin, or refuse
 “Sportiveness as freely as myself? Nay, who
 “knows but it is a Defect of my not understanding her Language (for doubtless Cats talk and
 “reason with one another) that we agree no better? Or who can tell, but that she pities me for
 “being no wiser, and laughs and censures my
 “Folly, for making Sport for her when we play
 “together?” Thus freely speaks *Montaigne*, concerning Cats; and I hope I may take as great a Liberty to blame any Man, and laugh at him, let him be never so serious, that hath not heard what *Anglers* can say in Justification of their Art, which I may again tell you, is so full of Pleasure, that

we

I. P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 5

we need not borrow their Thoughts to think ourselves happy.

Vena. Sir, you have almost amazed me; for though I am no Scoffer, yet, let me speak it without Offence, I have always looked upon *Anglers* as more patient and simple Men, than I fear I shall find you to be.

Pis. Sir, I hope you will not judge my Earnestness to be Impatience; and for my Simplicity, if by that you mean an Harmlesness, or that Simplicity which was usually found in the Primitive Christians, who were like most *Anglers*, quiet Men, and Followers of Peace; Men that were so simply wise, as not to sell their Consciences to buy Riches, and with them Vexation, and a Fear to die: If you mean such simple Men as lived in those Times, when there were fewer Lawyers; when Men might have had a Lordship safely conveyed to them in a Parchment no bigger than your Hand, though several Sheets will not do it, safely, in this wiser Age; I say, Sir, if you take us *Anglers* to be such simple Men as I have spoke of, then myself, and those of my Profession, will be glad to be so understood: But if by Simplicity, you mean a general Defect, I hope in Time to disabuse you, and make the Contrary appear so plainly, as shall remove all Prejudices you have entertained against my laudable and ancient Art; for I know it is worthy the Knowledge and Practice of a wise Man. But, Gentlemen, though I am able to do this, I will not be so unmannerly as to engross all the Discourse to myself; and therefore you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a Lover of *Hawks*, the other of *Hounds*, I shall be glad to hear what each can say in Behalf of that Recreation you love and practise, and afterwards to exercise your Attention

to my own, by which Means we shall make the Way seem shorter; and, if you like my Motion, I would have Mr. *Falconer* begin.

Anc. I consent with all my Heart, and to testify it, will begin as you have desired me. And, First, for the Element I trade in, which is the Air; an Element of more Worth than Weight, an Element that doubtless exceeds both Earth and Water; for though I sometimes deal in those, yet the Air is most properly mine; I and my *Hawks* use that most, and it yields us best Recreation; it stops not the high soaring of my generous *Falcon*; in it she ascends to such an Height, as the dull Eyes of Beasts and Fish are not able to reach; their Bodies are too gross for such Elevations. In the Air my Troops of *Hawks* soar up on high, and when they are lost in the Sight of Men, they then attend upon the Gods; and therefore I think my *Eagle* so justly stiled, “*Jove’s faithful Servant in ordinary.*” And that very *Falcon* that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner Title; for she usually in her Flight, endangers herself, like the Son of *Dedalus*, to have her Pinions scorched by the Sun’s Heat; but her Mettle makes her careless of Danger, for she then heeds nothing, but wings her Highway over the steepest Mountains and deepest Rivers, and in her glorious Career, looks with Contempt upon those lofty Steeples and magnificent Palaces, which we adore and wonder at; from which Height I can make her to descend by a Word from my Mouth (which she both knows and obeys) to accept of Meat from my Hand, to own me for her Master, to go home with me, and be willing the next Day to afford me the like Recreation.

And more, this Element of Air, which I profess to trade in, is of such Worth and Necessity, to every Creature

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 7

Creature whatsoever, that not only those numerous Kinds that feed on the Face of the Earth, but the various Species that have their Dwellings in the Waters, every Creature that hath Life in its Nostrils, stands in Need of it. The Waters cannot preserve the Fish without *Air*; witness the not breaking of Ice in extreme Frosts; the Reason is, that if the inspiring and expiring Organ of any Animal be stop'd, it suddenly yields to Nature, and dies. Thus necessary is *Air*, to the Existence both of Fish and Beasts; nay, even to Man himself. That *Air*, or *Breath of Life*, with which God at first inspired him, he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad Object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an Instant turns to Putrefaction.

But more, the very Birds of the Air, those that be not *Hawks*, are so many, so useful, and pleasant to Mankind, that I must not let them pass without some Observations. They both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice Bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly Voices. I will not undertake to mention the several Kinds of Fowl, by which this is done, and his curious Palate pleased by Day, and which with their very Excrements, afford him a feathery Lodging at Night; these I will pass by; but not those little nimble Musicians of the Air, that warble forth their curious Ditties with which Nature hath furnished them, to the Shame of Art.

As First, the *Lark*, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself, and those that hear her, she then quits the Earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the Air; and having ended her Heavenly Employment, grows then mute and sad, to think that she must descend to the dull Earth again, which she would not touch but for Necessity.

How doth the *Black-bird* and *Throstle*, with their melodious Voices, bid welcome to the chearful Spring, and in their fixed Months, warble forth such Ditties, as no Art or Instrument can reach.

Nay, the smaller Birds also do the like in their particular Seasons; as namely, the *Leverock*, the *Tit-lark*, the little *Linnet*, and the honest *Robin*, that loves Mankind both alive and dead.

But the *Nightingale*, another of my airy Creatures, breathes such sweet loud Musick out of her slender instrumental Throat, that it might make Mankind to think Miracles are not ceased. He that at Midnight, when the very Labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear Airs, the sweet Descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her Voice, might well be lifted above Earth, and say, “Lord, what Musick hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest Men such Strains below!” And this makes me less wonder at the many Aviaries in *Italy*, or at the great Charge of *Karro’s* Aviary, the Ruins of which are yet to be seen in *Rome*, and is still so famous, that it is reckoned for one of those notable things which Men of foreign Nations lay up in their Memories, when they return from Travel. This for Birds of Pleasure, of which much more might be said. — My next shall be of Birds of Political Use. It is unquestionable, that *Swallows* have been taught to carry Letters betwixt two Armies. When the *Turks* besieged *Malta*, or *Rhodes* (I remember not which) *Pigeons* are reported to carry and recarry Letters; and Mr. *Sandys* * relates it to be done betwixt *Aleppo* and *Babylon*. But if that be disbelieved, ’tis not to be doubted, that the *Dove* was

well

* In his Travels, p. 496.

was sent by *Noah* to give Notice of Land, when to him all appeared Sea, and proved a faithful Messenger. Among the Sacrifices of the Law, a Pair of *Turtle-Doves*, or young *Pigeons*, were as well accepted as costly *Bulls* and *Rams*; and when God would feed the Prophet *Elijah*, * after a miraculous Manner, he did it by *Ravens*, who brought him Meat, Morning and Evening. *Lastly*, the Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the Shape of a *Dove* †. You will remember, these Wonders were done by Birds of the Air, the Element in which they and I take so much Pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible winged Creature, an Inhabitant of my aerial Element, the laborious *Bee*, of whose Prudence, Policy, and regular Government of their Commonwealth, I might say much, as also of their several Kinds, and how useful their Honey and Wax are for Meat and Medicine; but I will leave them to their sweet Labour, without the least Disturbance, believing them to be all very busy amongst the Herbs and Flowers that we see Nature puts forth this *May* Morning. — And now to return to my *Hawks*, from whom I have made so long a Digression; you are to note, they are usually distinguished into two Kinds, the long and short-winged *Hawk* ‡. If I

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should

* 1 Kings i. 17.

† Mr. *Walton* seems to have fallen into a common Mistake; learned Men think the Original Passage implies the Manner of the Holy Spirit's descending, *Matt. iii. 16. Like a Dove, i. e. as a Dove descends*, with a fluttering gentle Motion, and not that of any Corporal Likeness, the *Visibility* being only an Effulgency of visible Light or Glory.

‡ Mr. *Walton* has inserted their Catalogues. As the ancient and pleasant Diversion of *Hawking* is grown out of Fashion in our Days, and wholly neglected, they might have been omitted. But, as some may be curious enough to desire to see them, their List follows:

OF

should enlarge my Discourse to the Observation of their several Ayries, their Mewings, their Order of casting and renovating their Feathers, their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare Stories of Practice: These, and many other Observations I could make, would afford me much Pleasure. But lest I exceed the Rules of Civility, by taking up more than the Proportion of Time allotted, I will here break off, and intreat you, Mr. *Venator*, to say what you are able in Commendation of *Hunting*, to which you are so much affected.

Vena. Sir, I will now take my Turn, and begin with a Commendation of the *Earth*, as you have done most excellently of the *Air*; the *Earth* being that Element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry Trade: A solid settled Element, universally beneficial to Man and Beast; to Men, who have their several Diversions upon it; as Horse-Races, Hunting, sweet Smells, pleasant Walks. The *Earth* feeds Man, and all those several Beasts that both feed him, and afford him Recreation. What Pleasure does he take in hunting the stately *Stag*, the

Of the *Long-winged Hawks* that were chiefly in Use in this Nation are,

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|--|--|
| The <i>Ger-Falcon</i> and <i>Jerkin</i> , | The <i>Marlin</i> and <i>Jack Marlin</i> , |
| The <i>Falcon</i> and <i>Tassel-Gentel</i> , | The <i>Hoby</i> and <i>Jack</i> , |
| The <i>Lancer</i> and <i>Laneret</i> , | The <i>Stellato</i> of Spain, |
| The <i>Bockrel</i> and <i>Bockeret</i> , | The <i>Blood red Rook</i> from Turkey, |
| The <i>Sacker</i> and <i>Sacaret</i> , | The <i>Was-Kite</i> from <i>Virginia</i> . |

Of *Short-winged Hawks*.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| The <i>Eagle</i> and <i>Iron</i> , | The <i>Spar-Hawk</i> and <i>Musket</i> , |
| The <i>Gos-Hawk</i> and <i>Tarcel</i> | The <i>French Pye</i> , two Sorts. |

These are reckoned Hawks of Note and Worth. Of inferior Rank are,

| | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| The <i>Sianyel</i> , | The <i>Ringtail</i> , |
| The <i>Raven</i> , | The <i>Buzzard</i> , |
| The <i>Forked Kite</i> , | The <i>Bald Buzzard</i> , |
| The <i>Hen-Driver</i> , | The <i>Eyries</i> , |
| The <i>Brancher</i> , | The <i>Ramish Hawk</i> , |
| The <i>Staggard</i> , | The <i>Lenters</i> , two Sorts, |

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 11

the generous *Buck*, the *Wild Boar*, the cunning *Otter*, the crafty *Fox*, and the fearful *Hare*! And, if I may descend to a lower Game, what Pastime is it sometimes with Gins to betray the very Vermin of the *Earth*, as, the *Fiebat*, the *Fulimart*, the *Ferret*, the *Pole-cat*, the *Mould-warp*, and the like, that live upon the Face, and within the Bowels of the *Earth*! How doth the *Earth* bring forth Herbs, Flowers and Fruits, both for Physick, and the Pleasure of Mankind; and above all, to me at least, the fruitful Vine, of which when I drink moderately, it clears my Brain, cheers my Heart, and sharpens my Wit! How could *Gleopatra* have feasted *Mark Anthony* with eight *Wild Boars* roasted whole at one Supper, and other Meat suitable, if the *Earth* had not been a bountiful Mother! But to pass by the mighty *Elephant*, which the *Earth* breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of Creatures: How doth the *Earth* afford us doctrinal Example in the little *Pismire*, who in the Summer provides and lays up her Winter Provision, and teacheth Man to do the like! The *Earth* feeds and carries those Horses that carry us! If I would be prodigal of my Time and your Patience, what might not I say in Commendation of the *Earth*, that puts Limits to the proud and raging Sea, so destructive as we daily view, to those that venture on it, who are there shipwrecked and drowned, and left to feed *Haddocks*; while we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on *Land*, walk and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a Hunting; of which Recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. *Piscator* to the Commendation of *Angling*.

Hunting is a Game for Princes and noble Persons, and hath been highly prized in all Ages; it was one of the Qualifications that *Xenophon* bestowed

stowed on his *Cyrus*, that he was a *Hunter of wild Beasts*. *Hunting* trains up the younger Nobility to the Use of Manly Exercises in their riper Age, preserves Health, and increases Strength and Activity; and for the Dogs we use, who can sufficiently commend their Excellency! How perfect is the *Hound* at Smelling, who never leaves his *Scent*, but follows it through so many Changes and Varieties of others, even over and into the Water and Earth! What Musick do a Pack of Dogs make, to any whose Heart and Ears are so happy to be set to the Tune of such Instruments! How will a right *Greyhound* fix his Eye on the best Buck in a Herd, single him out, and follow him, and only him, through a whole Herd of Rascal Game, and still know and kill him! I know the Language of my *Hounds*, and they the Language and Meaning of one another, as perfectly as we do the Voices of those with whom we discourse daily. I might enlarge myself in the Commendation of *Hunting*, and of the noble *Hound*, as also of the Docibleness of Dogs in general, and make many Observations of other Land Creatures, that for Composition, Order, Figure, and Constitution, approach nearest to the Compleatness and Understanding of Man; especially of those which *Moses* in the Law permitted to the *Jews*, which have cloven Hoofs, and chew the Cud. But I will not be so uncivil to Mr. *Piscator*, as not to allow him a Time for the Commendation of *Angling*, which he calls an Art, but doubtless 'tis an easy one, and, Mr. *Auceps*, I doubt we shall hear a watry Discourse, but I hope it will not be a long one.

Auc. I hope so too, though I fear it will.

Pis. Gentlemen, let not Prejudice prepossess you. I confess my Discourse is like to prove suitable to my Recreation, calm and quiet: We seldom take the
Name

Name of GOD into our Mouths, but it is either to praise or pray to him. If others use it vainly in the Midst of their Diversions, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you, it is neither our Fault nor Custom, we protest against it; but pray remember, I accuse no body, for as I would not make a watry Discourse, so I would not put too much Vinegar into it, nor raise the Reputation of my own Art by the Diminution of anothers: So much for the Prologue to what I have to say.

The Element that I trade in, the *Water*, is the eldest Daughter of the Creation; the Element upon which the Spirit of GOD did first move; the Element which He commanded to bring forth living Creatures abundantly; and without which, all that inhabit the Land, must suddenly turn to Putrefaction. *Moses*, the great Law-giver and Philosopher, skilled in all the Learning of the *Egyptians*, who was called *the Friend of GOD*, and knew the Mind of the Almighty, names this Element the first in the Catalogue of Creatures: Many Philosophers make it to comprehend all the Elements; but most allow it the chiefeft in the Mixion of Bodies. It is believed by some, that all Bodies are made of Water, and may be reduced back again to Water only; they endeavour to demonstrate it thus: Take a *Willow* (or any like speedy-growing Plant) newly rooted in a Box of Earth, weigh them altogether exactly, and also after the Tree is increased to an Hundred Pound Weight more than when it was first weighed, and you shall find this Augment of the Tree to be without the Diminution of one Dram of Earth; whence they infer, the Increase of Wood to be from Water, Rain, or Dew, and not from any other Element: And they affirm, they can reduce this Wood back again
to

to Water; and that the same may be done also in any Animal or Vegetable. And this I take to be a fair Testimony of the Excellency of my Element, the *Water*.

The *Water* is more productive than the Earth; nay, the Earth hath no Fruitfulness, without Showers or Dews; all the Herbs, and Flowers, and Fruits, are produced and thrive by *Water*; and the very Minerals are fed by Streams that run under Ground, as we see by several Springs breaking forth on the Tops of the highest Hills, and is witnessed by the daily Trial and Testimony of Miners. Nay, the Increase of those Creatures that are bred and fed in the *Water*, are not only more miraculous, but advantageous to Man for lengthening his Life, and preventing Sickness; for 'tis observed by the most learned Physicians, that the casting off *Lent*, and other Fish-Days, is the chief Cause of those many putrid intermitting Agues, to which this Nation is now more subject than those wiser Countries that feed on Herbs and Salads, and Plenty of Fish, which the greatest Part of the World now do. It may be fit to remember, that *Moses* * appointed Fish to be the chief Diet for the best Commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are Fish, as namely, the *Whale*, three times as big as the mighty *Elephant*, but that the most splendid Banquets have been of Fish. The *Romans*, in the Height of their Glory, made Fish the Mistress of all their Entertainments; they have had Musick to usher in their *Sturgeons*, *Lampreys* and *Mullets*, which they would purchase at Rates rather to be wondered at, than believed. He that shall view the Writings of *Macrobius* or *Varro*, may have a Confirmation

* Lev. xi. 9. Deut. xiv. 9.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 15

Confirmation of this, and of the incredible Value of their Fish and Fish-Ponds.

But, Gentlemen, I have almost lost myself in this Philosophical Discourse; I will pass to such Observations as I can manage with more Pleasure, and less Fear of running into Error; but I must not yet forsake the *Waters*, by whose Help we have so many known Advantages.

And First, To pass by the miraculous Cures of our known *Baths*, how advantageous is the *Sea* for our daily Traffick, without which we could not now subsist! How does it not only furnish us with Food and Physick for our Bodies, but with such Observations for the Mind, as ingenious Persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the Beauty of *Florence*, of the Monuments, Urns, and Rarities that yet remain in and near *Rome*; so many, as it is said, will take up a Year's Time to view, and yet afford to each but a convenient Consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a Father as St. *Jerome*, after his Wish to have seen CHRIST in the *Flesh*, and to have heard St. *Paul* preach, makes it his third, to have seen *Rome* in her *Glory*; and that Beauty is yet not all lost: For what Pleasure is it to any, who love Learning, to view the Monuments of *Livy*, the choicest of Historians; of *Tully*, the best of Orators; and to see the Bay-Trees that now grow out of the very Tomb of *Virgil*! What Pleasure is it to a devout Christian, to see there the *humble House* in which St. *Paul* was content to dwell; to view the many rich *Statues* made in Honour of his Memory; nay, to see the very *Place* in which St. *Peter* and he lie buried together! These are in and near to *Rome*. And how much more

more doth it please the pious Curiosity of a *Christian*, to see that *Place* on which the blessed Saviour of the World was pleased to humble himself, to take our *Nature*, and converse with Men; to see Mount *Sion*, *Jerusalem*, and the very Sepulchre of our *JESUS*! How may it beget and heighten his Zeal, to see the Devotions that are daily paid to him at that *Place*! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself, I will stop here, and remind you, that but for my Element of *Water*, the Inhabitants of this poor Island must remain ignorant that such things have yet a Being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such Arguments; I might tell you that Almighty GOD is said to have spoken to a *Fish*, but never to a *Beast*, and hath made a *Whale* a Ship, to carry and set his Prophet *Jonah* safe on the appointed Shore. But I must break off, for I see *Theobald's* House; I hope you'll excuse me for being so long, and thank you for your Patience.

Auc. Sir, my Pardon is easily granted you; I except against nothing that you have said, nevertheless I must part with you at this Park-Wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. *Piscator*, I now leave you full of good Thoughts, not only of yourself, but your Recreation; and so, Gentlemen, *God keep you both*.

Pis. Well now, Mr. *Venator*, you shall neither want Time, nor my Attention, to hear you enlarge your Discourse concerning *Hunting*.

Vena. Not I, Sir; I remember you said that *Angling* itself was of great Antiquity, and a perfect Art, and an Art not easily attained; and you have so won upon me in your Discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those Particulars.

Pis.

I. P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 17

Pis. Sir, I did say so, and doubt not, but if you and I did converse together a few Hours, to leave you filled with the same high and happy Thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the Antiquity of *Angling*, but that it deserves Commendations, is an Art, and an Art worthy the Knowledge and Practice of a wise Man.

Vena. Pray, Sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five Miles to *Hodsdon*; during which Walk, I dare promise you my Patience and diligent Attention; and if you shall make appear, as you have undertaken, that it is an Art, and worth the learning, I shall beg I may attend you a Day or two a *Fishing*, and become your Scholar in the Art itself, which you so much magnify.

Pis. O Sir! doubt not but *Angling* is an Art worth your learning; the Question is rather, whether you are capable of learning it? For *Angling* is somewhat like Poetry, Men are to be born so, I mean with Inclinations to it; though both may be heightened by Practice and Experience. But he that hopes to be a good *Angler*, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing Mind, but a large Measure of Hope and Patience, and a Love and Propensity to the thing itself: But having once got and practised it, then, doubt not, but *Angling* will prove so pleasant, that it will become like Virtue, a Reward to itself.

Vena. Sir, I am so full of Expectation, that I long to have you proceed, and in the Order you propose.

Pis. Then, First, for the Antiquity of *Angling*, of which I shall say but only this, that some think it is as ancient as *Deucalion's* Flood; others that *Belus*, who was the first Inventor of virtuous Recreations, was the Inventor of *Angling*; and others suppose *Seth*, one of the Sons of *Adam*, taught it to his

his Sons, and that by them it was derived to Posterity; and some imagine that he left it engraven on those Pillars which he erected, to preserve the Knowledge of Mathematicks, Musick, and the rest of those useful Arts, which by God's Appointment or Allowance, and his noble Industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in *Noah's Flood*. These, Sir, have been the Opinions of several Men, that have possibly endeavoured to make *Angling* more ancient than is needful, or can be safely warranted. For my Part, I shall content myself in telling you, that *Angling* is much more ancient than the Incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet *Amos* *, mention is made of Fish-Hooks; and in the Book of *Job* † (which was long before the Days of *Amos*, for that Book is said to be wrote by *Moses*) mention is made of Fish-Hooks, which must imply *Anglers* in those Times ‡. But, my worthy Friend, as I would rather prove myself a Gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond Ostentation of Riches; or, wanting these Virtues myself, boast that they were in my Ancestors; (and yet I grant that where a noble, an ancient Descent, and such Merits, meet in any Man, it is a double Dignification of that Person) so if this Antiquity of *Angling*, which for my Part, I have not forced, shall, like an ancient Family, be either an Honour or an Ornament to this virtuous Art, which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of its Antiquity, on which I shall dwell no more, but proceed to the Commendation which I think it deserves: And in order to it, shall tell you, that in ancient Times,

* Chap. iv. 2.

† Chap. xli. 1, 2.

‡ Mention is also made of this in *Isaiah*, Chap. xix. 8. *The Fishers also shall mourn: And all they that cast Angle into the Brooks shall lament, &c.*

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 19

a Debate has risen, and it remains yet unresolved, Whether the Happiness of Man in this World doth consist more in Contemplation or Action? Some maintain their Opinion of the first by saying, "That the nearer we Mortals come to God, by "Way of Imitation, the more happy we are." They say, that God enjoys himself only by a Contemplation of his own Infiniteness, Eternity, Power, Goodness, and the like; and upon this Ground many cloisteral Men of great Learning and Devotion, prefer Contemplation before Action; and many of the Fathers seem to approve this Opinion, as may appear in their Commentaries upon the Words of our Saviour to *Martha* *. On the Contrary, there are Men of equal Authority and Credit, who prefer Action to be the more excellent; as namely, Experiments in Physick, and the Application of it for the Ease and Prolongation of Life; by which each Man is enabled either to serve his Country, or do Good to particular Persons. They say, that Action is doctrinal, teaches both Art and Virtue, and is a Maintainer of Human Society; and for these, and other like Reasons, to be preferred before Contemplation: Concerning which two Opinions, I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own, and rest contented in telling you (my very worthy Friend) that both these meet together, and most properly belong to the honest, ingenious, quiet, and harmless Art of *Angling*. And now I shall tell you what some have observed (and I have found to be a real Truth) that the very sitting by the River Side, is not only the quietest, fittest Place for Contemplation, but will invite an *Angler* to it. This seems to be maintained by the learned *P. Du Moline*, who in his Discourse

Discourse of the fulfilling of Prophecies, observes, that when GOD intended to reveal any future Events, or high Notions to his Prophets, he then carried them either to the Desarts or the Sea-Shore, that having so separated them from the Press of People and Business, and Cares of this World, he might settle their Minds in a quiet Repose, and make them fit for Revelation. This seems also to be intimated by the Children of *Israel* *, who having in their sad Condition banished all Mirth and Musick from their pensive Hearts, and hung up their mute Harps upon the Willows growing by the Rivers of *Babylon*, sat down upon those Banks, bemoaning the Ruins of *Sion*, and contemplating their own sad Condition. And an ingenious *Spaniard* † says, “ That Rivers, and the Inhabitants of the watry Element, were made for wise Men to meditate on, and Fools to pass by without Consideration.” And though I would not rank myself with the first, yet give me Leave to free myself from the last, by offering you a short Contemplation, first, of Rivers, and then of Fish; on which I doubt not but to give you many Observations that will appear very considerable; I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an Hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery Bank, by a calm River, and reflected over what I shall now relate to you. And First, concerning Rivers, there are divers Wonders reported of them by Authors of such Credit, that we need not deny them an Historical Faith. As namely, of a River in *Epirus*, that puts out any lighted Torch, and kindles any one that was not lighted: Some Waters being drank, cause Madness; some Drunkenness; and some Laughter to Death.

* Psalm cxxxvii.

† *Valdesse's* Considerations.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 21

Death. The River *Selarus*, in a few Hours, turns a Rod or Wand to Stone; and our *Camden* mentions the like in *England*, and in *Lochmere* in *Ireland*. There is also a River in *Arabia*, of which all the Sheep that drink thereof have their Wool turned into a Vermillion Colour: And one of no less Credit than *Aristotle*, tells us of a merry River, the River *Elufina*, that dances at the Sound of Musick; for with Musick it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the Sound ceases, but then presently returns to its wonted Calmness and Clearness. *Camden* tells us of a Well near *Kirby* in *Westmoreland*, that ebbs and flows several Times every Day; and of a River in *Surry* called *Mole*, that after it has run several Miles, being opposed by Hills, makes itself a Way under Ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the Inhabitants thereabout boast, as the *Spaniards* do of their River *Anus*, that they feed divers Flocks of Sheep upon a Bridge. Lastly, for I would not tire your Patience, *Josephus*, that learned Jew, mentions a River in *Judea*, that runs swiftly all the six Days of the Week, and stands still and rests all the Sabbath. *

But, Sir, lest this Discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet Conclusion, out of that holy Poet Mr. *George Herbert*, in his Divine Contemplation on GOD's Providence.

Lord, who hath Praise enough, nay who hath any?

None can express thy Works but he that knows 'em;

And none can know thy Works, they are so many,

But only Man, who to thy Bounty owes 'em.

We all acknowledge both thy Pow'r, and Love

To be exact, transcendent, and divine;

Who do'st so strangely, and so sweetly move,

Whilst all things have their End, yet none but thine.

Where-

* The same is also related by *Philos.*

*Wherefore, most Sacred SPIRIT, I here present,
For me and all my Fellows, Praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the Rent,
Because the Benefit accrues to me.*

And suitable to this, in that 104th *Psalms*, wherein for Height of Poetry and Wonders, the Prophet *David* seems to exceed himself. How does he there express his Thoughts in choice Metaphors, even to the Amazement of a contemplative Reader, concerning the *Sea*, the *Rivers*, and the *Fish* therein contained! And the great Naturalist *Pliny* says, "That Nature's wonderful Power is more demonstrated in the Sea than on the Land;" by the numerous, various Creatures, inhabiting in and about that Element, known to the Readers of *Gesner*, *Rondeletius*, *Pliny*, *Ausonius*, *Aristotle*, the many strange Testimonies of *Dubartas*, and others. These seem to be Wonders; but have had so many Confirmations from Men of Learning and Credit, that you need not doubt them. Nor are the Number, nor the various Shapes of Fishes more strange, or fit for Contemplation, than their different Natures, Inclinations, and Actions; concerning which, I shall beg your patient Ear a little longer.

The *Cuttle-Fish* * will cast a long Gut out of her Throat, which (as an *Angler* does his Line) she lets out and in at Pleasure, according as she sees some little Fish come near her; and (being hid in the Gravel) lets him nibble and bite the End of it, till by little and little she has drawn him within her Leap, and then catches and devours him. And for this Reason some have called this Fish the *Sea-Angler*.

And

* See *Montaigne's Essays*,

And there is a Fish called a *Hermit*, that at a certain Age gets into a dead Fish's Shell, and *Hermit*-like, dwells there alone, studying the Wind and Weather, and so turns her Shell that she makes it defend her from the Injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a Fish, called by *Elian* * (in his *Book of Living Creatures*) the *Adonis*, or *Darling of the Sea*; so called, because it is a loving and innocent Fish, that hurts nothing that has Life, and is at Peace with all the numerous Inhabitants of the vast watery Element: And truly I think most *Anglers* are so disposed to Mankind.

There are also lustful and chaste Fishes, of which I shall give you Examples.

And first, what *Dubartas* says of a Fish called the *Sargus*; supposing it shall not have the less Credit for being Verse; for he has gathered this, and other Observations, out of Authors that have been great and industrious Searchers into the Secrets of Nature.

*The adult'rous Sargus does not change alone
Wives every Day, but still to wand'ring prone,
As if the Honey of Sea-Love Delight
Cou'd not suffice his ranging Appetite,
Sports with the She-Goats on the grassy Shore,
Horn'ing their Husbands, who were born'd before.*

And the same Author writes concerning the *Cantharus*.

*But contrary, for nuptial Faith renown'd,
True to one Mate the Cantharus is found;
The single she, the dear selected Wife,
Claims him entire, his whole of Love and Life.*

Sir,

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

Vena. Sir, take what Liberty you think fit, for your Discourse seems to be Musick, and charms me into Attention.

Pis. Why then, Sir, I will take a little Liberty to tell, or rather remind you, what is said of *Turtle-Doves*; that they silently plight their Troths and marry; and then the Survivor scorns (as the *Thracian* Women are said to do) to outlive his or her Mate; and which ever shall, after this, couple with another, is denied the Name and Honour of a true *Turtle-Dove*.

To parallel this Land Rarity, and teach Mankind a Lesson of Fidelity, and condemn those that talk of Religion, and yet come short of the Moral Faith of Fish and Fowl; Men that violate the Law affirmed by *St. Paul* * to be written in their Hearts, which, he says, at the last Day shall condemn and leave them without Excuse, I pray hearken to what *Dubartas* sings (for the hearing of such conjugal Faithfulness will be Musick to all chaste Ears) and therefore I pray hearken to what *Dubartas* sings of the *Mullet*.

{ *But in chaste Love the Mullet all outwies,
For when her Mate the Fisher makes his Prize,
Mad to the Shore she follows in Despair,
In Life and Death, resolv'd his Fate to share.*

On the Contrary, what shall I say of the *House Cock*, which treads any *Hen*, and then (different to the *Swan*, the *Partridge*, and *Pigeon*) takes no Care to hatch, to feed, or cherish his own Brood †, but is senseless though they perish.

And

* Rom. ii. 15, 16.

† This will not strictly hold: For the *Cock* will sometimes cackle, when he finds any thing he thinks is good; and the *Hens* and *Chickens*, knowing the Note, always run to partake of it.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 25

And 'tis as considerable that the *Hen* (which because she takes any *Cock*, expects not this Regard of the Male) who is sure the *Chickens* are her's, has, by a kind of Moral Impression, her Care and Affection to her own Brood more than doubled; even to such an Height, that our SAVIOUR in expressing his Love to *Jerusalem* *, quotes her for an Example of tender Affection, as HIS FATHER has done *Job* for a Pattern of Patience.

And like this *Cock*, there are divers Fish that cast their Spawn on Flags or Stones, and leave it uncovered, and exposed to become a Prey, and be devoured by Vermin or other Fishes. While there are others (as namely the *Barbel*) take such Care for the Preservation of their Brood, that (unlike the *Cock* or the *Cuckoo*) they mutually labour (both the Spawner and Milter) to cover their Spawn with Sand, or watch it, or hide it in some secret Place; unfrequented by Vermin, or by any Fish but themselves.

Sir, these Examples may, to you and others, seem strange; but they are testified, some by *Aristotle*, some by *Pliny*, some by *Gesner*, and many other Authors of Credit, and are believed and known by many of Wisdom and Experience to be Truth; and indeed are, as I said at the Beginning, fit for the Contemplation of a most serious and a most pious Man. And doubtless this made the Prophet *David* say, *They that occupy themselves in deep Waters see the wonderful Works of God* †. Indeed such Wonders and Pleasures too, as the Land affords not.

And that they are fit for the Consideration of the most prudent, pious, and peaceable Men, seems to be testified by the Practice of many devout and con-

B

templative

* Matthew xxiii. 37.

Psalm cvii. 23, 24.

templative Persons; as Patriarchs and Prophets of old; and the Apostles of our Saviour; of which *twelve*, he chose *four* that were Fishermen, whom he inspired, and sent to shew his blessed Will to the *Gentiles*, *Freedom from the Incumbrances of the Law*, and a *new Way to everlasting Life*. This was the Employment of these Fishermen; concerning which, some have made these Observations. First, that he never reprov'd these for their *Calling*, as he did the *Scribes* and *Money-changers*. And secondly, he found the Hearts of such Men by Nature were fitted for Contemplation and Quietness; Men of mild, sweet, and peaceable Spirits, as indeed most *Anglers* are. These Men our blessed Saviour (who is observ'd to love to plant Grace in good Natures, tho' nothing is too hard for him) yet these he chose to call from their irreprovable Employment of Fishing, and gave them Grace to be his Disciples, and follow him; *Four*, I say, of *Twelve*.

And it is observable, that it was our Saviour's Will that these four Fishermen should have a Priority of Nomination in the Catalogue of his Apostles*; as namely, first *St. Peter*, *St. Andrew*, *St. James*, *St. John*, and then the rest. And it is yet more observable, that when our blessed Saviour went up into the Mount, when he left the rest of his Disciples, chusing only three to bear him Company at his Transfiguration, that those three were all Fishermen: And it is to be believed, that all the other Apostles, after they followed *Christ*, betook themselves (before his Ascension) to be *Fishermen* too; for it is certain the greater Number of them were found together fishing by *Jesus* after his Resurrection †.

And since I have your Promise to hear me with Patience, I will take the Liberty to look back on a Remark

* Matthew x. 2.

† John xxi. 3.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 27

mark made by an ingenious and learned Man, who observes that GOD has been pleased to allow those, whom he himself has appointed to deliver his divine Will in holy Writ, to express it in those Metaphors as their former Affections or Practice had inclined them to. He brings *Solomon* for an Example, who before his Conversion was remarkably carnally-amorous; and after, by GOD's Appointment, wrote that spiritual, holy-amorous Song betwixt GOD and his Church (the *Canticles*) in which he says, *she had Eyes like the Fish-pools in Hebron* *.

And if this hold in Reason, as I see none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded, that *Moses* (whom I told you before, wrote the Book of *Job*) and the Prophet *Amos*, who was a Shepherd, were both *Anglers* †; for you shall, in all the *Old Testament*, find *Fish-hooks*, I think, but twice mentioned, namely, by meek *Moses*, the Friend of GOD, and by the humble Prophet *Amos*.

Concerning which last, the Prophet *Amos*, I shall add but this Observation, that he that shall read the *humble, lowly, plain Stile* of that Prophet, and compare it with the *high, glorious, eloquent Stile* of the Prophet *Isaiah* (though they be both equally true) may easily believe him to be not only a Shepherd, but a good-natur'd, plain *Fisberman*.

Which I do the rather believe by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epistles of St. *Peter*, St. *James*, and St. *John*, who we know were all *Fishers*, with the glorious Language and high Metaphors of St. *Paul*, who we may believe was not.

B 2

And

* Chap. vii. 4.

† *Isaiah* will come in for a *third*, by this Conclusion; who (at Chap. xix. 8. see Note Page 18. speaks of them *that cast Angle into the Brooks*, &c.

And for the Lawfulness of fishing, it may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding *St. Peter* cast his Hook into the Water, and catch a Fish, for Money to pay Tribute to *Casar*. And, let me tell you, *Angling* is of high Esteem, and much used in other Nations. He that reads the *Voyages of Ferdinand-Mondex-Pinto*, shall find that there he declares to have found a King and several Priests a fishing.

And he that reads *Plutarch*, shall see that *Angling* was not contemptible in the Days of *Mark Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, and that they in the midst of their wonderful Glory, used it as a principal Recreation. I may tell you, that in the Scripture, *Angling* is always taken in the best Sense; and that though *Hunting* may be sometimes, yet it is but seldom, to be so understood. And let me add, this more, he that views the ancient Ecclesiastical Canons, shall find *Hunting* to be forbid to Churchmen, as a toilsome, perplexing Recreation; while *Angling* is allowed to them, as being gentle and harmless; a Recreation that invites them to *Contemplation* and *Quietness*. I might here enlarge myself, by telling you what Commendations our learned *Perkins* bestows on *Angling*, and how dear a Lover, and great a Practiser of it, our learned Dr. *Whitaker* was*, as indeed many others of great Note have been; but I will content myself with two memorable Men, that lived near our own Time, whom I also take to have been Ornaments to this Art.

The first is Dr. *Nowel*, sometime Dean of *St. Paul's, London*; a Man that in the Reformation of *Queen Elizabeth* was so noted for his meek Spirit, deep Learning, Prudence and Piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation both, chose, enjoined, and

* *Queen's Professor in Cambridge, in the Reign of Q. Elizabeth.*

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 29

and trusted him to make a Catechism for publick Use; such an one as should stand as a Rule of Faith and Manners to their Posterity. And the good old Man (though he was very learned, yet knowing that GOD leads us not to Heaven by many nor by hard Questions) like an honest *Angler*, made that good, plain, unperplexed Catechism, which is printed with our Service-Book *. I say, this good Man was a dear Lover, and constant Practiser of *Angling*; and his Custom was to spend, besides his fixed Hours of Prayer (those Hours which by Command of the Church were enjoined the Clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to Devotion by many *Primitive Christians*) Besides those Hours, this good Man was observed to spend a tenth Part of his Time in *Angling*; and also (for I have conversed with those who have with him) to bestow a tenth Part of his Revenue, and usually all his Fish, amongst the Poor that inhabited near those *Rivers* in which they were caught; often saying, "That Charity gave Life to Religion." And at his Return to his House, would praise GOD he had spent that Day free from worldly Trouble; both harmlessly, and in a Recreation that became a Churchman. And this good Man was well content, if not desirous, that Posterity should know he was an *Angler*, as may appear by his Picture, now to be seen and carefully kept in *Brazen-Nose-College* (to which he was a liberal Benefactor) in which he is drawn leaning on a Desk, with his Bible before him, and on one Hand of him are Lines, Hooks, and other Tackling lying in a Round;

B 3

and

* This proves to be an Error, by a Conference held before King James I. where Dr. Reynolds objects, "The Catechism in the Common Prayer-Book is too brief, and that by Dean Norwel too long, &c." So that this shews he was not the Author of the former. *Fuller's Church History*, lib. x. p. 14.

and on his other Hand, are his Angle-Rods of several sorts; and by them this is written: "That he
 " died the 13th of *February*, 1601, being aged
 " 95 Years, 44 of which he had been Dean of St.
 " *Paul's*; and that his Age had neither impaired
 " his Hearing, nor dimed his Eyes, nor weakened
 " his Memory, nor made any of the Faculties of
 " his Mind weak or uselefs." 'Tis said, that
Angling and *Temperance* were great Causes of these
 Blessings; and I wish the like to all that imitate
 him, and love the Memory of so good a Man.

My next and last Example shall be, that Under-
 valuer of Money, the late Provost of *Eaton College*,
Sir Henry Wotton * (a Man with whom I have often
 fished and conversed) a Man whose foreign Em-
 ployments in the Service of this *Nation*, and whose
Experience, *Learning*, *Wit*, and *Chearfulness*, made
 his Company to be esteemed one of the Delights
 of Mankind. This Man (whose very Approba-
 tion of *Angling* were sufficient to convince any
 modest Censurer of it) was also a most dear Lover
 and a frequent Practiser of my Art; of which he
 would say, " 'Twas an Employment for his idle
 " Time, which was then not idly spent; for *Angling*
 " was, after tedious Study, a Rest to his Mind, a
 " Cheerer of his Spirits, a Diverter of Sadness, a
 " Calmer of unquiet Thoughts, a Moderator of Pas-
 " sions, a Procurer of Contentedness, and that it be-
 " got Habits of Peace and Patience in those that
 " professed and practised it." Indeed, my Friend,
 you will find *Angling* to be like the Virtue of Hu-
 mility, which has a Calmness of Spirit, and a World
 of other Blessings attending it. Sir, this was the
 Saying of that learned Man, and I do easily believe
 that Peace and Patience, and a calm Content, did
 cohabit

* Mr. *Walton* has published an ingenious well-wrote Life of him.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 31

cohabit in the cheerful Heart of Sir *Henry Wotton*, because I know that when he was beyond seventy Years of Age, he made this Description of a Part of the present Pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a Summer's Evening, on a Bank *afishing*. It is a Description of the *Spring*; which, because it glides as soft and sweetly from his Pen, as that *River* does at this Time by which it was made, I shall repeat it to you.

This Day Dame Nature seem'd in Love:

The lusty Sap began to move,

Enlivening fresh th' embracing Vines;

And Birds had drawn their Valentines.

The jealous Trout, that low did lie,

'Rose at a well-dissembled Fly;

There stood my Friend, with patient Skill,

Attentive o'er his trembling Quill.

Already were the Eaves possess'd

With the fleet Swallow's loomy Nest;

The Groves, at Philomel's sweet Voice,

From all their Echoes did rejoice;

The Show'rs were short, the Weather mild,

The Morning fresh, the Evening smil'd.

Joan takes her neat-rub'd Pail, and now

She trips to milk the sand-red Cow;

Where, for some sturdy Foot-ball Swain,

She strokes a Sillabub or twain.

The Fields and Gardens thick were set

With Tulips, Crocus, Violet;

And now, tho' rare, the modest Rose,

Did more than Half a Blush disclose.

Thus all looks gay and full of Cheer,

To welcome the new-wardrob'd Year.

These were the Thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed Mind of Sir *Henry Wotton*. Will you hear the Wish of another Angler, and the

Commendation of his happy Life, which he also sings in Verse? viz. *Jos Davors, Esq;*

*All harmless let me live, and near the Brink
Of Trent or Avon have a Dwelling-place;
Where I may see my Cork disportive sink
With eager Bite of Perch, or Trout, or Dace;
And on the World and my CREATOR think,
Whilst some Men strive ill-gotten Goods t' embrace;
And others spend their Time in base Excess
Of Wine; or worse, in Brawls and Wantonness.*

*Let them that list, these Pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing Fancies feed their Fill,
So I the Fields and Meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh Rivers walk at Will,
Among the Daises and the V'lets blue,
Red Hyacinth, and yellow Daffodil,
Purple Narcissus like the Morning Rays,
Pale Gander-grass, and azure Culver-keys:*

*I count it highest Pleasure to behold
The stately Compass of the lofty Sky,
And, in the Midst thereof (like burning Gold
The flaming Chariot of the World's great Eye;
The watry Clouds, that in the Air up-roll'd,
With sundry Kinds of painted Colours fly;
And fair Aurora lifting up her Head,
With Blushes parting from Tithonius Bed.*

*The Mountains rising stately from the Plains;
The Plain's wide-stretch'd Extent of level Ground;
The Ground diversify'd in sundry Veins;
The Veins inclos'd with Rivers running round;
These Rivers making way through Nature's Chains,
With headlong Course to join the Sea profound;
The raging Sea beneath the Vallies low,
Where Lakes, and Rills, and Streams, united flow.*
The

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 33

*The lofty Woods, the Forests wide and long,
Adorn'd with Leaves and Branches fresh and green,
In whose cool Bow'rs the Birds, with many a Song,
Welcome, in solemn Choirs, the Summer's Queen;
The Meadows fair, where Flora's Gifts among
Are intermixt, with verdant Grass between;
The Fish that in the Flood's fair Bosom swim
Deep-lodg'd, or wanton on his crystal Brim.*

*All these, and many more of his Creation,
That made the Heav'ns, doth oft' the Angler see,
Taking therein no little Delectation,
To think how fair, how wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward Contemplation,
To set his Heart from other Fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful Eye,
His Mind is wrapt above the starry Sky.*

Sir, I am glad my Memory has not lost these last Verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to *May-Day*, then my harsh Discourse; and I am glad your Patience hath held out so long as to hear them and me; for, both together, have brought us within Sight of the *Thatch'd House*, and I must be your Debtor (if you think it worth your Attention) for the rest of my promised Discourse, till some other Opportunity, and a like Time of Leisure.

Vena. Sir, you have angled me on with much Pleasure to *Hodsdon*; and I now find your Words true, "That good Company makes the Way seem short;" for trust me, I thought we had wanted three Miles of this House, till you shewed it me: But now we are at it, we will turn in, and refresh ourselves with a Cup of Drink, and a little Rest.

Pis. Most gladly, Sir; and we will drink a civil Cup to all the *Otter-hunters* that are to meet you To-morrow.

Ven. That we will, Sir, and to all the Lovers of *Angling* too, of which Number I am now willing to be one myself; for, by the Help of your good Discourse and Company, I have put on new Thoughts, both of the Art of *Angling*, and of all that profess it. And if you will but meet me To-morrow, at the Time and Place appointed, and bestow one Day with me and my Friends in hunting the *Otter*, I will dedicate the next two Days to wait on you; and we two will, for that Time, do nothing but angle, and talk of Fish and fishing.

Pis. It is a Match, Sir; I will not fail you, God willing, to be at *Amwell-hill* To-morrow Morning, before Sun-rising.

C H A P. II.

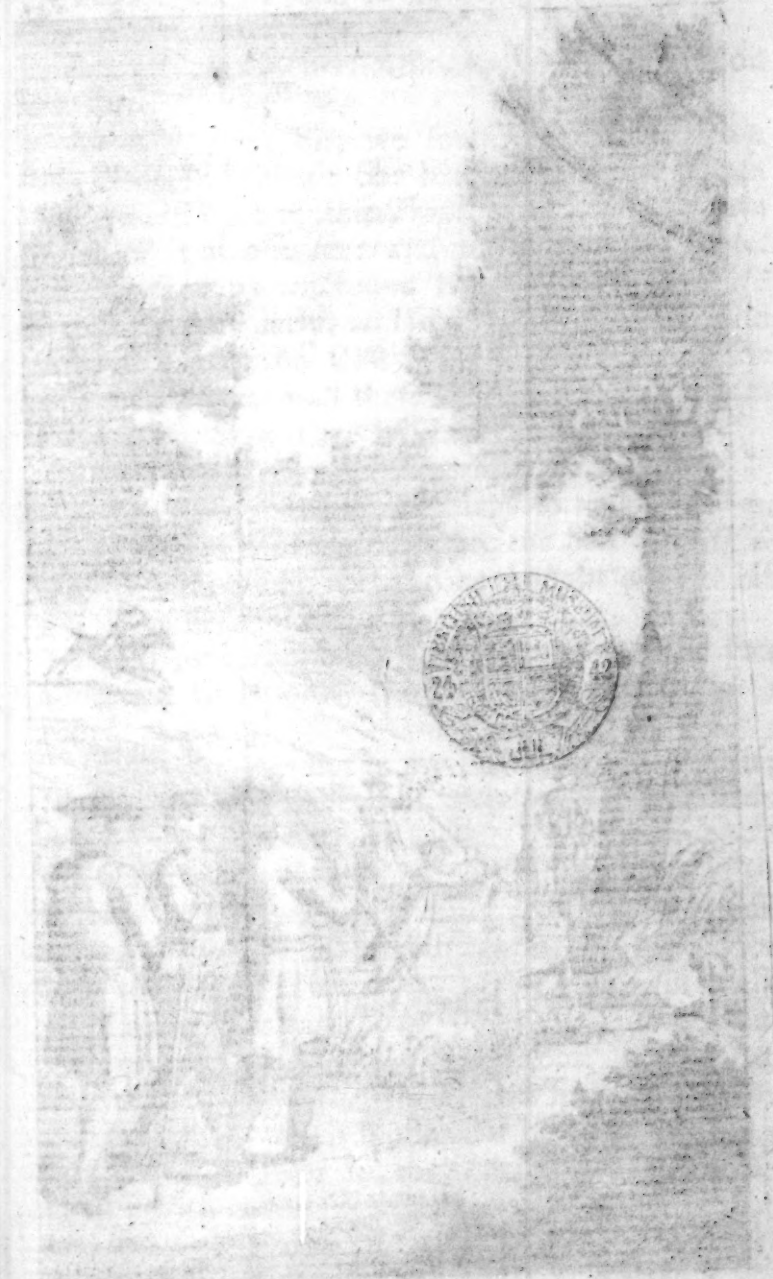
Observations of the Otter and Chub.

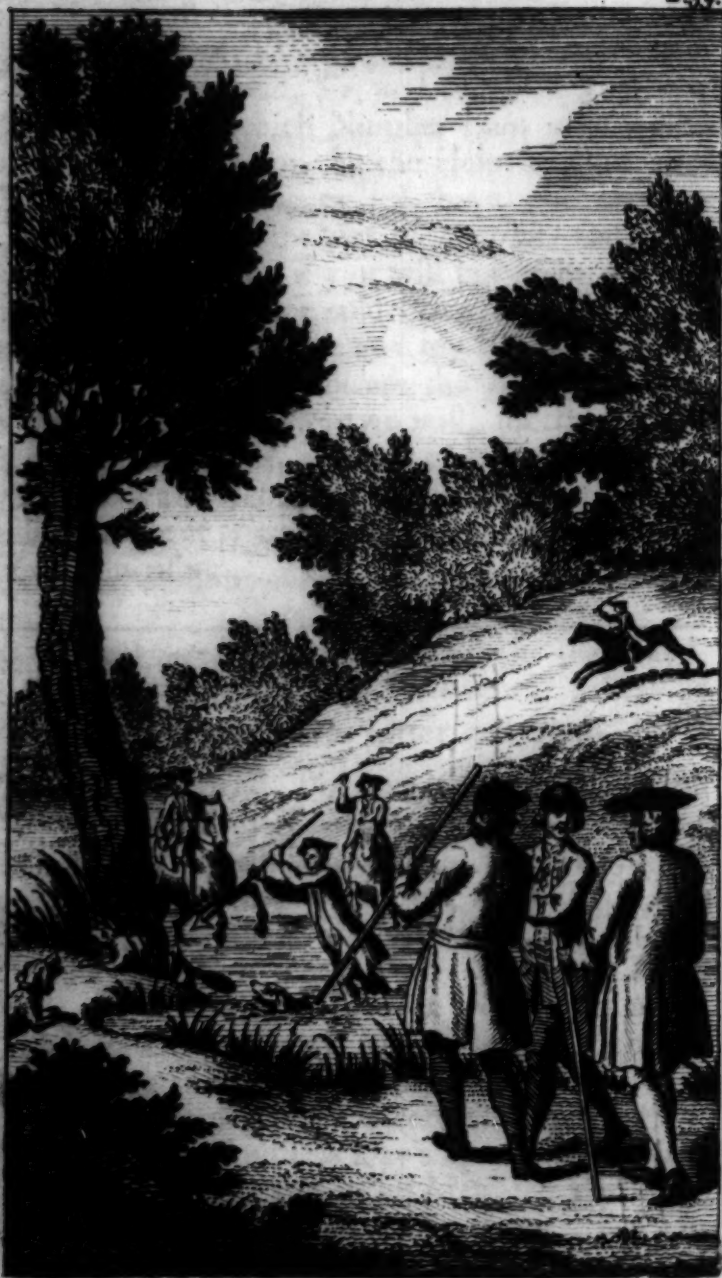
Vena. **M**Y Friend, *Piscator*, you have kept Time with my Thoughts, for the Sun is just rising, and I myself just come to this Place, and the Dogs have just put down an *Otter*; look down at the Bottom of the Hill there, in that Meadow chequered with *Water-lillies* and *Lady-smocks*, there you may see what Work they make. Look! look! you may see all busy, Men and Dogs, Dogs and Men, all busy!

Pis. Sir, I am glad to meet you, and have so fair an Entrance into this Day's Sport; and glad to see so many Dogs, and more Men, in Pursuit of the *Otter*; let us compliment no longer, but join them. Come, honest *Venator*, let us be gone, let us

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us make haste, I long to be doing; no reasonable Hedge or Ditch shall hold me.

Vena. Gentlemen Huntsmen, where found you this *Otter*?

Hunt. Marry, Sir, we found her a Mile from this Place, a fishing: She has this Morning eaten the greatest Part of this *Trout*, and only left thus much of it as you see, and was fishing for more. When we came we found her just at it; but we were here very early, an Hour before Sun-rise, and have given her no Rest since we came; sure she will hardly escape all these Dogs and Men. I am to have the Skin if we kill her.

Vena. Why, Sir, what is the Skin worth?

Hunt. It is worth ten Shillings to make Gloves. The Gloves of an *Otter* are the best Fortification for your Hands that can be thought on, against wet Weather.

Pis. I pray, honest Huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant Question. Do you hunt a Beast, or a Fish?

Hunt. Sir, it is not in my Power to resolve you; I leave it to the College of *Carthusians*, who have made Vows never to eat Flesh. But I have heard the Question has been debated among many great Clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree, that his Tail is Fish; and if his Body be Fish too, then I may say, that a Fish will walk on Land (for an *Otter* does so) sometimes fix, or ten Miles in a Night. But, Sir, I can tell you certainly, that he devours much Fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats; and that this *Dog-fisher* (for so the *Latins* call him) can smell a Fish in the Water an hundred Yards from him (*Gesner* says much farther); and that his Genitals are good against the Falling Sickness; and that

that there is an Herb (*Benoine*) which being hung in a Linen Cloth near a Fish-pond, or any Haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the Place; which proves, he smells both by Water and Land: And I can tell you, there is brave hunting this *Water-dog* in *Cornwall*, where there have been so many, that our *Cambden* says, “There is a River called *Ottersley*, which was so named, by Reason of the “Abundance of *Otters* that breed and feed in it.”

And thus much for my Knowledge of the *Otter*, which you may now see above Water at vent, and the Dogs close with him. I now see he will not last long; follow, my Masters, for *Sweetlips* was like to have him at this Vent.

Vena. Oh me! all the Horse are got over the River; what shall we do now, shall we follow them over the Water?

Hunt. No, Sir, no, be not so eager, stay a little, and follow me, for both they and the Dogs will be suddenly on this Side again, I warrant you; and the *Otter* too, it may be. Now have at him with *Killbuck*, for he vents again.

Vena. Marry, so he is; for look, he vents in that Corner. Now *Ringwood* has her; now he is gone again, and has bit the poor Dog. Now *Sweetlips* has her; hold her *Sweetlips*! Now all the Dogs have her, some above, and some under Water; but now, now she is tired, and past loosing. Come, bring him to me, *Sweetlips*! Look, 'tis a *Bitch Otter*, and she has lately whelped. Let us go to the Place where she was put down, and, not far from it, you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you.

Hunt. Come, Gentlemen, come all, let us go to the Place where we put down the *Otter*. Look you, here about it was that she kennelled: Look you,

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 37

you, here it was indeed, for here are her young ones, no less than five. Come, let us kill them all.

Pif. No, I pray, Sir, save me one, and I will try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious Gentleman in *Leicestershire* (*Mr. Nich. Seagrave*) has done; who has not only made her tame, but to catch Fish, and do many other things of Pleasure.

Hunt. Take one, with all my Heart, but let us kill the rest. And now let us go to an honest Ale-house, where we may have a Cup of good Barley Wine, and sing *Old Rose*, and all of us rejoice together.

Vena. Come, my Friend *Piscator*, let me invite you along with us; I will bear your Charges this Night, and you shall bear mine To-morrow; for my Intention is to accompany you a Day or two in fishing.

Pif. Sir, your Request is granted; I shall be glad to exchange such a Courtesy, and enjoy your Company.

Vena. Well, now let us go to your Sport of Angling.

Pif. Let us be going, with all my Heart: Adieu to you all, Gentlemen, may you meet this Day with another Bitch *Otter*, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

Vena. Now, *Piscator*, where will you begin to fish?

Pif. We are not yet come to a likely Place; I must walk a Mile further yet before I begin.

Vena. Well then, I pray, as we walk, tell me freely, How do you like my Host, and the Company? Is not my Host a witty Man?

Pif. Sir, I will let you know presently what I think of your Host; but first, will tell you, I am
glad

glad these *Otters* were killed, and I am sorry there are no more *Otter-killers*; for I know the Want of them, and not keeping the Fence-Months for the Preservation of Fish, will, in Time, prove the Destruction of all Rivers; and those very few that are left, that make Conscience of the Laws of the Nation, and of keeping Days of Abstinence, will be forced to eat Flesh, or suffer more Inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

Vena. Why, Sir, what are those you call the Fence Months?

Pis. Sir, they be principally three, namely, *March, April, and May*, these being the usual Months that *Salmon* come out of the Sea to spawn in most fresh Rivers; and their Fry would, about a certain Time, return back to the Salt-Water, if they were not hindered by Weirs and unlawful Gins, which the greedy Fishermen set, and so destroy them by Thousands. He that shall view the wise Statutes made in the 13th of *Edward the First*, and the like by *Richard the Third*, may see several Provisions made against the Destruction of Fish; and though I profess no Knowledge of the Law, yet, I am sure, these Defects might be easily amended; but I remember a wise Saying, *That which is every Body's Business, is no Body's Business*. If it were otherwise, there could not be so many Nets and Fish that are under the Statute-Size sold daily amongst us; of which the Conservators of the Waters should be ashamed.

But, above all, the taking Fish in Spawning-time, may be said to be against Nature; it is like taking the Dam on the Nest, when she hatches her Young; a Sin so against Nature, that Almighty God hath in Holy Writ made a Law against it*.

But

* Deut. xxiii. 6, 7.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 35

But the poor Fish have Enemies enough besides such unnatural Fishermen, as namely, the *Otters* that I spake of, the *Cormorant*, the *Bittern*, the *Osprey*, the *Sea-gull*, the *Hern*, the *King-fisher*, the *Garrara*, the *Puet*, the *Swan*, *Goose*, *Ducks*, and the *Craber*, or *Water-Rat*; against all which any honest Man may make a just Quarrel; but I will not: I leave them to be quarrelled with, and killed by others; for I am not of a cruel Nature; I love to kill nothing but Fish.

And now to your Question concerning your Host: To speak truly, he is not to me a good Companion; for most of his Conceits were either Scripture Jests, or lascivious Jests; for which I count no Man witty: For the Devil will help a Man that Way inclined to the first; and his own corrupt Nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But a Companion that feasts the Company with Wit and Mirth, and leaves out the Sin, which is usually mixed with them, he is the Man; and, indeed, such a Companion should have his Charges borne; and to such Company I hope to bring you this Night; for at *Trout-Hall*, not far from this Place, where I purpose to lodge, there is usually an *Angler*, that proves good Company; and, let me tell you, good Company, and good Discourse, are the very Sinews of Virtue: But, for such as we heard last Night, it infects others; the very Boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard my Host, and another of the Company, that shall be nameless, I am sorry he is a Gentleman, for less Religion will not serve for their Souls than a Beggar's; I think more will be required at the great Day. Well, you know what Example is able to do; and I know what the Poet says in the like Case, which is worthy to be noted by all Parents, and People of Civility;

— Many

~~Many a one~~
*Owes to his Country his Religion : so I shall
 And in another world as strongly grow,
 Had but his Nurse or Mother taught him so*

This is Reason put into Verse, and worthy the Consideration of a wise Man. But of this no more; for though I love Civility, yet I hate severe Censures: I will to my own Art; and, I doubt not, but at yonder Tree I shall catch a *Chub*; and then we will turn to an honest cleanly Hostess that I know, rest ourselves there, and dress it for our Dinner.

Vena. Oh, Sir, a *Chub* is the worst Fish that swims; I hoped for a *Trout* to my Dinner.

Pis. Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely Place for a *Trout* hereabout; and we staid so long to take our Leave of your Huntsmen this Morning, that the Sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a *Trout* till Evening; and though a *Chub* be by you, and many others, reckoned the worst of Fish, yet you shall see I will make it a good one, by dressing it.

Vena. Why, how will you dress him?

Pis. I will tell you when I have caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you see? — But you must stand very close — there lie upon the Top of the Water, in this very Hole, twenty *Chubs*. I will catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all. And that I will do so, I will hold you twenty to one; and you shall see it done.

Vena. Marry, Sir, now you talk like an Artist; and I will say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do; but I yet doubt it.

Pis.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 41

Pif. You shall not doubt me long, for you shall see me do it presently. Look, the Biggest of these *Chubs* has had some Bruise upon his Tail by a *Pike*, or some other Accident, and that looks like a white Spot; that very *Chub* I mean to put into your Hands instantly — Sit you but down in the Shade a little while, and I warrant you I will bring him to you.

Vena. I will sit down, and hope well, because you seem so confident.

Pif. Look you, Sir, there is a Trial of my Skill; there he is!



that very *Chub* that I shewed you with the white Spot on his Tail: And I will be as certain to make him a good Dish of Meat, as I was to catch him. I will now lead you to an honest Alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly Room, Lavender in the Windows, and twenty Ballads stuck about the Wall; there my Hostess, which, I may tell you, is both cleanly and handsome, and civil, hath dressed many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my Fashion, and I'll warrant it good Meat.

Vena. Come, Sir, with all my Heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and, indeed, to rest myself too; for though I have walked but four Miles this Morning, yet I begin to be weary; Yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me.

Pif.

Pif. Well, Sir, and you shall be quickly at rest, for yonder is the House I mean to bring you to.

Hostess, how do you? Will you first give us a Cup of your best Drink, and then dress this *Chub*, as you dressed my last, when I and my Friend were here about ten Days ago? But you must do me one Courtesy, it must be done instantly.

Hof. I will do it Mr. *Piscator*, and with all the Speed I can.

Pif. Now, Sir, has not my Hostess made haste, and does not the Fish look lovely?

Vena. Both, upon my Word, Sir, and therefore let us say Grace, and fall to eating of it.

Pif. Well, Sir, how do you like it?

Vena. Trust me! it is as good Meat as ever I tasted: Now let me thank you for it, drink to you, and beg a Favour of you; but it must not be denied me.

Pif. What is it, I pray, Sir? You are so modest, that, methinks, I may promise to grant it, before it is asked.

Vena. Why, Sir, it is, that from henceforth you will allow me to call you Master, and that really I may be your Scholar; for you are such a Companion, and have so quickly caught, and so excellently cooked this Fish, as makes me ambitious to be your Scholar.

Pif. Give me your Hand; from this Time forward I will be your Master, and teach you as much of this Art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the Nature of most of the Fish that we are to angle for; and, I am sure, I both can and will tell you, more than any common *Angler* yet knows.

C H A P. III.

How to fish for and to dress the Chevender or Chub.

Pis. **T**HE *Chub*, though he eat well thus dressed, yet as he is, usually, he does not. He is objected against, not only for being full of small forked Bones, dispersed through all his Body, but that he eats waterish, and the Flesh of him is not firm, but limp, and tasteless: The *French* esteem him so mean, as to call him *Un villan*; nevertheless he may be so dressed as to make him very good Meat; as namely, if he be a large *Chub*, thus:

First scale, then wash him clean, and take out his Guts; make the Hole as little, and as near to his Gills, as you may conveniently; and especially make clean his Throat from the Grass and Weeds that are in it (for if that be not clean, it will make him taste very sour;) then put some sweet Herbs * into his Belly, tie him up with two or three Splinters to a Spit, and roast him, basted often with Vinegar, or rather Verjuice and Butter, with good Store of Salt mixed with it.

Being thus dressed, you will find him a much better Dish of Meat than you or most Folk, even than *Anglers* themselves do imagine; for this dries up the fluid watry Humour with which all *Chubs* abound.

But, take this Rule with you, that a *Chub* newly taken and dressed, is so much better than a *Chub* of a Day's keeping, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly, as to Cherries newly gathered from the Tree, and others that have been bruised, and laid a Day or two in Water. Being thus used,

* The best Herbs are Rosemary, Thyme, Sweet Marjoram, Parsly, and Winter Savory. *Barbel*, *Tench*, and *Bream*, may be so dressed, basting them with fresh Butter only.

and dressed presently, and not washed after he is gutted (for note, *That lying long in Water, and washing the Blood out of the Fish, after they be gutted, abates much of their Sweetness*) you will find the *Chub* to be such Meat as will recompense your Labour. Or you may dress the *Cheven* or *Chub* thus:

When you have scaled him, and cut off his Tail and Fins, and washed him very clean, then chine or slit him through the Middle, as Salt-fish is usually cut; then give him three or four Scotchies with your Knife, and broil him on Wood or Charcoal, that are free from Smoke, and all the Time baste him with best Sweet Butter, and good Store of Salt mixed with it; and to this add a little Thyme, cut exceeding small, or bruised, into the Butter. The Cheven thus dressed, hath the watry Taste taken away, for which so many except against him. Thus was that dressed which you liked so well, and commended so much. But note again, that if this Chub that you eat of had been kept till To-morrow, he had not been worth a Rush; and remember that his Throat be very, very clean, and his Body not washed after he is gutted.

Well, Scholar, you see what Pains I have taken to recover the lost Credit of the poor despised *Chub*. And now I will give you some Rules how to catch him; and I am glad to enter you into the Art of Fishing by catching a *Chub*, for there is no Fish better to initiate a young Angler, he is so easily caught; but then it must be this particular Way *

Go to the same Hole in which I caught my *Chub*, where, in most hot Days, you will find a Dozen

* In Rivers that are narrow, and much incumbered with Wood, with a short Line, viz. one single Link of Hair, or Silk-worm-gut; you may fish for him in the like Manner, under the Boughs, and at the Roots of Trees, growing in the opposite Side of the Water.

Dozen or Twenty floating near the Top of the Water; take two or three *Grashoppers*, as you go over the Meadow, and get secretly behind a Tree, stand as free from Motion as possible, then put a *Grashopper* on your Hook, and let it hang a Quarter of a Yard short of the Water; to which End, you must rest your Rod on some Bough, and it is likely the *Chub* will sink down towards the Bottom, at the Shadow of your Rod; for a *Chub* is the fear-fullest of Fishes, and will do so, if but a Bird flies over him, and makes the least Shade on the Water; but they will presently rise up to the Top again, and there lie soaring, till some fresh Sight affrights them. When they thus lie, look out the best *Chub*, which (setting yourself in a right Place) you may very easily see, and move your Rod as softly as a Snail moves, to *that* you intend to catch; let your Bait fall gently upon the Water, three or four Inches before him, and he will infallibly take the Bait, and you will be as sure to catch him; for he is one of the leather-mouth'd Fishes, of which a Hook does scarce ever lose his Hold; and therefore give him play enough, before you offer to take him out of the Water. — Go your Way presently, take my Rod, and do as I bid you, and I will sit down and mend my Tackling, till you return back.

Vena. Truly, my loving Master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish; I will go, and observe your Directions.

Look you, Master, what I have done! that which joys my Heart; caught just such another *Chub* as your's.

Pis. Marry, and I am glad of it. I am like to have a towardly Scholar of you. I now see, that, with Advice and Practice, you will make an *Angler* in

in a short Time. Have but a Love to it, and I will warrant you.

Vena. But, Master, what if I could not have found a *Grashopper*?

Pis. Then a black Snail *, with his Belly slit, to shew his White, or a Piece of soft Cheese will usually do as well; nay, sometimes a *Worm*, or any Kind of Fly, as the *Ant-fly*, the *Flesh-fly*, or *Wall-fly*, or the *Dor* or *Beetle*, which you may find under Cow-dung; or a *Bob*, which you will find in the same Place, and, in Time, will be a *Beetle*; it is a short white Worm, like to, and bigger than, a *Gentle*. Or a *Cad*, or *Caseworm*. Any of these will do very well to fish in such a Way; and, after this Manner, you may catch a *Trout* in a hot Evening; when, as you walk by a Brook, and shall see or hear him leap at Flies, then, if you have got a *Grashopper*, put it on your Hook, with your Line about two Yards long, standing behind a Bush or Tree where his Hole is, and make your Bait stir up and down on the Top of the Water. You may, if you stand close, be sure of a Bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed Fish; and, after this Manner, you may fish for him with almost any Kind of live Fly, but especially with a *Grashopper*.

Vena. But, before you go further, pray, good Master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed Fish?

Pis. By this I mean, such as have their Teeth in their Throat; as the *Chub*, the *Barbel*, the *Gudgeon*,

* Early in the Morning he takes *this*, but seldom in the Heat of the Day. A general Indication this to the Angler, not to use any Baits when Nature puts them not forth. He always loves a large Bait, and will bite at several Sorts of Flies, or other Mixtures (as a Fly, an Oak-worm, and Paste, put at once on the Hook together

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 47

geon, *Carp*, and divers others have; and the Hook being stuck into the Leather or Skin of such Fish, does very seldom or never lose its Hold: But, on the Contrary, a *Pike*, a *Pearch*, or *Trout*, and some other Fish, which have not their Teeth in their Throats, but in their Mouths (which you shall observe to be very full of Bones, and the Skin very thin, and little of it) I say, of these Fish, the Hook never takes so sure Hold, but you often lose the Fish, unless they have gorged it.

Vena. I thank you, good Master, for this Observation.



But now, what shall be done with my *Chub* which I have caught?

Pis. Marry, Sir, it shall be given away to some poor Body; for, I will warrant you, I will give you a *Trout* for your Supper; and it is a good Beginning of your Art, to offer your First-fruits to the Poor, who will both thank God and you for it; which I see by your Silence you seem to consent to. And, for your Willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach you more concerning *Chub* fishing.



In *March* and *April*, he is taken commonly with *Worms*; * in *May*, *June*, and *July*, he will bite at any *Fly*, or *Cherries*, or at young *Beetles*, or at any Kind of *Snail*, or at the *black Bee*, that breeds in Clay Walls; and he never refuses a *Grasshopper* at the Top of

* The *Chub* spawns in *March*, and is then worst. But toward the Middle or End of *April* the above Bait may be successfully used, and will kill in Abundance. But then your Worm must be a large *Lob Worm*, and in a hasty Stream, and used early: For your Sport this Way will abate as the Day advances. They are used (sometimes) at Top, as the *Fly*, or with the *Running-Line*, as Occasion shews you.

of a swift Stream; nor, at the Bottom, the young *Humble Bee*, that breeds in long Grass, and is ordinarily found by the Mower of it. In *August*, and the cooler Months, use a yellow Paste, made of the strongest Cheese, and pounded in a Mortar with a little Butter and Saffron (so much of it, as being beaten small, will turn it to a Lemon-colour). And some make a Paste for the Winter Months, of old Cheese and Turpentine *, at which Time the *Chub* is accounted best; for then it is observed, that the forked Bones are lost, or turned into a Kind of Gristle, especially if he be baked. He will also bite at a *Minnow* or *Pink* †, as a *Trout* will; of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other Baits. But take this for a Rule, that, in hot Weather, he is to be fished for towards the Mid-water, or near the Top, and, in colder, nearer the Bottom. And if you fish for him on the Top, with a *Beetle*, or any *Fly*, then be sure to let your Line be very long, and keep out of Sight.



And having told you that his Spawn is excellent, and that the Head of a large *Cheven*, the Throat being well washed, is the best Part of him, I will say no more of this Fish at present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for. My next Observation and Direction shall be concerning the *Trout*, which I love to angle for above any Fish. But, lest you should judge me too nice in urging to have the *Chub* dressed so presently after he is taken, I will

* Many mix a Bit of fat or rusty Bacon with the former, and account it an excellent Bait.

† Of all Baits this succeeds best, and yields admirable Sport, in a deep and strong Current. It must be used early, or in the less hot Hours of the Day. Or all Day, if cool, and a Breeze blows.

will commend to your Consideration, how curious former Times have been in the like Kind.

You shall read, in *Seneca's Natural Questions* *, that the Antients were so curious in the Newness of their Fish, that they seemed not fresh enough, that were not put alive into the Guests Hands. To that End, they usually kept them living in Glass Vessels in their Dining-Rooms; and they gloried very much, to have at their Entertainments *that* Fish taken from under their Table alive, that was instantly to be fed on. And, he says, they took a deal of Pleasure to see their *Mullets* change to several Colours when they were dying. But enough of this, for I doubt I have staid too long from giving you some Observations of the *Trout*, and how to fish for him; which shall take up the next spare Time.

CHAP. IV.

Observations of the Nature and Breeding of the Trout, and how to fish for him. With the Milk-maid's Song.

Pis. **T**HE *Trout* is a Fish highly valued both in this, and foreign Nations; he may be justly allowed (as the old Poet said of Wine, and we *English* of Venison) to be a generous Fish: So like the *Buck*, that he also has *his* Seasons; for it is observed, he comes in and goes out of Season with him. *Gesner* says, his Name is of a *German* Offspring †, and is a Fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest Streams, and on the hardest Gravel; and that he may justly contend with all Fresh-water Fish, as the *Mullet* may with all Sea Fish, for Precedency,

* Lib. iii. Chap. 17.

† Rather from the *Latin*, *Trutta*.

cedency, and Daintiness of Taste; and, when in right Season, the most curious Palates have given Preference to him.

And, let me tell you, as there are some barren *Does* that are good in Summer, so are there some barren *Trouts* that are good in Winter: But there are not many so; for usually they are in their Perfection in the Month of *May*, and decline with the *Buck*. In several Countries, as in *Germany*, and other Parts, compared to ours, Fish differ much in their Bigness, Shape, and otherwise, and so do *Trouts*. It is well known, that in the Lake *Leman* (of *Geneva*) there are *Trouts* taken of three Cubits long, as is affirmed by *Gesner*, a Writer of good Credit; and *Mercator* says, the *Trouts* that are taken there, are a great Part of the Merchandize of that famous City. Certain Waters breed *Trouts*, remarkable both for their Number and Smallness. I know a little Brook in *Kent*, that breeds them to a Number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an Hour, but none greater than about the Size of a *Gudgeon*. There are also in divers Rivers, especially such as have Communication with the Sea, as at *Winchester*, or the *Thames* about *Windsor*, a little *Trout*, called a *Samlet* or *Stegger-Trout*; in both which Places, I have caught twenty or forty at a Standing, that will bite as freely and fast as *Minnows*. These are by some taken to be young *Salmons*, but in those Waters they never grow to be larger than a *Herring*.

There is also in *Kent*, near *Canterbury*, a *For-didge-Trout*, which bears the Name of the Town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of Fish, many of them near the Bigness of a *Salmon*, but known by their different Colour, and in their best Season cut very white: None of these have

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 51

have been known to be taken with an Angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir *George Hastings*, an excellent Angler, now with God; and he hath told me, he thought that *Trout* bit not for Hunger, but Wantonness; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their Bellies, what the Food was by which they lived, and have found nothing that might satisfy their Curiosity.

It is reported by Authors, that there is a Fish that hath not any Mouth, but lives by taking Breath by her Gills, and feeds, and is nourished, by no Man knows what; and this may be believed of the *Fordidge-Trout*, which, as it is said of the *Stork*, that he knows his Season, so he knows his Time, I think almost his Day, of coming first into that River out of the Sea, where he lives nine Months in the Year, and about three in the River of *Fordidge*. The Townsmen are very punctual in observing the very Time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much, that their River affords a *Trout* that exceeds all others. Just so *Sussex* boasts of several Fish; as a *Shelfey Cockle*, a *Chichester Lobster*, an *Arundel Mullet*, and an *Amerly Trout*.

This *Fordidge-Trout* is thought to eat nothing in Fresh Water; and it may be the better believed, because it is known that *Swallows*, which are not seen to fly in *England* for six Months in the Year, but about *Michaelmas* leave us for a hotter Climate, yet some of them, that have been left behind their Fellows, have been found, many Thousands at a Time, in hollow Trees, where they have been observed to live and sleep out the whole * Winter

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* Most think they do this under Water. See *Physic. Theor.* Chap. i. Notes m, d. and Sir F. Bacon's *Exper.* p. 399.

ter without Meat. So *Albertus* observes, that there is one Kind of *Frog* that hath her Mouth naturally shut up about the End of *August* *, and that she lives so all the Winter; though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.

And so much for these *Fordidge-Trouts*, which never afford an Angler Sport, but either live their Time of being in the Fresh Water by their Meat formerly gotten in the Sea, not unlike the *Swallow* or *Frog*, or by the Virtue of the Fresh Water only; or as the Birds of *Paradise*, and the *Cameleon*, are said to live by the Sun and Air †.

There is also in *Northumberland* a *Trout* called a *Bull-Trout* ‡, of a much greater Length and Bigness than any in these Southern Parts: And there are, in many Rivers that relate to the Sea, *Salmon-Trouts*, as much different from others, both in their Shape and Spots, as we see Sheep differ in their Bigness and Fineness of Wool; and, certainly, as some Pastures breed larger Sheep, so do some Rivers, by reason of the Ground over which they run, produce larger *Trouts*.

Now, the next thing I will commend to your Consideration is, that the *Trout* is of a more sudden Growth

* See *Topsal* of *Frogs*.

† That the *Cameleon*, &c. lives so, is a Fable. He is a little Animal of the Lizard-Kind, found in *Egypt* and *Arabia*, from a Foot to Half a Foot long. Its Tongue is Half the Length of its Body, tipped with a glutinous Matter; this he darts out and draws in extremely nimble, to catch *Flies*, that are its Food. On Dissection, by the *Royal Academy of Paris*, its Stomach and Intestines were found full of *Flies*.

‡ They are also in the *Yorkshire*, *Dorsetshire*, and *Devonshire* Rivers, where they come from the Sea the Beginning of *May*, lie in deep Holes under the Root of a Tree, on the Side next the Stream, and will rise at an artificial Fly: But the best Bait is a well-scowered Brandling, bred in Tanners Bark. They bite all the Summer the whole Morning, and in the Afternoon from Five till Night.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 53

Growth than other Fish, though he lives not so long as the *Perch*, and divers other Fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his *History of Life and Death*.

Nor is he like the *Crocodile*, which, if he lives never so long, yet always thrives to his Death; but contrary, the *Trout*, after he is come to his full Growth, declines in his Body, but keeps his Bigness, or thrives only in his Head, till his Death: And he * will, about (especially before) the Time of his Spawning, get almost miraculously by Weirs and Flood-gates against the Stream, even past such high and swift Places as is almost incredible.

The *Trout* usually spawns about *October* or *November*, but in some Rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other Fish spawn in Spring or Summer, when the Sun hath warmed the Earth and Water, and made them fit for Generation. And you are to note, that he continues many Months out of Season; for he is like the *Buck* or *Ox*, that will not be fat in many Months, though he go in the very same Pastures that Horses do, which will be fat in one; and so you may observe, that most other Fishes recover Strength, and grow sooner fat and in Season, than the *Trout* doth; for till the Sun gets to such an Heighth as to warm the Earth and Water, the *Trout* is sick and lean, and lousy, and unwholsome. You shall in Winter find him have a big Head, and to be lank and thin, and lean; at which Time many of them have sticking on them *Sugs* or *Trout-lice*, which is a Kind of Worm, in Shape like a *Clove* or *Pin*, with a big Head, that cleaves close to him, and sucks his Moisture; those, I think, the *Trout* breeds himself, and never thrives

* The Author uses this Word to express both Sexes.

till he free himself from them, which is not till warm Weather comes; and then as he grows still stronger, he gets from the dead, still Waters, into the sharp Streams and Gravel, and there rubs off these Worms or Lice; and, as he grows still stronger, he gets him into swifter and swifter Streams, and there lies at the watch for any *Fly* or *Minnow* that comes near him; and he especially loves the *May-fly*, which is bred of the *Cod-worm*, or *Caddew*; these make the *Trout* bold and lusty; and he is usually fatter and better Meat at the End of that Month, than at any Time of the Year.

It is observed, that usually the best *Trouts* are either red or yellow, though some, as the *Fordidge-Trout*, are white, and yet good; but that is not usual; and it is remarkable, that the female *Trout* hath commonly a less Head, and a deeper Body, than the Male, and is, for the most Part, better Meat. And note, *That a Hog-back, and a little Head, to any Fish, is a Sign that that Fish is in Season.*

But yet, as you see some Willows or Palm-trees bud or blossom sooner than others, so some *Trouts* are in particular Rivers sooner in Season: And as some Hollies or Oaks are longer before they cast their Leaves, so are some *Trouts*, in such Rivers, longer before they go out of Season.

And you are to know, there are several Kinds of *Trouts*, though they all go under that general Name; just as there are tame and wild *Pigeons*; as of tame, there are *Croppers*, *Carriers*, *Runts*, &c. which all differ; and so do *Trouts*, in their Bigness, Shape, and Colour. The great *Kentish Hens* may be an Instance, compared with other *Hens*; and, doubtless, there is a Kind of small *Trout* which will never thrive to be big, that breeds very many more than

than others do of a larger Size; which you may the rather believe, if you consider, that the little *Wren* and *Titmouse* will have twenty Young at a Time; when, usually, the noble *Hawk*, or the musical *Thrasel* or *Blackbird*, exceed not four or five.

And now I shall try my Skill to catch a *Trout*; and, at my next walking, either this Evening, or To-morrow Morning, will give you Direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

Vena. Trust me, Master, I see it is a harder Matter to catch a *Trout* than a *Chub*; for I have put on Patience, and followed you these two Hours, and not seen a Fish stir either at your *Minnow*, or your *Worm*.

Pis. Well, Scholar, you must endure worse Luck sometimes, or you will never make a good Angler. But, what say you now? — There is a *Trout*, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three Turns more will tire him. — Now, you see, he lies still, and the Slight is to land him. — Reach me that Landing-Net. So, Sir, now he is my own. — What say you? Is not this worth all my Labour, and your Patience?

Vena. On my Word, Master, this is a gallant *Trout*. What shall we do with him?

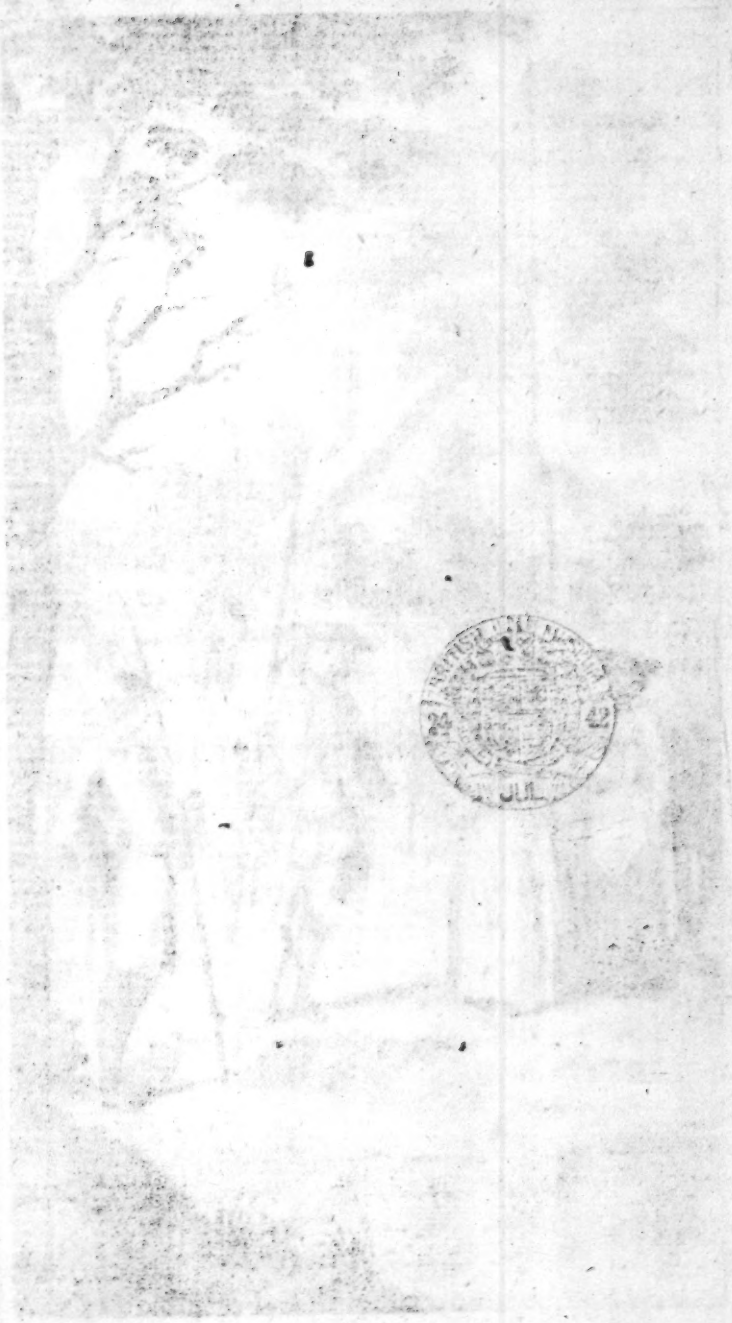
Pis. Marry, e'en eat him for Supper. We will go to my Hostess, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of Door, that my Brother *Peter*, a good Angler, and a chearful Companion, had sent word he would lodge there to Night, and bring a Friend with him. My Hostess has two Beds, and, I know, you and I may have the best. We will rejoice with my Brother *Peter*, and his Friend, tell Tales, or sing Ballads, or make a Catch, or find some harmless Sport to content us, and pass away a little Time, without Offence to God or Man.

Vena. A Match, good Master. Let us go to that House; for the Linnen looks white, and smells of Lavender, and I long to lie in a Pair of Sheets that smell so. Let us be going, good Master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

Pis. Nay, stay a little, good Scholar. I caught my last Trout with a Worm; now I will put on a Minnow*, and try a Quarter of an Hour about yonder Trees for another, and so walk towards our Lodging. Look you, Scholar! thereabout we shall have a Bite presently, or not at all. — Have with you, Sir! On my Word I have him! — Oh, it is a great Loggerhead Chub. — Come, get that Willow Twig, and hang him upon it, and let us be going. But turn out of the Way a little, good Scholar, towards yonder high Hedge; we will sit whilst this Shower falls so gently on the teeming Earth, and gives yet a sweeter Smell to the lovely Flowers that adorn these verdant Meadows.

Look! under that broad Beech-tree, I sat down when I was last this Way a fishing, and the Birds in the adjoining Grove appeared to have a friendly Contention, with an Eccho, whose dead Voice seemed to live in a hollow Tree, near to the Brow of that Primrose Hill. There I sat viewing the silver Streams glide silently towards their Center, the tempestuous Sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged Roots, and Pebble-stones, which broke their Waves, and turned them into Foam: And sometimes I beguiled Time, by viewing the harmless Lambs, some leaping securely in the cool Shade, whilst others sported themselves in the chearful Sun, and others were craving Comfort from the swoln Udders of their bleating Dams.

* This Kind of fishing is at the Middle, meaning no more than Half a Foot, or a Foot, under the Surface of the Water. A Bull-head, with his Gill-fins cut off, is preferred infinitely to the Minnow, and a Loach beyond both. See Part II. page 284.





Dams. As I thus sat, these, and other Sights, had so fully possessed my Soul with Content, that I thought, as the Poet has happily expressed it,

*High was I wrap'd, above the Scenes of Earth;
And Joys possess'd, not promis'd in my Birth.*

As I left this Place, and entered into the next Field, a second Pleasure entertained me: It was a handsome Milkmaid, that had cast away Care, and sung like a Nightingale; her Voice was good, and the Ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth Song made by *Kit. Marlow*, at least fifty Years ago*: And the Milkmaid's Mother sung an Answer to it, composed by *Sir Walter Raleigh*, in his younger Days. They were old-fashioned Poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong Lines now in fashion in this critical Age. — Look! yonder, on my Word, yonder they both be a milking again! I will give her the *Chub*, and persuade them to sing those two Songs to us.

God speed you, good Woman! I have been a fishing, and am going to *Bleak-ball* to my Bed; and, having caught more than will sup myself and Friend, I will bestow this upon you and your Daughter, for I sell none.

Milkw. Marry, God requite you, Sir, and we will eat it chearfully; and, if you come this Way a fishing two Months hence, a Grace of God, I will give you a Sillabub of new Verjuice, in a new made Haycock, for it; and my *Maudlin* shall sing

C 5

you

* *Mr. Walton* wrote his *Compleat Angler* about the Year 1650. *Kit. Marlow* was a cotemporary Comedian and Poet with *Shakespeare*, who brings in two Lines of this Song in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, viz. *By shallow Rivers, &c.*

you one of her best Ballads, for she and I both love all Anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet Men. In the mean Time, will you drink a Draught of red Cow's Milk? You shall have it freely.

Pis. No, I thank you; but I pray do us a Courtesy, that shall stand you and your Daughter in nothing, and we will think ourselves still something in your Debt; it is but to sing us a Song that was sung by ye when I last passed over this Meadow, about eight or nine Days since.

Milkw. What Song was it, I pray? Was it, *Come Shepherds, dack your Herds?* Or *As at Noon Dulcinea rested?* Or *Philida floats me?* Or *Ghevy-Chace?*

Pis. No, it was none of these: It was a Song that your Daughter sung the first Part, and you the Answer to it.

Milkw. O, I know it now. I learned the first Part in my Golden Days, when I was about the Age of my poor Daughter; and the latter Part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three Years ago, when the Cares of the World began to take hold of me: But you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love Anglers. Come *Maudlin*, sing the first Part to the Gentlemen, with a merry Heart; and I will sing the second, when you have done.

The Milkmaid's S O N G.

*Come live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleasures prove
That Grove, or Valley, Hill, or Field,
Or Wood, and steepy Mountain yield.*

Where

*Where we will sit on rising Rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed our Flocks
By shallow Rivers, to whose Falls
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals.*

*Pleas'd will I make thee Beds of Roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant Poesies;
A Cap of Flow'rs, and rural Kirtle,
Embroider'd all with Leaves of Myrtle.*

*A Gown, cull'd of the finest Wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull;
And Shoes, lin'd choicely for the Cold,
With Buckles of the purest Gold.*

*A Belt of Straw, and Ivy-buds,
With Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs ———
If these, these Pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.*

*Impearl'd Shell-Dishes for thy Meat,
Choice as is that th' Immortals eat,
Shall on Earth's Flower-deck'd Table be
Serv'd up, each Day, for Thee and Me.*

*The Swains with Sports (Song, Dance, or Play)
Each Morn shall please Thee, ALL THE MAY.
If then these Pleasures may Thee move,
Come! ——— live with me, and be MY LOVE.*

*Vena. Trust me, Master, it is a choice Song,
and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see
it was not without Cause, that our good Queen
Elizabeth did so often with herself a Milkmaid all
the Month of May; because they are not troubled
with Cares, but sing sweetly all the Day, and sleep
securely all the Night; and, without Doubt, ho-
nest,*

nest, innocent, pretty *Maudlin* does so. I will bestow *Sir Thomas Overbury's Milkmaid's Wish* on her, That she may die in the Spring, and have good Store of Flowers stuck round about her *Winding-sheet*.

The Milkmaid's Mother's ANSWER.

*If all the World and Love were young,
And Truth on every Shepherd's Tongue,
These soft Inticements might me move
To live with thee, and be thy Love.*

*But Time drives Flocks from Field to Fold,
When Rivers freeze, and Rocks grow cold;
And saddening Philomel grows dumb,
And all Things 'plain of Cares to come.*

*The wanton Fields, the fading Flowers,
Quick Reck'nings yield to Winter's Powers;
A Honey-Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.*

*Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Beds of Roses,
Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Poesies,
Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten —
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.*

*Thy Belt of Straw, and Ivy-buds,
Thy Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs,
Can me with no Inticements move,
To come to thee, and be thy Love.*

*Why should we talk of Dainties then,
Of better Meat than fit for Men?
These are but vain! — that's only good,
Which GOD has blest, and sent for Food.*

But

*But could Youth last, could Love still breed,
Had Joys no Date, had Age no Need;
Then those Delights my Mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.*

Pis. Well sung, good Woman, I thank you: I will give you another Dish of Fish one of these Days, and then beg another Song of you. Come, Scholar, let *Maudlin* alone; do not you offer to spoil her Voice — Look, yonder comes my Hostess to call us to Supper. How now, is my Brother *Peter* come?

Host. Yes, and a Friend with him: They are both glad to hear you are in these Parts, and are hungry, and long to see you, and to be at Supper.

C H A P. V.

More Directions how to fish for, and make for the Trout, an artificial Minnow and Fly; and some Merriment.

Pis. **W**ELL met, Brother *Peter*, I heard you and a Friend would lodge here to Night; and that has engaged me and my Friend to lodge here too: He is one that would fain be a Brother of the Angle; he has been my Pupil but this Day, and I have taught him how to catch a *Chub* by dapping * with a *Grashopper*; and he hath caught a lusty one of nineteen Inches. But, I pray, Brother, who is it that is your Companion?

Pet. Brother *Piscator*, my Friend is an honest Countryman, his Name is *Coridon*, a most downright,

* Dapping, Dopping, or Dibbing (which is all one Thing) is letting your Bait drop with a very gentle Tap or Dab, on the Surface of the Water.

right, witty, merry Companion, that met me here purposely to eat a *Trout*, and be pleasant. I have not yet wet my Line since I came from Home; but I will fit him To-morrow with a *Trout* for his Breakfast, if the Weather prove any thing like.

Pis. Nay, Brother, you shall not delay him so long, for, look you, here is a *Trout*



will fill six reasonable Bellies. Come, Hostess, dress it presently*, and get us what other Meat the House will afford, and give us some of your best Barley-Wine, the good Liquor our honest Forefathers used to drink of, which preserved their Health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good Deeds.

Pet. On my Word, this *Trout* is in perfect Season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty Draught to you, and to all the Brothers of the Angle, wheresoever they be, and to my young Brother's good Fortune To-morrow. I will furnish him with a Rod, if you will with the Rest of the Tackling. We will set him up, and make him a Fisher.

And I will tell him one thing for his Encouragement, that his Fortune hath made him happy to be a Scholar to such a Master; a Master that knows as much, both of the Nature and Breeding of Fish, as any Man; and can tell him as well how to catch and

* Way of dressing a *Trout*, see Part II. p. 274

and cook them, from the *Minnow* to the *Salmon*, as any I ever met withal.

Pis. Trust me, Brother *Peter*, I find my Scholar to be so suitable to my own Humour, which is to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry, that my Resolution is, to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, Scholar, this is my Resolution, and so here is to you, in a hearty Draught, and to all that love us, and the honest Art of Angling.

Vena. Trust me, good Master, you shall not sow your Seed in barren Ground, for I hope to return you an Increase answerable to your Hopes; but, however, you shall find me obedient and thankful, and serviceable to my best Ability.

Pis. It is enough, honest Scholar; come, let's to Supper. Come, my Friend *Coridon*, this *Trout* looks lovely: It was twenty-two Inches when taken, and the Belly of it looked, some Part of it, as yellow as a *Marigold*, and Part as white as a *Lilly*; and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good Sauce.

Cor. Indeed, honest Friend, it looks well, and tastes well; I thank you for it, and so does my Friend *Peter*, or else he is to blame.

Pet. Yes, so I do, we all thank you; and, when we have supped, I will get my Friend *Coridon* to sing you a Song for Requital.

Cor. I will sing a Song, if any body will sing another; else, to be plain with you, I sing none: I am none of those that sing for Meat, but for Company. I say, 'Tis merry in the Hall, when Men sing all.

Pis. I'll promise you I will sing a Song that was lately made, at my Request, by Mr. *William Basse*, one that hath made the choice Songs of the Hunter in his Career, and Tom of Bedlam, and many

many others of note; and this which I will sing, is in Praise of Angling.

Cor. Mine shall be in Praise of a Countryman's Life: What will the rest sing of?

Pet. I will sing another Song in Praise of Angling To-morrow Night; for we will not part till then, but fish To-morrow, and sup together, and next Day every Man leave fishing, and fall to his Business.

Vend. It is a Match, and I will provide you a Song, or a Catch, against then too, which shall give some Addition of Mirth to the Company; for we will be civil, and merry too.

Pis. A Match, my Masters, let us even say Grace, and turn to the Fire, drink the other Cup to wet our Whistles, and so sing away all sad Thoughts. Come on, who begins? I think it best to draw Cuts, and avoid Contention.

Pet. A Match. Look, the shortest Cut falls to *Coridon*.

Cor. Well then, I will begin, for I hate Contention.

CORIDON'S SONG.

Oh! the sweet Contentment

The Countryman doth find!

Heigh trollicie lollie loe,

Heigh tollicie lee:

It's quiet Contemplation

Possesses all my Mind:

Then Care away,

And wend along with me:

For Courts are full of Flattery,

As has too oft been try'd;

Heigh trollicie lollie loe, &c.

P. I. Contemplative Man's Recreation. 65.

*The City full of Wantonness,
And both are full of Pride:*

Then Care away, &c.

*But oh the honest Countryman
Speaks truly from his Heart;*

Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.

*His Pride is in his Tillage,
His Horses, Plough, and Cart:*

Then Care away, &c.

*Our Dress is good plain Sheep-skins,
Gray Russet for our Wives;*

Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.

*'Tis Warmth, and not gay Cloathing,
Prolongs our Strength and Lives:*

Then Care away, &c.

*The Clown, tho' hard be labour,
Yet on the Holyday;*

Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.

*No Emperor so merrily
Can pass his Time away:*

Then Care away, &c.

To recompense our Tillage,

The Heav'ns afford us Show'rs;

Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.

And for our sweet Refreshments,

The Earth gives verdant Bow'rs:

Then Care away, &c.

The Cuckoo, Lark, and Nightingale,

In merry Concert sing;

Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.

And with their pleasant Roundels,

Bid welcome to the Spring:

Then Care away, &c.

This

*This is not Half the Happiness
We jovial Rustics see;*

Heigh trolollie lollie-loe, &c.

*If others think they have as much,
He lies — whoe'er he be:*

Then come away,

Turn Countryman with me.

JO. CHALKHILL *.

Pis. Well sung, *Coridon*. This Song was sung with Mettle, and was choicely fitted to the Occasion. I shall love you for it as long as I know you. I wish you were a Brother of the Angle, for a Companion that is chearful, and free from swearing and scurrilous Discourse, is worth Gold. I love such Mirth as does not make Friends ashamed to look on one another next Morning; and Men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the Money they spend when warmed with Drink. And, take this for a Rule, you may pick out such Times, and such Companies, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little Money, than you can for a great deal; for it is the Company, and not the Charge, that makes the Feast; and such a Companion you prove: I thank you for it.

But I will not compliment you out of the Debt I owe you; and therefore I will begin my Song, and wish it may be as well liked.

The ANGLER'S SONG.

*As Things most lov'd excite our Talk,
Some praise the Hound, and some the Hawk;
Whilst those who chuse less rustic Sport,
Tennis, or some fair Mistress court:*

*But these Delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.*

Who

* Another Comedian, Shakespear's Cotemporary.

*Who hunt, in Dangers often ride ;
Who hawk, oft lure both far and wide ;
Who game, shall frequent Losers prove ;
While the fond Wretch, allur'd to love,
Is fetter'd in blind Cupid's Snare —
My Angle breeds me no such Care.*

*No other Pastimes (thus employ'd)
Yield us such Freedom while enjoy'd ;
All Recreation else, no less
Than Mind and Body both possess,
My Hand, alone, my Work can do :
So I can fish and study too.*

*I love not angling (rude) on Seas,
Fresh Streams my Inclination please ;
Whose sweet calm Course to Thought I call,
And seek in Life to copy all :
In Bounds (like theirs) I fain would keep,
Like them wou'd (when I break them) weep.*

*And when the timorous Trout I wait
To take, and he devours my Bait ;
How small, how poor a Thing I find,
Will captivate a greedy Mind :
And when none bite, the Wise I praise,
Whom false Allurements ne'er betrays.*

*If (too intent on Sport) I fast,
Good Fortune gives me rich Repast ;
My Friend it serves me to invite,
In whom, I more than that delight :
Who comes, more welcome, to my Dish,
Than to my Angle was my Fish.*

Content,

*Content, as well, if nought I take,
As use, of that obtain'd, to make —*

CHRIST thus was pleas'd, HIS Fishers when
HE happier Fishers made, of Men.

*Where — (which no other Sport can claim)
A Man may fish, and praise his Name.*

HIS first Attendants chose on Earth,
Blest Fishers were, of meanest Birth :
And Fish (as sacred Records show)
Was HIS last-tasted Food below —

*I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom, HIM to follow, He hath chose.*

Cor. Well sung, Brother, you have paid your Debt in good Coin ; we Anglers are all beholden to the good Man that made this Song. Come, Hostess, give us more Ale, and let us drink to him. — And now let us every one go to Bed, that we may rise early ; But first let us pay our Reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the Morning ; for my Purpose is to prevent the Sun-rising.

Pet. A Match. Come, Coridon, you are to be my Bedfellow ; I know, Brother, you and your Scholar will lie together : But where shall we meet To-morrow Night ? For my Friend Coridon and I will go up the Water towards Ware.

Pis. And my Scholar and I down towards Waltham.

Cor. Then let us meet here ; for here are fresh Sheets that smell of Lavender ; and, I am sure, we cannot expect better Meat, or better Usage, in any Place.

Pet. It is a Match. Good Night to every body.

Pis. And so say I.

Vena. And I.

Pis.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 69

Pis. Good-morrow, good Hostess; I see my Brother *Peter* is still in Bed. Come, give my Scholar and me a Morning-drink, and a Bit of Meat for Breakfast, and be sure to get a good Dish of Meat or two for Supper, for we shall come Home as hungry as Hawks. Come, Scholar, let us be going.

Vena. Well now, good Master, as we walk towards the River, give me Directions, according to your Promise, how I shall fish for a *Trout*.

Pis. My honest Scholar, I will take this very convenient Opportunity to do it.

§ * §

The *Trout* is usually caught with a *Worm*, a *Minnow* (which some call a *Penk*) or with a *Fly*, either natural or artificial; concerning which three, I will give you some Observations and Directions.

And First, for *Worms*. Of these there are very many Sorts; some bred only in the Earth, as the *Earth-worm*; others, of or amongst Plants, as the *Dock-worm*; and others bred out of Excrements, or in the Bodies of living Creatures, as in the Horns of Sheep or Deer; or some of dead Flesh, as the *Maggot* or *Gentle*, and others.

Now these be most of them particularly good for particular Fishes; but, for the *Trout*, the *Dew* (which some also call the *Lob-worm*) and the *Brandling* *, are the chief; especially the first for a great *Trout*, and the latter for a less †. There are also *Lob-worms*, called *Squirrel-tails*, a *Worm* that

* You fish in this Way as with a *Fly*, at Top-Water, casting your *Worm* gently up against the Stream. — 'Tis an excellent Method, and kills incredibly. See it described, with the Way how to put on your *Brandling*, Part II. p. 279.

† A *Cadiz* is likewise a sure-killing Bait, fished with, quite at Ground. See how to use it, Part II. p. 282.

that has a red Head, a Streak down the Back, and a broad Tail; which are noted to be the best, because they are the toughest, and most lively, and live longest in the Water: For you are to know, a dead Worm is but a dead Bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring *Worm*. And for a *Brandling*, he is usually found in an old Dunghill, or some very rotten Place near it, but most usually in Cow or Hogs, rather than Horse-dung, which is too hot and dry for that *Worm*; but the best of them are taken in the Bark of the Tanners, which they cast up in Heaps, after they have used it about their Leather.

There are also divers other Kinds of *Worms*, which, for Colour and Shape, alter even as the Ground out of which they are got; as the *Marsh-worm*, the *Tag-tail*, the *Stag*, the *Dock*, the *Oak-worm*, the *Gilt-tail*, the *Twachel* or *Lob-worm*, which, of all other, is the most excellent Bait for a *Salmon*, and too many to name; even as many Sorts as some think there are of Herbs or Shrubs, or of several Kinds of Birds in the Air; of which I shall say no more, but tell you, that what *Worms* soever you fish with, are the better for being long kept before they are used; and in Case you have not been so provident, then the Way to cleanse and scour them quickly, is to lay them all Night in Water, if they are *Lob-worms*, and then put them into your Bag, with Fennel; but you must not put your *Brandlings* above an Hour in Water, and then put them into Fennel, for sudden Use; but, if you have Time, and purpose to keep them long, then they are best preserved in an Earthen Pot, with good Store of Moss, which is to be fresh shifted every three or four Days in Summer, and every Week or eight Days in Winter, or at least the Moss taken from them,

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 71

them, clean washed, and wrung betwixt your Hands till dry, and then put to them again; and when your *Worm*, especially the *Brandling*, begins to be sick, and lose of his Bigness, then you may recover him, by putting a little Milk or Cream, about a Spoonful a Day, into them, by Drops, on the Moss; and if there be added to the Cream an Egg, beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preserve them long. And note, that when the Knot which is near to the Middle of the *Brandling* begins to swell, he is sick, and, if he be not well looked to, near dying. There are divers Kinds of Moss which I could name to you, but will only tell you, that which is likest a Buck's-horn is best, except it be a white Sort, which grows on some Heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that in a very dry Time, when you are put to an Extremity for *Worms*, Walnut-tree Leaves squeezed into Water, or Salt in Water, and that Water poured on the Ground, where you shall see *Worms* are used to rise in the Night, will make them appear presently.

And now I shall shew you how to bait your Hook with a *Worm*, so as shall prevent you much Trouble, and the Loss of many a Hook-too, when you fish for a *Trout* with a running Line; that is to say, by Hand at the Ground. I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake*.

Suppose it a big Lob-worm, put your Hook into him somewhat above, and out again a little below the

* Another experienced Way is, "Take two Lob-worms; put the first on the Hook with the Head foremost, and slip it a little up the Line, to make Room: Then put the second Worm on, with the Tail foremost, and draw both close to meet together, as if they were knotting or engendering." They drop often in this Manner from the Banks into the Rivers, while they are thus engaged, and are snapped up by the Trout. See more of this Way of baiting, Part II. p. 277.

the Middle; having so done, draw your Worm above the Arming of your Hook. At the entering your Hook, it must not be at the Head-end of the Worm, but at the Tail-end of him, that the Point of your Hook may come out toward the Head-end; and, having drawn him above the Arming of your Hook, then put the Point of your Hook again into the very Head of the Worm, till it come near the Place where the Point of the Hook first came out, then draw back that Part of the Worm that was above the Shank or Arming of your Hook, and so fish with it; and, if you mean to fish with two Worms, then put the second on before you turn back the Hook's-head of the first Worm. You cannot lose above two or three Worms, before you attain to what I direct you; and, having attained it, you will find it very useful, and thank me for it, for you will run on the Ground without tangling.

Now for the *Minnow*, or *Penk*. He is easily found and caught in *March* or *April*, for then he appears in the Rivers; but Nature has taught him to shelter himself in the Winter in Ditches near the River, and there to hide and keep himself warm in the Mud or Weeds, which rot not so soon as in a running River; in which Place if he were in Winter, the distempered Floods that are usually in that Season, would suffer him to take no Rest, but carry him headlong to Mills and Weires, to his Confusion. And of these *Minnows*, first, you are to know, that the biggest Size is not the best, but the middle-sized and whitest. And it must be so put on your Hook, that it must turn round when it is drawn against the Stream*; and, that it may turn nimble;

* The Hook, put in at the Mouth, and through the under-jaw, that the Point may lie downward, is easily done, saves Trouble, and is as good as any Way.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 73

nimble, you must put it on a big-sized Hook, as I shall now direct you; which is thus. Put your Hook in at his Mouth, and out at his Gill, then having drawn your Hook two or three Inches beyond or through his Gill, put it again into his Mouth, and the Point and Beard out at his Tail, and then tie the Hook and his Tail about very neatly with a white Thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the Water: That done, pull back that Part of your Line which was slack when you put your Hook into the *Minnow* the second Time; pull that Part of it so back, that it shall fasten the Head so, that the Body of the *Minnow* shall be almost strait on your Hook; this done, try how it will turn, by drawing it cross the Water, or against a Stream; and if it do not turn nimbly, then move the Tail a little to the Right or Left-hand, and try again, till it turn quick; for if not, you are in Danger to catch nothing; for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick. And in Case you should want a *Minnow*, then a small *Loach* * or *Sticklebag*, or any other small Fish will serve as well. And you are to know, you may salt †, and by that Means keep them fit for Use three or four Days longer, and Bay-salt is the best.

And here let me tell you, what many old Anglers know right well, that at some Times, and in some Waters, a *Minnow* is not to be got; and therefore let me tell you, I have (which I will shew to you) an artificial *Minnow* ‡, that will
D catch

* By some (Mr. Cotton especially) these are preferred to the *Minnow*. See Part II. page 295

† This Method Mr. Cotton (who was the best Trout-Angler of his Time) discommends. See Part II. page 294

‡ These, made of Tin, &c. are now sold common at the Shops.

catch a *Trout* as well as an artificial *Fly*; and it was made by a handsome Woman, that had an artful Hand, and a live *Minnow* lying by her. The Body was of Cloth, wrought over with a Needle; the Back, with very sad *French-green* Silk; a paler Green toward the Belly, shaded just as you see the *Minnow*; the Belly white Silk, and another Part of it Silver Thread. The Tail and Fins of a Quill shaven thin; its Eyes of two little black Beads. The Head was so shadowed, and all so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled; as would beguile any sharp-sighted *Trout* in a swift Stream. These may be easily carried by an Angler, and are of excellent Use; for a large *Trout* will come as fiercely at a *Minnow*, as the highest-mettled *Hawk* seizes a *Partridge*, or a *Greyhound* a *Hare*. I have been told, that a hundred and sixty *Minnows* have been found in a *Trout's* Belly; either the *Trout* had devoured as many, or the *Miller* that give it my Friend had forced them down his Throat when taken.

Now for *Flies*; which is the third Bait wherewith *Trouts* are usually caught. There are as many Sorts as there are Fruits. I will name you but some; as the *Dun* and *Stone Flies*, the *Red*, *Moor*, and *Tawny Flies*, the *Shell* and *Cloudy*, or *Blackish Flies*, the *Flag* and *Vine Flies*, *Caterpillar*, *Canker*, and *Bear Flies*; indeed too many for me to name, or you remember; and their breeding is so various and wonderful, that I might easily amaze myself, and tire you in the Recital.



But yet I will exercise your promised Patience, by saying a little of the *Caterpillar*, or *Palmer Fly* or *Warm*; that by them you may guess what a Work

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 75

Work it were in a Discourse, but to run over those very many Species of little living Creatures with which the Sun and Summer adorn and beautify the River-banks and Meadows, for the Recreation and Contemplation of us Anglers; and which, I think, I myself enjoy more than any other Man that is not of my Profession.

Pliny holds an Opinion *, That many have their Birth from a Dew that in the Spring falls upon the Leaves of Trees; some Kinds of them, from that left upon Herbs or Flowers; and others, from a like Dew left upon Coleworts or Cabbages; all which, thickened and condensed by the Sun's generative Heat, are hatched, and in three Days made living Creatures, of several Shapes and Colours; some being hard and tough, others smooth and soft; some have Horns on the Head, some in their Tail, others none; some have Hair, some not; some have sixteen Feet, some less, and others none. But, as our *Topsel* † hath with great Diligence observed, those which have none move on the Earth, or on broad Leaves, with a Motion not unlike the Waves of the Sea. Some of them he also observes, are bred of the Eggs of *Caterpillars*, and in Time turn to be *Butterflies*, and their Eggs again turn the following Year to be *Caterpillars*; and some affirm, that every Plant has his particular *Fly* or *Caterpillar*, which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and therefore may affirm it, a green *Caterpillar* or *Worm*, as big as a small Peascod, which had fourteen Legs, eight on the Belly, four on the Neck, and two near the Tail; it was found on a Privet-hedge, and

D 2

taken

* These Opinions of the Antients concerning Spontaneous Generation, were very much the fashionable Way of thinking at the Time Mr. *Walton* wrote; though, by the Assurances and Discoveries of the Microscope, they are now very justly exploded.

† In his *History of Serpents*.

taken thence, and put into a large Box, and a little Branch or two of Privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a Dog gnaws a Bone; it lived thus five or six Days, thrived, and changed Colour two or three Times; but, by some Neglect, it died, and did not turn to a Fly; which, if it had lived, it had doubtless done, to one of those Flies that some call *Flies of Prey*, which they that walk by the Rivers may in Summer see fasten on smaller ones, and, I think, make them their Food. And it is observable, that as there are these Flies of Prey, which are very large, there are others very little; created, I think, only to feed them, that breed out of I know not what; whose Life, they say, Nature intended not to exceed an Hour: And yet *that* Life is thus made shorter by other Flies, or Accident.

It is endless to tell you, what the curious Searchers into Nature's Productions have observed of these Worms and Flies. But yet I shall tell you what *Aldrovandus*, our *Topsel*, and others, say of the *Palmer-worm* or *Caterpillar*; that whereas others content themselves to feed on particular Herbs or Leaves (for most think those very Leaves that give them Life and Dwelling, give them particular Feeding and Nourishment, and upon them they usually abide) yet he observes, that this is called a *Pilgrim* or *Palmer-worm*, for his very wandering Life, and various Food; not contenting himself, as others do, with any certain Place of Abode, nor any peculiar Kind of Herb or Flower for his feeding, but will boldly and disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a Diet, or fixed to a particular Place.

Nay, the Colour of *Caterpillars* are very elegant and beautiful; I shall, for a Taste of the rest, describe

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 77

scribe one of them, which I will some Time next Month * shew you, feeding on a Willow-tree, and you shall find him punctually to answer this very Description: *His Lips and Mouth somewhat yellow, his Eyes black as Jet, his Forehead purple, his Feet and hinder Parts green, his Tail forked and black, the whole Body stained with a Kind of red Spots, which run along the Neck and Shoulder-blade, not unlike the Form of St. Andrew's Cross, or the Letter X, and a white Line drawn down his Back to his Tail;* all which add much Beauty to his whole Body. And it is to me regardable, that, at a fixed Age, this *Caterpillar* gives over to eat, and, towards Winter, comes to be covered with a strange Shell or Crust, called an *Aurelia*, and so lives a Kind of Dead-life, without eating, all the Winter †; and, as others of different Sorts turn to be several Kinds of Flies and Vermin the Spring following, so this *Caterpillar* then proves to be a painted *Butterfly* — Come, come, my Scholar, you see the River stops our Morning's Walk, and I will also stop my Discourse. Only as we sit down under this Honeysuckle Hedge, whilst I look a Line to fit the Rod that our Brother *Peter* lent you, I shall, for a little Confirmation of what I have said, repeat a Passage from *Du Bartas* ‡.

*Th' Almighty, pleas'd to manifest his Pow'r,
Bid Warmth prolific fill the dewy Show'r;
Straight, seedless Bodies view! with Motion rise,
And Putrefaction issues into Life.*

*Thus coldest Damp the Salamander breeds,
The Fly Perausta from the Fire proceeds;*

D 3

Kilpa

* *Viz.* in June.

† View Sir Francis Bacon's *Exper.* 782. and 90.

‡ In Day 6th.

*Kill'd with cool Air, their Bodies Flames abide,
In Fire they live, which all consumes beside.*

*So slow Bootes from his Height perceives
In icy Islands, Goslings † hatch'd from Leaves;
Which the Sea putrifies wherein they fall,
Thence Birds arise, which Solan Geese we call.*

*Thus rotten Planks of broken Vessels change
To Barnacles, a Transformation strange!
'Twas first a Tree, 'tis next a shatter'd Hull,
A Mushroom then, and last, a flying Gull.*

Vena. O my good Master, this Morning's Walk has been spent to my great Pleasure and Wonder. But when shall I have your Direction for making artificial Flies, like those the Trout loves best; and also how to use them?

Pis. My honest Scholar, it is now past Five o'Clock, we will fish till Nine, and then go to Breakfast. Go you to yonder Sycamore, and hide your Bottle of Drink under the hollow Root of it; for about that Time, in that Place, we will make a brave Breakfast, with a Piece of powdered Beef, and a Radish or two, that I have in my Fish-bag; we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome, hungry Breakfast, and I will give you Directions for the making and using of your Fly: And, in the mean Time, there is your Rod and Line; and my Advice is, that you fish as you see me do; and let us try which can catch the first Fish.

Vena. I thank you, Master; I will observe and practise your Direction as far as I am able.

Pis. Look you, Scholar, you see I have hold of a good Fish. I now see it is a Trout; I pray put that Net under him, and touch not my Line, for if

† See Gerhard's Herbal, and Camden.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 79

if you do I lose all. Well done, Scholar, I thank you — Now for another. Trust me, I have another Bite; come, Scholar, lay down your Rod, and help me to land this, as you did the other. So now we shall be sure to have a good Dish of Fish for Supper.

Vena. I am glad of that; but I have no Fortune. Sure, Master, yours is a better Rod, and better Tackling.

Pis. Nay, then take mine, and I will fish with your's. Look you, Scholar, I have another. Come, do as you did before: And now I have a Bite at another — Oh me! he has broke all; there is Half a Line and a good Hook lost.

Vena. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second Angle. I have no Fortune.

Pis. Look you, Scholar, I have yet another. And now, having caught three Brace of *Trouts*, I will tell you a short Tale as we walk towards our Breakfast. A Scholar, a Preacher I should say, that was attempting to procure the Approbation of a Parish for their Lecturer, had got from his fellow Pupil the Copy of a Sermon, that was first preached, with great Commendation, by him that composed it; and though the Borrower of it delivered it Word for Word as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked, as it was preached by the second; which the Sermon-borrower complained of to the Lender of it, and was thus answered: "I lent you indeed
" my Fiddle, but not my Fiddlestick; for you are
" to know, that every one cannot make Musick
" with my Words, which are fitted for my own
" Mouth." And so, my Scholar, *you are to know*, that as the ill Pronunciation, or ill accenting of Words in a Sermon spoils it, so the ill Carriage of your Line, or not fishing even to a Foot in a right Place, makes you lose your Labour. And

though you have my Fiddle, that is, my very Rod and Tackling with which you see I catch Fish, yet you have not my Fiddlestick ; that is, you have not my Skill to carry your Hand and Line, nor how to guide it to a right Place ; and this must be taught you (for you are to remember, I told you Angling is an Art) either by Practice, or long Observation, or both. But, take this for a Rule, when you fish for a *Trout* with a *Worm*, let your Line have so much, and not more Lead, than will fit the Stream in which you fish ; that is to say, more in a great troublesome Stream than in a smaller, that is quieter ; as near as may be, so much as will sink the Bait to the Bottom, and keep it still in Motion, and not more. — But now let us say Grace, and fall to Breakfast. What say you, Scholar, to the Providence of an old Angler ? Does not this Meat taste well ? And was not this Place well chosen to eat it ? For this Sycamore-tree will shade us from the Sun's Heat.

Vena. All excellent good, and my Stomach excellent good too. And now I remember, and find that true which devout *Lessius* says, “ That poor Men, “ and those that fast often, have much more Pleasure in eating, than rich Men and Gluttons, that “ always feed before their Stomachs are empty of “ their last Meat, and so rob themselves of that “ Pleasure which Hunger brings to the others.” And I do seriously approve of that Saying of your's, That “ you had rather be a civil, well-grounded, “ temperate, poor Angler, than a drunken Lord.” But I hope there is none such ; however, I am certain of this, that I have been at many costly Dinners, that have not afforded me Half the Content that this has done ; for which I thank God and you. And now, good Master, proceed to
your





P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 81

your promised Direction, for making and ordering my artificial Fly.

Pis. My honest Scholar, I will do it, for it is a Debt due to you by my Promise; and because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, I will freely give you such Directions as were lately given to me by an ingenious Brother of the Angle, an honest Man, and an excellent Fly-fisher.

§ * §
You are to note, that there are twelve Kinds of artificial Flies to angle with upon the Top of the Water *. Note, by the Way, & that the fittest Season of using these, is in a blustering windy Day, when the Waters are so troubled, that the natural Fly cannot be seen, or rest upon them.

The First is the *Dun-fly* in *March*; the Body is made of *Dun-wool*, the Wings of the *Partridge's Feathers*. The Second is another *Dun-fly*, the Body of black Wool, and the Wings made of black *Drake's Feathers*, and of the Feathers under his Tail. The Third is the *Stone-fly* in *April*, the Body of black Wool, made yellow under the Wings and Tail, and made with the Wings of the *Drake*. The Fourth is the *Ruddy-fly*, in the Beginning of *May*, the Body made of red Wool, wrapt about with black Silk, and the Feathers are the Wings of the *Drake*, with the Feathers of a red *Capon* also,

D 5 which

* This Catalogue has been copied by almost every Writer on the Subject, and could be never mended. But longer Trials have shewn, that three or four of the Sorts of artificial Flies, which every Fishing-shop now supplies at a cheap Expence, will serve throughout every Season of the Year, as well as the whole List. Some hold a *Trot* is not very curious about his Flies, nor the Seasons of them. I have angled (says an experienced Artist) very successfully, with an artificial May-fly in August. See fuller Instructions for Fly-making, Part III. from p. 253 to 270.

which hang dangling on his Sides, next to the Tail. The Fifth is the yellow or greenish *Fly* (in *May* likewise) the Body made of yellow Wool, and the Wings made of a red Cock's Hackle or Tail. The Sixth is the *Black-fly*, in *May* also, the Body made with black Wool, and lapt about with the Herle of a Peacock's Tail; the Wings are made of the Wings of a brown Capon, with his blue Feathers in his Head. The Seventh is the sad *Yellow-fly*, in *June*; the Body is made of black Wool, with a yellow List on either Side, and the Wings taken from the Wings of a Buzzard, bound with black, braked Hemp. The Eighth is the *Moorish-fly*, made with the Body of duskish Wool, and the Wings made of the blackish Mail of the Drake. The Ninth is the *Tawny-fly*, good till the Middle of *June*, the Body made of tawny Wool, the Wings made contrary one against the other, of the whitish Mail of the wild Drake. The Tenth is the *Wasp-fly*, in *July*, the Body made of black Wool, wrapt about with yellow Silk, the Wings made of the Feathers of the Drake, or of the Buzzard. The Eleventh is the *Shell-fly*, good in *Mid-July*, the Body made of greenish Wool, lapt about with the Herle of a Peacock's Tail, and the Wings made of the Wings of the Buzzard. The Twelfth is the dark *Drake-fly*, good in *August*, the Body made with black Wool, lapt about with black Silk; his Wings are made with the Tail of the black Drake, with a black Head. Thus have you a Jury of *Flies*, likely to betray and condemn all the *Trouts* in the River.

I shall next give you some other Directions for *Fly-fishing*, such as are recommended by Mr. *Thomas Barker*, a Gentleman that hath spent much Time in fishing; but I shall do it with a little Variation.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 83

riation. First, let your Rod * be light, and very gentle (I take the best to be of two Pieces) and let not your Line (especially for three or four Links next the Hook) exceed three or four Hairs at the most, though you may fish a little stronger above, in the upper Part of your Line; but if you can attain to angle with one Hair †, you shall have more Rises, and catch more Fish. Now, you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a Line, as most do, and, before you begin to angle, contrive to have the Wind on your Back, and the Sun, if it shines, to be before you, and to fish down the Stream, and carry the Point or Top of your Rod downward; by which Means, the Shadow of yourself, and Rod too, will be least offensive to the Fish: For the Sight of any Shade amazes them, and spoils your Sport, of which you must take great Care.

In the Middle of *March* (till which Time a Man should not in Honesty catch a *Trout*) or in *April*, if the Weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy, the best fishing is with the *Palmer-worm*, of which I last spoke to you ‡. Of these there are divers Kinds, or at least of divers Colours. These, and the *May-fly*, are the Ground of all Fly-angling; which are to be thus made.

First, you must arm your Hook with the Line in the Inside of it, then take your Scissars, and cut so much of a brown Mallard's Feather, as in your own Reason will make the Wings of it, you having withal regard to the Bigness or Littleness of your Hook; then lay the outmost Part of your
Feather

* This, with the Line, should be each six Yards long, if the Stream admits, and the Banks are high; else your Line must be shorter.

† The best for this is a Hog's Bristle (either one or two) Indian Grass, or rather Silkworm-gut, sold common at the Shops.

‡ See Page 76.

Feather next to your Hook, then the Point of your Feather next the Shank of your Hook; and, having so done, whip it three or four Times about the Hook, with the same Silk with which your Hook was armed; and having made the Silk fast, take the Hackle of a Cock or Capon's Neck, or a Plover's Top, which is usually better; take off the one Side of the Feather, and then take the Hackle, Silk or Crewel, Gold or Silver Thread, make these fast at the Bent of your Hook, that is to say, below your Arming; then you must take the Hackle, the Silver or Gold Thread, and work it up to the Wings, shifting or still removing your Fingers as you turn the Silk about your Hook, and still looking at every Stop that your Gold, or what Materials soever you make your Fly of, lie right and neatly; and, if you find they do so, then, when you have made the Head, make all fast, and work your Tackle up to the Head, and make that fast; then, with a Needle or Pin, divide the Wing into two, and, with the Arming-silk, whip it about, cross-ways, betwixt the Wings, and, with your Thumb, you must turn the Point of your Feather towards the Bent of your Hook, working it three or four Times about the Shank of it; then view the Proportion, and if all be neat, and to your liking, fasten. I confess, no Direction can be given to make a Man of a dull Capacity able to make a Fly well; and yet I know this, with a little Practice, will help an ingenious Angler in a good Degree: But, to see a Fly made by an Artist in that Kind, is the best teaching to make it; and then an ingenious Angler may walk by the River, and mark what Fly falls upon the Water that Day *, and catch one of them, if he see the *Trouts* leap

* The Method is, to shake or beat the Boughs or Bushes growing over the Water.

leap at a Fly of that Kind ; and having Hooks always hung, ready with him, and a Bag also with Bear's Hair, or the Hair of a brown or sad-coloured Heifer, Hackles of a Cock or Capon, several coloured Silk and Crewel to make the Body of the Fly ; the Feathers of a Drake's-head, black or brown Sheep's Wool, or Hog's Wool, or Hair ; Thread of Gold and Silver, Silk of several Colours, especially sad-coloured, to make the Fly's Head (and there be also other coloured Feathers, both of little Birds, and speckled Fowl) I say, having those with him in a Bag, and trying to make a Fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such Perfection, that none can well teach him. And if he attain to make his Fly right, and have the Luck to hit also where there is Store of *Trouts*, a dark Day, and a right Wind, he will catch such Plenty of them, as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the Art of Fly-making.

Vena. But, my loving Master, if any Wind will not serve, then I wish I were in *Lapland*, to buy a good Wind of one of the honest Witches, that sell so many, and so cheap.

Pis. Marry, Scholar, but I would not be there, nor, indeed, from under this Tree ; for look how it begins to rain, and, by the Clouds, if I mistake not, we shall presently have a smoaking Shower, and therefore sit close : This Sycamore-tree will shelter us ; and I will tell you, as they come into my Mind, more Observations of Fly-fishing for a *Trout*.

But first, you are to take Notice of the Winds, that the Southern is said to be best ; one observes,

*The Wind, when South,
Blows your craw'd Bait e'en in the Fishes Mouth.*

Next

Next to that, the West Wind is believed to be the best; and, having told you the East Wind is the worst, I need not tell you which is the best in the third Degree. And yet, as *Solomon* observes, that "he that considers the Wind shall never sow;" so he that busies his Head too much about them, if the Weather be not made extreme cold by an East Wind, shall be a little superstitious; for, as it is observed, that there is no good Horse of a bad Colour, so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy Day, and not extreme cold, let the Wind sit in what Corner it will, and do its worst. And yet, take this for a Rule, *That I would willingly fish standing on the Lee-shore* *: And you are to take Notice, *That the fish lie or swim nearer to the Bottom, and in deeper Water, in the Winter, than in Summer; and also nearer the Bottom in any cold Day, and then get nearest the low Side of the Water.*

But I promised to tell you more of Fly-fishing for a Trout, which I may have Time enough to do, for you see it rains *May Butter*. First, for a *May-fly*, you may make his Body with greenish-coloured Crewel, or willowish Colour, darkening it in most Places with waxed Silk, or ribbed with a black Hair, or some of them ribbed with Silver Thread; and such Wings for the Colour, as you see the Fly to have at that Season, nay, at that very Day, on the Water. Or you may make the *Oak-fly* with an orange, tawny, and black Ground, and the Brown of a Mallard's Feather for the Wings. And you are to know, that these two are the most excellent Flies; that is, the *May-fly* and the *Oak-fly* †. And, let me again tell you, that

* *That Shore which is next the Wind.*

† The *Cad-bait*, or *Oak-worm*, upon the Point of the Hook, with the artificial Fly, is recommended. When the Fish appear at Top,

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 87

that you keep as far from the Water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a Fly or Worm; and fish down the Stream; and, when you fish with a Fly, if it is possible, let no Part of your Line touch the Water, but your Fly only, and be still moving your Fly upon the Water, or casting it into the Water, you yourself being always moving down the Stream. Mr. Barker commends several Sorts of the *Palmer-flies*, not only those ribbed with Silver and Gold, but others that have their Bodies all made with black, or some with red, and a red Hackle. You may also make the *Hawthorn-fly*, which is all black, and not big, but very small, the smaller the better; or the *Oak-fly*, as was said before, or a Fly made with a Peacock's Feather, is excellent in a bright Day. You must be sure you want not in your Magazine-bag the Peacock's Feather, and Grounds of such Wool and Crewel as will make the *Grasshopper*. And note, *that usually the smallest Flies are best*: And also, *that the light Fly does usually make most Sport in a dark Day, and the darkest and least Fly in a bright or clear Day*. And lastly note, that you are to repair upon any Occasion to your Magazine-bag, and, as you find Reason, vary and make them lighter or sadder, according to the Day.

And now I shall tell you, that fishing with a natural Fly is excellent, and affords much Pleasure. They may be found thus: The *May-fly* usually in
and

Top, they will take the *Oak-worm* upon the Water, rather than under it, or than the Fly itself; and it is more desired by them. After you have dibbed with these Flies on the Surface till they are dead, cut off their Wings, and fish with them at Mid-water, or a little lower. This is reckoned a valuable Secret. — You may dib for a *Trout* also with a Fly or *Grasshopper*, as you do for a *Chub*, under a Bush, by the Bank Side, with a strong Rod, and short strong Line. If they do not rise after Half a Dozen Trials, there are none there, or they dislike your Bait.

and about that Month, near to the River Side, especially against Rain. The *Oak-fly*, on the Butt or Body of an Oak or Ash, from the Beginning of *May* to the End of *August*; it is a brownish Fly, and easy to be so found, and stands usually with his Head downwards, that is to say, towards the Root of the Tree. The small black Fly, or *Hawthorn-fly*, is to be had on any Hawthorn-bush after the Leaves are come forth. With these, and a short Line (as I shewed to angle for a *Chub*) you may dape or dop, and also with a *Grasshopper* behind a Tree, or in any deep Hole, still making it to move on the Top * of the Water, as if it were alive, and still keeping yourself out of Sight, you shall certainly have Sport if there be *Trouts*, in a hot Day, especially in the Evening of a hot Day †.



Scholar, my Direction for Fly-fishing is ended with this Shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and see how pleasantly that Meadow looks; nay, and the Earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. *Herbert* says of such Days and Flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the River, sit down quietly, and try to catch the other Brace of *Trouts*.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,

Fair Bridal of the Earth and Sky,

Sweet Dews shall weep thy Fall to Night,

for thou must die.

Sweet

* This is the usual Practice. Yet the largest *Trouts* are taken, by letting the *Fly* sink five or six Inches under the Water.

† If a Shower falls at such a Time, they will rise well at Gnats presently after.

*Sweet Rose, whose Hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash Gazer wipe his Eye,
Thy Root is ever in its Grave,
and thou must die.*

*Sweet Spring, full of sweet Days and Roses,
A Box where Sweets compacted lie,
My Musick shews you have your Closes,
and all must dis.*

*Only a sweet and virtuous Soul,
Like season'd Timber never gives,
But when the whole World turns to Coal,
then chiefly lives.*

Vena. I thank you, good Master, for your good Direction for Fly-fishing, and for the sweet Enjoyment of the pleasant Day, which is so far spent without Offence to God or Man; and I thank you for the sweet Close of your Discourse with *Mr. Herbert's* Verses, who, I have heard, loved angling; and I the rather believe it, because he had a Spirit suitable to Anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

Pis. Well, my loving Scholar, and I am pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my Direction and Discourse; and since you like these Verses of *Mr. Herbert's* so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned Divine, that professes to imitate him, has writ of our Book of *Common Prayer*; which I know you will like the better, because he is a Friend of mine, and I am sure no Enemy to angling.

Pray'r

Pra'yr by the Book? and common? — Yes, why not?

The SPIRIT of Grace

And Supplication

Is not left free, alone,

For Time and Place,

But Manner too. To read or speak by Rote

Is all alike, to him who prays

In Heart, what with his Mouth he says.

They that in private, by themselves alone

Do pray, may take

What Liberty they please,

In chusing on the Ways

Wherein to make

Their Soul's most intimate Affections known

To HIM who sees in Secret — when

They're most conceal'd from other Men.

But He, who unto others leads the Way

In Public Pray'r,

Should do it so,

As all that hear, may know

They need not fear

To tune their Hearts to his rais'd Tongue, and say

AMEN; nor doubt they were betray'd

To sin — e'en when they would have pray'd.

Devotion will add Life to the mere Letter;

And why shou'd not

That, which Authority

Prescribes, accounted be

Advantage got?

If Prayer be good, the commoner the better.

Pray'r in the Church's Words, as well

As Sense, of ALL PRAY'RS bears the Bell.

C. HARVIE.

And

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 91

And now, Scholar, I think it will be Time to repair to our Angle-rods, which we left in the Water to fish for themselves; you shall chuse which shall be your's, and it is an even Lay one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this Kind of fishing with a Dead-rod, and laying Night-hooks, are like putting Money to use, for they both work for the Owners, when they do nothing but sleep or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last Hour, and sat as quietly, and free from Cares, under this Sycamore, as *Virgil's Tityrus*, and his *Melibæus*, did under their broad Beech-tree. No Life, my honest Scholar, no Life so happy, and so pleasant, as the Life of a well-governed Angler; for when the Lawyer is swallowed up with Business, and the Statesman is preventing or contriving Plots, then we sit on Cowslip Banks, hear the Birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much Quietness as these silent Silver Streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of Angling, as *Dr. Boteler* said of Strawberries, *Doubtless, God could have made a better Berry; but, doubtless, God never did:* And so, if I might be Judge, *God never did allow a more calm, quiet, innocent Recreation, than Angling.* I will tell you, Scholar, when I sat last on this Primrose Bank, and looked down these Meadows, I thought of them as *Charles the Emperor* did of the City of *Florence*, *That they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holy Days.* As I then sat on this very Grass, I turned my Thoughts into Verse: It was a Wish, which I will repeat to you.

The

The ANGLER'S WISH.

*In flow'ry Meads, here let me live;
 These crystal Streams sweet Solace give;
 To whose harmonious bubbling Sound,
 My dancing Float and Heart rebound.
 Stretch'd here at Ease, I view the Dove
 Court his chaste Mate to Sports of Love;
 Or, on yon Bank, my Mind I please
 (Breathing the healthy Western Breeze)
 To see sweet Dew-drops kiss the Flow'rs,
 Wash'd off by April's sweeter Show'rs;
 Here listen to my Chlora's Song,
 There see the Black-bird feed her Young,
 Or the Leverock build her Nest;
 While calm'd my wearied Spirits rest,
 Raising my low-pitch'd Thoughts above
 This Earth, and all vain Mortals love:
 Here joying in my peaceful Sports,
 From Law-suits free, and Pomp of Courts. —
 Or let me, with my Friend and Book,
 Loiter long Days near Shawford-Brook;
 Eat by him there my homely Meat,
 There see the Sun ascend and set;
 There bid Good-morrow to next Day,
 And meditate my Time away;
 And angle on, and Passage crave,
 In Quiet, to my welcome Grave.*

When I had ended this Composure, I left this Place, and saw a Brother of the Angle sit under that *Honeysuckle Hedge* (one that will prove worth your Acquaintance); I sat down by him, and presently we met with an accidental Piece of Merriment, which I will relate to you; for it rains afresh.

On

On the other Side of this very Hedge sat a Gang of Gypsies; and, near to them, a Gang of Beggars: The Gypsies were then to divide all the Money that had been got that Week, either by stealing Linnen or Poultry, or by Fortune-telling, or Legerdemain, or indeed by any other Sights and Secrets belonging to their mysterious Government: And the Sum that was got, proved to be but twenty and some odd Shillings. The odd Money was agreed to be distributed amongst the Poor of their own Corporation; and, for the remaining twenty Shillings, *that* was to be divided unto four Gentlemen Gypsies, according to their several Degrees in their Commonwealth.

And the first, or chiefeſt Gypſy, was to have a third Part of the twenty Shillings, which all Men know to be 6s. 8d.

The second was to have a fourth Part of the 20s. which all know to be 5s.

The third was to have a fifth Part, which all know to be 4s.

The fourth and last Gypſy was to have a ſixth Part of the 20s. which all Men know to be 3s. 4d.

As for Example:

3 times 6s. 8d. is 20s.

So is 4 times 5s. — 20s.

So is 5 times 4s. — 20s.

And ſo is 6 times 3s. 4d. 20s.

And yet he that divided the Money was ſo very a Gypſy, that, though he gave to every one theſe ſaid Sums, he kept one Shilling of it for himſelf.

As

As for Example :

$$\begin{array}{r}
 3. \quad 4. \\
 6 \quad 8 \\
 5 \quad 0 \\
 4 \quad 0 \\
 3 \quad 4 \\
 \hline
 \text{make but } 19 \quad 0
 \end{array}$$

But now you shall know, that when the four Gypsies saw he had got one Shilling by dividing the Money, though not one of them knew why to demand more, yet, like Lords and Courtiers, every Gypsy envied him that was the Gainer, and wrangled with him, and said, the remaining Shilling belonged to him: And so they fell to so high a Contest about it, as none that knows the Faithfulness of one Gypsy to another will easily believe; only we that have lived these last twenty Years are certain, that Money has been able to do much Mischief. However, the Gypsies were too wise to go to law, and therefore voted their choice Friends *Rook* and *Shark*, and our late *English Guzman*, to be their Arbitrators and Umpire; and so they left their Honeyfuckle Hedge, and went to tell Fortunes, and cheat, and get more Money and Lodging in the next Village. When these were gone, we heard as high a Contention amongst the Beggars, *Whether it was easiest to rip a Cloak? or to unrip a Cloak?* One Beggar affirmed, it was all one; but that was denied, by asking her, *If doing and undoing was all one?* Then another said, *It was easiest to unrip a Cloak, for that was to let it alone.* But she was answered, by asking her, *How she unript it, if she let it alone?* And she confessed herself mistaken. These, and twenty such-

such-like Questions, were proposed, and answered, with as much beggarly Logick and Earnestness, as was ever heard to proceed from the Mouth of the most pertinacious Schismatic; and sometimes all the Beggars (whose Number was neither more nor less than the Poets nine Muses) talked altogether about this ripping and unripping, and none heard what the other said. But, at last, one Beggar crayed Audience, and told them, That old Father *Clause*, whom *Ben Johnson*, in his *Beggar's Bush*, created King of their Corporation, was that Night to lodge at an Alehouse, called *Catch-her-by-the-way*, not far from *Waltham-cress*, in the high Road towards *London*; and he desired them to spend no more Time about that, and such-like Questions, but refer all to *Clause* at Night, and, in the mean Time, draw Cuts what Song should be sung next, and who should sing it. They all agreed to the Motion; and the Lot fell to her that was the youngest and veriest Virgin of the Company; and she sung *Frank Davidson's* Song, which he made forty Years ago *, and all the Company joined to sing the Burthen with her. The Ditty was this; but first the Burthen:

*Bright shines the Sun, play, Beggars, play,
Here's Scraps enough to serve to Day.*

What Naise of Viols is so sweet,

As when our merry Clappers ring?

What Mirth's away when Beggars meet?

A Beggar's Life is for a King.

Eat, drink, and play, sleep when we list,

Go where we will — So Stocks be miss'd.

Bright shines the Sun, play, Beggars, play,

Here's Scraps enough to serve to Day.

The

* About the Year 1610.

*The World is our's, and our's alone,
 We have alone the World at Will,
 We purchase nought, all is our own,
 Both Fields and Streets we Beggars fill.
 Fields yield us Shades, to nap and eat,
 Streets Fools — our mumping Gangs to cheat.
 Play Beggars, play, play Beggars, play,
 Here's Scraps enough to serve to Day.
 An hundred Herds of black and white
 Upon our Gowns securely feed;
 And yet, if any dare us bite,
 He dies therefore, as sure as Creed:
 Thus Beggars lord it as they please,
 And only Beggars live at Ease.
 Bright shines the Sun, play, Beggars play,
 Here's Scraps enough to serve to Day.*

Vena. I thank you, good Master, for this Piece of Merriment, and this Song, which was well humoured by the Maker, and well remembered by you.

Pis. But, I pray, forget not the Catch which you promised to make against Night; for our Countryman, honest *Coridon*, will expect that, and my Song, which I must be forced to patch up, for it is so long since I learned it, that I have forgot a Part of it. — But come, now it has done raining, let us stretch our Legs a little, in a gentle Walk to the River, and try what Interest our Angles will pay us, for lending them so long to be used by the *Trouts*: Lent them, indeed, like Usurers, for our Profit, and their Destruction.

Vena.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 97

Vena. Ah me! look you, Master, a Fish! a Fish! — Oh, alas, Master! I have lost her*.

Pis. Ay, marry Sir, that was a good Fish indeed. If I had had the Luck to have taken up that Rod, then it is twenty to one he should not have broke my Line by running to the Rod's End, as you suffered him: I would have held him within its Bent, unless he had been Fellow to the great *Trout* that is near an Ell long, which was of such a Length and Depth, that he had his Picture drawn, and now to be seen at my Host *Rickaby's*, the *George* in *Ware*; and it may be, by giving that very great *Trout* the Rod, that is, by casting it to him into the Water, I might have caught him at the long run; for so I use always to do when I meet with an over grown Fish †, and you will learn to do so too hereafter: For I tell you, Scholar, fishing is an Art; or, at least, it is an Art to catch Fish.

Vena. But, Master, I have heard, that the great *Trout* you speak of is a *Salmon*.

Pis. Trust me, Scholar, I know not what to say to it; there are many Country People that believe *Hares* change Sexes every Year; and many learned Men think so too: For, in dissecting them, they find Reasons to incline them to that Belief. And, whether this was a *Salmon* when he came into
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* There is this Method, if you miss a *Trout*, by getting off, or breaking your Tackle, how to take her afterwards. Near to her Hold, if you can discover it, or where you struck her, fix a short Stick in the Water, the Rhind so loosed as to hold your Line in it, and yet the Bark close enough to keep it from slipping out, or the Stream carrying it away. Your Hook and Line must be very strong. Bait with a *Lob-worm*, and let it hang a Foot from the Stick; secure the other End of your Line to some Stick, or Bough in the Bank, and, within one Hour, you may be sure of her, if all your Tackle hold.

† Mr. *Cotton* dislikes this Method, and offers his Reasons, Part II. p. 296

the fresh Water, and his not returning to the Sea hath altered him to another Colour or Kind, I am not able to say; but, I am certain, he hath all the Signs of being a *Trout*, both for his Shape, Colour, and Spots; and yet many think he is not.

Vena. But, Master, will this *Trout* I had hold of die? For it is like he hath the Hook in his Belly.

Pis. I will tell you, Scholar, that unless the Hook be fast in his very Gorge he will live; and a little Time, with the Help of the Water, will rust the Hook, and it will at length wear away, as the Gravel does in the Horse's Hoof, which only leaves a false Quarter.

And now, Scholar, let us go to my Rod — Look you, Scholar, I have a Fish too, and it proves a logger-headed *Ghub*; but this is not much amiss, for it will pleasure some poor Body as we go to our Lodging, to meet our Brother *Peter*, and honest *Coridon* — Come, now bait your Hook afresh, and lay it into the Water, for it rains again, and we will even retire to the Sycamore-tree, and there I will give you more Directions concerning fishing; for I would fain make you an Artift.

Vena. Yes, good Master, pray let it be so.

Pis. Well, Scholar, now we are sat down, and at Ease, I shall tell you a little more of *Trout*-fishing. You are to know, that there is *Night* as well as *Day-fishing*, for a *Trout*, and that in the Night, the best *Trouts* come out of their Holds; and the Manner of taking them is on the Top of the Water, with a great *Lob* or *Garden-worm*, or rather two, which you are to fish with in a Place where the Waters run somewhat quietly (for, in a Stream, the Bait will not be so well discerned); I say, in a quiet or dead Place, near to some swift, there draw your Bait over the Top of the Water

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 99

to and fro; and, if there be a good *Trout* in the Hole, he will take it, especially if the Night be dark, for then he is bold, and lies near the Top of the Water, watching the Motion of any *Frog*, or *Water-rat*, or *Mouse*, that swims betwixt him and the Sky; these he hunts after, if he sees the Water but wrinkle or move in one of these dead Holes, where these great old *Trouts* usually lie, near to their Holds: For you are to note, that the great old *Trout* is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all Day, and does not usually stir out of his Hold, but lies in it as close in the Day, as the timorous Hare does in her Form; for the chief Feeding of both is seldom in the Day, but usually in the Night, and then the great *Trouts* feed very boldly.

And you must fish for him with a strong Line, and not a little Hook, and let him have Time to gorge your Hook, for he does not usually forsake it, as he often will in Day-fishing; and, if the Night be not dark, then fish so, with an artificial Fly of a light Colour: Nay, he will sometimes rise at a dead *Mouse*, or a Piece of Cloth, or any thing that seems to swim cross the Water, or to be in Motion. This is a choice Way, but I have not often used it, because it is void of the Pleasures that such Days as these (that we two now enjoy) afford an Angler.

And you are to know, that in *Hampshire*, which I think exceeds all *England* for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant Brooks, and Store of *Trouts*, they use to catch *Trouts* in the Night, by the Light of a Torch or Straw, which, when they have discovered, they strike with a *Trout-spear*, or otherways. This Kind of Way they catch very many; but I would not believe it till I was an

Eye-witness of it; nor do I like it, now I have seen it.

Vena. But, Master, do not *Trouts* see us in the Night?

Pis. Yes, and hear and smell too, both then and in the Day-time; for *Gesner* observes, the *Otter* smells a Fish many Furlongs off him in the Water: And that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir *Francis Bacon* *, who proves, that Waters may be the Medium of Sounds, by demonstrating it thus: That if you knock two Stones together very deep under Water, those that stand on a Bank near to that Place, may hear the Noise, without any Diminution of it by the Water. He also offers the like Experiment concerning the letting an Anchor fall, by a very long Cable or Rope, on a Rock, or the Sand, within the Sea; and this being so well observed and demonstrated, as it is, by that learned Man, has made me to believe, that Eels unbed themselves and stir, at the Noise of Thunder; and not only, as some think, by the Motion or stirring of the Earth, which is occasioned by that Thunder. And this Reason of Sir *Francis Bacon* †, has made me crave Pardon of one that I laughed at, for affirming, “ That he knew Carps “ come to a certain Place in a Pond to be fed, at “ the ringing of a Bell, or the beating of a Drum:” And it shall be a Rule for me, to make as little Noise as I can when I am fishing, until Sir *Francis Bacon* be confuted, which I shall give any Man Leave to do.

And, lest you may think him singular in this Opinion, I will tell you, this seems to be believed by our learned Dr. *Hackwell* ‡, who quotes *Pliny* to

* Natural History, Cent. 8th.

† Exper. 792.

‡ Apology for God's Power and Providence, p. 360.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 101

to report, that one of the Emperors had particular Fish-ponds, and in them several Fish, that appeared and came when they were called by their distinct Names. And St. James * tells us, *That all Things in the Sea have been tamed by Mankind.* And Pliny †, that *Antonia*, the Wife of *Drusus*, had a *Lamprey*, at whose Gills she hung Jewels, or Earrings. And that others have been so weak, as to shed Tears at the Death of Fishes which they have kept and loved. These Observations, which will to most Hearers appear wonderful, seem to have a further Confirmation from *Martial*, who writes thus :

Piscator fuge, ne nocens, &c.

*Rash Angler, here thy guilty Sport forbear,
Those finny Natives are a Monarch's Care.
The gentle Kind obey his known Command,
And feed familiar from his sporting Hand.
Each has his Name, which sev'rally they hear,
And to their Owner's Summons strait appear.*

All the further use I shall make of this shall be, to advise Anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they should be heard, and catch no Fish.

And so I shall proceed next to tell you, it is certain some Fields near *Lemster*, a Town in *Herefordshire*, are observed to make the Sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and to bear finer Wool; that is to say, that *that Year* in which they feed in such a particular Pasture, they shall yield finer Wool than they did the Year before they came to feed in it, and coarser again, if they shall return to their former

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Pasture;

Pasture; and again return to finer Wool, being fed in the Fine-wool-ground. Which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a *Trout* in one Meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like be lousy; and, as certain, if I catch a *Trout* in the next, he shall be strong and red, and lusty, and much better meat. Trust me, Scholar, I have caught many a *Trout* in a particular Meadow, that the very Shape, and the enamelled Colour of him, hath been such as has joyed me to look on him; and I have with much Pleasure concluded with Solomon, *Every Thing is beautiful in his Season.*

I will next, by your Favour, say a little of the *Umber*. or *Grayling*; which is so like a *Trout*, for his Shape * and Feeding, that I desire I may exercise your Patience with a short Discourse of him.

C H A P. VI.

Observations of the Umber or Grayling, and Directions how to fish for them.

Pis. **T**HE *Umber* and *Grayling* are thought by some to differ, as the *Herring* and *Pilchard* do. But though they may do so in other Nations, I think those in *England* differ nothing but in their Names †. *Aldrovandus* says, they are of the *Trout*-Kind; and *Gesner*, that in his Country, which is *Switzerland*, he is accounted the choicest Fish; and, in *Italy*, is, in the Month of *May*, so highly valued, that he is sold then at a much

* For this Reason, the Picture both of *This* and the *Salmon* (which is another Fish of the *Trout* Kind) are omitted, as needless; which Mr. *Walton* thought proper to do likewise.

† The larger *Grayling* is called an *Umber*; as the full-grown *Jack* is named a *Pike*.

much higher Rate than any other Fish. The *French* (who call the *Cbub Un Villain*) call the *Umber*, of the Lake *Leman*, *Un Umble Chevaliere*; and they value the *Umber* or *Grayling* so highly, that they say he feeds on Gold, and that many have been caught in their famous River *Loire*, out of whose Bellies Grains of Gold have been often taken. Some think he feeds on Water-Thyme *, and smells so at his first taking out of the Water. And they may think so, with as good Reason as we do, that our *Smelts* imitate the Violet in Smell at their being first caught; which I think is a Truth. *Aldrovandus* says, *The Salmon, Grayling, Trout, and all Fish that live in clear and sharp Streams, are made by their Mother Nature of such exact Shape and pleasant Colour, purposely to invite us to a Joy and Contentedness in feasting with her.* Whether this is a Truth or not, is not my Purpose to dispute; but it is certain, all that write of the *Umber*, declare him to be very medicinal. *Gesner* says, *The Fat of a Grayling, being set with a little Honey a Day or two in the Sun, in a little Glass, is very excellent against Redness, or any thing that breeds in the Eyes.* *Salvian* takes him to be called *Umber* †, from his swift swimming or gliding out of Sight, more like a Shadow or Ghost, than a Fish. Much more might be said both of his Smell and Taste; but I shall only tell you, that *St. Ambrose*, the glorious Bishop of *Milan*, who lived when the Church kept Fasting Days, calls him the *Flower-Fish*, or *Flower of Fishes*, and was so far in love with him, that he would not let him pass without the Honour of a

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* Perhaps from hence he has his *Latin Name* *Thymallus*.

† From the *Latin*, *Umbra*, a Shadow. Mr. Cotton thinks him so called from his Shades or Spots. P. II. p. 248.

long Discourse; but I must; and pass on to tell you, how to take this dainty Fish.

§ * §

First, note, That he grows not to the Bigness of a *Trout*; for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen Inches. He lives in such Rivers as the *Trout* does, and is customarily taken with the same Baits, and after the same Manner; for he will bite either at the *Minnow*, *Worm*, or *Fly* (though not often at the *Minnow*) and is very gamefome at the *Fly*, and much simpler, and therefore bolder than the *Trout*; for he will rise twenty Times at one *Fly*, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a *Fly* made of the red Feathers of a *Paraket*, and will rise at one, not unlike a *Gnat*, or small *Moth*, or indeed at most Flies that are not too big. He is a Fish that lurks close all Winter*, but is very pleasant and jolly after *Mid-April*, or in *May*, and the hot Months. His Shape is fine, his Flesh white, and his Teeth (those little ones which he has) are in his Throat; yet he has so tender a Mouth, that he is oftner lost after an Angler has hooked him, than any other Fish. Though there are many of these Fish in *Trent*, and other smaller Rivers, as that which runs by *Salisbury*, yet he is not so general a Fish as the *Trout*, nor to me so good to eat, or to angle for. And so I shall take my Leave of him, and come to some Observations of the *Salmon*, and how to catch him.



* Mr. Cotton's Judgment differs. See Part II. p. 252.

C H A P. VII.

Observations of the Salmon; with Directions how to fish for him.

Pis. **T**HE *Salmon* is accounted the King of Fresh-water-Fish, and is ever bred in Rivers relating to the Sea, yet so high, or far from it, as admit of no Tincture of Salt or Brackishness. They are said to breed or cast their Spawn in most Rivers, in the Month of *August*. Some say, that then they dig Holes or Graves in safe Places in the Gravel, and there lodge their Eggs or Spawn, after the *Milster*, or *Male*, has done his natural Office; and then hide it most cunningly, covering it over with Gravel and Stones, and so leaving it to their Creator's Protection; who, by a gentle Heat which he infuses into that cold Element, makes it brood and beget Life in the Spawn, and to become *Samlets* early the Spring following.

The *Salmons* having spent their appointed Time, and done this natural Duty in the fresh Waters, haste back to the Sea before Winter, both the *Milster* and *Spawner*; but, if they be stopt by Flood-gates or Weirs, or lost in the fresh Waters, then those so left behind grow sick and lean, and unseasonable, and kipper, that is to say, have bony Gristles grow out of their lower Chaps, not unlike a Hawk's Beak, which hinder their feeding*; and in Time, such Fish so left behind, pine away and die. It is observed, that they may live thus one Year from the Sea, but then they grow insipid and tasteless, losing both their Blood and Strength, and they languish and die the second Year; and, it is

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* Later Writers account otherwise for this Excrecence. It is peculiar to the Male, and is said to be only a natural temporary Defect, given him against other Fish that would devour the Spawn.

conjectured, those little *Salmons* called *Skeggers*, which abound in many Rivers relating to the Sea *, are bred by such sick *Salmon* that could not get to the Sea; and that, though they abound, yet they never thrive to any considerable Bigness.

But, if the old *Salmon* gets to the Sea, then that Gristle wears away, or is cast off, as the Eagle is said to cast his Bill, and he recovers his Strength, and comes next Summer to the same River, if it be possible, to enjoy the former Pleasures that there possessed him: For, as one has wittily observed, they are like some Persons of Honour and Riches, which have both their Winter and Summer Houses, the fresh Rivers for Summer, and the salt Water for Winter, to spend their Life in, which is not (as Sir *Francis Bacon* has remarked in his *History of Life and Death*) above ten Years. And it is to be observed, that though they grow big in the Sea, yet they grow not fat but in the fresh Rivers; and that the further they get from the Sea, they are both the fatter and the better.

Next, I shall tell you, that though they make very hard Shift to get out of the fresh Rivers into the Sea, yet they will make harder to get out of the Sea into the fresh Rivers to spawn, or possess the Pleasures they have formerly found in them; to which End, they will force themselves by Flood-gates, or over Weirs, or Hedges, or any Stops in the Water, even beyond common Belief. *Gesner* speaks of such Places as are known to be above eight Feet high above the Current: And our *Cambden* mentions, in his *Britannia*, the like Wonder to be in *Pembrokeshire*, where the River

Tivy

* Particularly of *Yorkshire*, *Devonshire*, and *Dorsetshire*, about May.

Tivy falls into the Sea *, and that the Fall is so downright and high, that the People stand and wonder at the Strength and Sleight that they see the *Salmon* use to get out of the Sea into the said River; and the Manner and Height of the Place is so notable, that it is known far by the Name of *Salmon-leap*; concerning which, take this out of *Michael Draiton* †, my honest old Friend.

*And when the Salmon seeks a fresher Stream to find
(Which hither from the Sea comes yearly by his Kind)
As he towards Season grows, and stems the watry Traçt
Where Tivy falling down, makes an high Cataract,
Forc'd by the rising Rocks that there her Course oppose,
As tho' within her Bounds they meant her to inclose:
Here when the lab'ring Fish does at the Foot arrive,
And finds that by his Strength he does but vainly strive,
His Tail takes in his Mouth, and (bending like a Bow
That's to full Compass drawn) aloft himself doth throw;
Then springing at his Height, as doth a little Wand
That bended End to End, elastic, from the Hand
Far off itself doth cast, so does the Salmon van't;
And if at first he fail, his second Summer-saut
He instantly essays; and from his nimble Ring,
Still jerking, never leaves until himself he fling
Above th' opposing Stream. —*

I shall next tell you, it is observed by *Gesner* and others, that there is no better *Salmon* than in *England*; and though some of our Northern Countries have as fat and as large as the River *Thames*, yet none are of so excellent a Taste.

And,

* The chief of these is in the River *Wear*, near *Durham*. There is another very famous at *Old Aberdeen*, and *Inverness*; and at *Lixlip*, seven Miles from *Dublin*, is one thirty Feet high.

† Poem of *Poly-Albion*.

And, as I have told you, that Sir *Francis Bacon* observes, the Age of a *Salmon* exceeds not ten Years; so let me next acquaint you, that his Growth is very sudden. It is said, that after he is got into the Sea, he becomes from a *Samlet*, not so big as a *Gudgeon*, to be a *Salmon*, in as short a Time as a *Gosling* becomes a *Goose*. Much of this has been discovered, by tying a Ribband, or some known Tape or Thread, in the Tails of young *Salmons*, which have been taken in Weirs, as they have swam towards the salt Water, and then by retaking a Part of them again with the known Mark, at the same Place, at their Return from the Sea, which is usually about six Months after. And the like Experiment has been tried upon young *Swallows*, who have, after six Months Absence, been observed to return to the same Chimney, there to make their Nests and Habitations for the Summer following. Which has inclined many to think, that every *Salmon* usually returns to the same River in which it was bred; as young *Pigeons* taken out of the same Dove-cote, have been found to do.

And you are yet to observe further, that the he *Salmon* is usually bigger than the Spawner, and that he is more kipper, and less able to endure a Winter in the fresh Water, than the *she* is; yet *she* is, at that Time of looking less kipper and better, as watry, and as bad Meat.

And yet, as there is no general Rule without an Exception, so there are some few Rivers in this Nation, that have *Trouts* and *Salmons* in Season in Winter; as it is certain there are in the River *Wye*, in *Monmouthshire*, where their proper Season is, as *Cambden* observes, from *September* till *April*. But, my Scholar, the Observation of this, and many other Things, I must in Manners omit, because

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 109

because they will prove too large for our narrow Compass of Time; and, therefore, I shall next fall upon my Direction how to fish for this *Salmon*.

And for that first, you shall observe, that usually he stays not long in a Place, as *Trouts* will, but, as I said, covets still to go nearer the Spring-head; and that he does not (as the *Trout*, and many other Fish) lie near the Water Side, or Bank, or Roots of Trees, but swims in the deep and broad Parts of the Water, usually in the Middle, and near the Ground. There you are to fish for him. And he is to be caught as the *Trout* is, with a *Worm* or *Minnow* (which some call a *Penk*) or with a *Fly* *.

§ * §

He is, indeed, very seldom observed to bite at a *Minnow*, yet sometimes he will, and not often at a *Fly*; but more usually at a *Worm* †, and chiefly at a *Lob* or *Garden-worm*; which should be well scowered, that is to say, seven or eight Days in Moss, before you fish with them; and if you double your Time into sixteen or twenty, or more Days, it is still the better, for your Worms will still be clearer, tougher, and more lively, and continue so longer upon your Hook; and they may be kept longer still, by keeping them cool, and in fresh Moss. Many use to fish for a *Salmon* with a Ring of Wire on the Top of their Rod, through which the Line may run to as great a Length as it is needful when he's hooked; and, to that End, some use a Wheel about the Middle of their Rod, or nearer their Hand, which are to be observed, either by seeing one of them, or a large Demonstration of Words. And

* A *Cadiz*, or a *Gentle*, put upon the Tip of a Hook baited with a *Dub-fly*, takes *Salmon-Smelts* beyond Expectation.

† Also at the *Bob* or *Earib-grub*, and *Cadiz*; single, or together.

And now I shall tell you, that which may be called a Secret. I have been fishing with old *Oli-ver Henly* (now with God) a noted Fisher both for *Trout* and *Salmon*; and I have observed, that he would take three or four Worms out of his Bag, and put them into a little Box in his Pocket, where he usually let them continue Half an Hour, or more, before he would bait his Hook with them, I have asked him the Reason; and he has replied, "He did pick the best out, to be in Readiness against he baited the Hook the next Time." But he has been observed, both by others and myself, to catch more Fish than I, or any other Man, that has ever gone a fishing with him, especially *Salmons*. And I have been told lately, by one of his most intimate Friends, that the Box in which he put these Worms, was anointed with a Drop or two, or three, of the Oil of *Ivy-berries*, made by Expression or Infusion; and that, by the Worms remaining in that Box an Hour, or a like Time, they had incorporated a Kind of Smell that was irresistably attractive, enough to force any Fish within the Smell of them to bite. This I heard not long since, but have not tried it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my Reader to Sir *Francis Bacon's Natural History*, where he proves Fishes may hear: And I am certain, *Gesner* says, the *Otter* can smell in the Water; and I know not but Fish may do so too; it is left for a Lover of Angling, or any that desires to improve that Art, to try this Conclusion.

I shall also impart two other Experiments (but not tried by myself) which I will deliver in the same Words that they were given me (by an excellent Angler, a real Friend) in Writing. He told me, the latter was too good to be told but
in

P. I. Contemplative Man's Recreation. 111

in a learned Language, lest it should be made common.

Take the stinking Oil drawn out of the Polypody of an Oak, by a Retort, mixed with Turpentine and Hive-Honey; anoint your Bait therewith *, and it will doubtless attract the Fish.

The other is, *Vulnera Hederæ grandissime, infector sudant Balsamum oleo gelato, albicantique persimile, odoris vero longe suavissime* †.

It

* Some advise, to anoint only eight Inches of the Line above the Hook, which should be always of double Hairs, that it may stick on the better, and must be repeated when washed off.

† In English — Slit the largest Branches of an Ivy-tree, it will sweat an Oil-like Balsam, white in Colour, and of a pleasant Odour.

Several other Unguents are enumerated by Writers, who shew an Affectation of making a simple Recreation a Mystery; and some of them, with an uncommon Éclat, recommend Ingredients in their Compositions, the bare naming of which, in humane and delicate Tempers, must excite Horror, and sound more like Witches Spells: As a Mixture of Human Fat, Man's Scull or Bones powdered, Mummy, the Earth taken off a fresh Grave, sprinkled on the Worms; pretended to do Wonders in Dr. Cbarras's applauded Receipt, and J. D's Secrets of Angling.

The Oil of Spike, that of Polypody of the Oak, of Ivy-berries, or the Gum of the Tree; *Asla-fetida*, Turpentine; mentioned by Mr. Walton, seem to be, simply applied either to the Line or Baits, as powerful as any, or all. Yet, for the Satisfaction and Trial of the curious Angler, I have selected such Receipts of the compounded Kind, whose Ingredients are innocent, and Effects are accounted extraordinary.

Take Juice of Camomile, Half a Spoonful; chymical Oil of Spike, one Dram; Oil of Comfrey, by Infusion, one Dram and an Half; Goose-grease, two Drams: Dissolve them well over the Fire, and let them stand till cold. Keep them in a strong Glass Bottle, unstopped, for three or four Days; then stop it very close, and anoint your Bait, when you angle, with this Composition. Some add to it three Drams of Spirit of Vitriol, and call it the universal and infallible Bait. Or,

Take *Asla-fetida*, three Drams; Camphire, one Dram; Venice Turpentine, one Dram: Beat all together, with some Drops of the chymical Oils of Lavender and Camomile, of each an equal Quantity; anoint eight Inches of the Line above the Hook with it, as before directed. This for a Trout in a muddy, and a Gudgeon in a clear Water, has the Preference to any Unguent whatsoever. Or,

Put

It is supremely sweet to any Fish, and yet *Affa-*
etida may do the like.

But in these things I have no great Faith, yet grant it probable; and have had from some chymical Men (namely, from Sir *George Hastings*, and others) an Affirmation of them, to be very advantageous: But no more of these, especially in this Place.



I might here, before I take my Leave of the *Salmon*, tell you, that there is more than one Sort of them; as namely, a *Tecon*, and another, called in some Places a *Samlet*, or by some, a *Skegger**; but

Put *Campfire* in the Moss to your Worms, the Day you angle. Or dissolve two Ounces of Gum-ivy in a Gill of Spring Water; mix this with a like Quantity of Oil of sweet Almonds. Get Linnen Thruws (the Ends of the Weaver's Warp) well washed and squeezed; wet them in this Composition, and put into them your Worms, well scoured, the Day you angle. Or,

Take a Handful of Houseleek; Half a Handful of inner-green Bark of Ivy-stalks; pound them well together, and wet your Moss with the expressed Juice. Some commend the Juice of Nettles with the Houseleek; and some the Houseleek only.

Oil of Anise, Spikenard of Spain, *Sperma-cæti*, powdered Cummin-seed, Galbanum, are all highly commended, and may be tried singly, or compounded; either mixed up in Paste, or used as Unguents.

Make up a Paste with Mulberry Juice, Hedgehog's Fat, Oil of Water Lillies, and a few Drops of Oil of Penny-royal. Some highly commend this.

Oil of Amber, Rosemary and Myrrh, alike of each, mixed with the Worms, or in Paste, is said to make the Bait so powerful, as no Fish will resist it.

Sea-Gull's Fat, mixed with Eringo Juice, is an attractive Ungent. Unpickled Sampfire bruised, made up in Balls for Ground-Bait, with Walnut Oil, is excellent for Carp, Bream, Tench. Also

Bean Flour, with a little Honey, wetted with rectified Spirits of Wine and a little Oil of Turpentine, made up in small Pellets, and thrown in over Night, will make the Fish very eager, and keep them at the Place; where you'll be sure to find them next Morning.

* Called also a *Brandlin*. They live in the swiftest sharpest Streams, and never grow bigger than to six or eight Inches. The

Bait

but these, and others which I forbear to name, may be Fish of another Kind, and differ, as we know a *Herring* and *Pilchard* do, which, I think, are as different as the Rivers in which they breed, and must by me be left to the Disquisitions of Men of more Leisure, and of greater Abilities, than I profess myself to have.

And, lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised Patience, as to tell you, that the *Trouts* or *Salmons*, being in Season, have, at their first taking out of the Water, which continues during Life, their Bodies adorned, the one with such red Spots, and the other with such black or blackish Spots, which give them an Addition of natural Beauty, that, I think, was never given to any Woman by the artificial Paint or Patches in which they so much pride themselves in this Age: And so I shall leave them, and proceed to some Observations of the *Pike*.

CHAP. VIII.

Observations of the Luce or Pike; with Directions how to fish for him.

Pis. **T**HE mighty *Luce* or *Pike* is taken to be the Tyrant, as the *Salmon* is the King, of the fresh Waters. It is not doubted, but that they are bred, some by Generation, and some not; as namely, of a Weed, called *Pickerel-weed*, unless learned *Gesner* be mistaken; for he says, this Weed, and other glutinous Matter, with the Help of the Sun's Heat in some particular Months, and some

Bait for these is an *Ant-fly*, or a *Red-worm* (as for *Gudgeon*, where they are taken often *with them*) on the Scowers. What is very particular, they are all *Males*; and, it is believed, preserve their Kind by impregnating the *Salmon-Spawn* where they find it cast.

some Ponds fitted for it by Nature, do become *Pikes*. But, doubtless, divers *Pikes* are bred after this Manner, or are brought into such Ponds some other Ways, that are past Man's finding out, of which we have daily Testimonies.

Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his *History of Life and Death*, observes the *Pike* to be the longest-lived of any Fresh-water Fish; and yet he computes it to be not above forty Years; others think it to be not above ten Years: And yet *Gesner* mentions a *Pike*, taken in *Swedenland*, in the Year 1449, with a Ring about his Neck, declaring, he was put into the Pond by *Frederick* the Second, more than two hundred Years before he was last taken, as by the Inscription of that Ring, being *Greek*, was interpreted by the then Bishop of *Worms*. But of this no more; but that it is observed, that the old, or very great *Pikes*, have in them more of State than Goodness, the smaller or middle-sized being, by the choicest Palates, preferred for the best Meat; as, contrary, the *Eel* is observed to be better for its Age and Bigness.

All *Pikes* that live long are chargeable to their Keepers, because their Life is maintained by the Death of so many other Fish, even those of his own Kind, which has made him by some Writers to be called the Tyrant of the Rivers, or the Fresh-water Wolf, by Reason of his bold, greedy, devouring Disposition; which is so keen, as *Gesner* relates, that a Man going into a Pond (where it seems a *Pike* had devoured all the Fish) to water his Mule, had a *Pike* bit his Mule by the Lips, to which he hung so fast, that the Mule drew him out of the Water, and, by that Accident, the Owner of the Mule got the *Pike*. And the same *Gesner* observes, that a Maid in *Poland* had a *Pike* bit her by the Foot,

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 115

Foot, as she was washing Cloaths in a Pond. And I have heard the like of a Woman in *Killingworth* Pond, not far from *Coventry*. But I have been assured, by my Friend Mr. *Seagrave*, of whom I spake to you formerly *, who keeps tame *Otters*, that he hath known a *Pike*, in extreme Hunger, fight with one of his *Otters*, for a *Carp* that the *Otter* had caught, and was then bringing out of the Water. I have told you who relate these things, and tell you, they are Persons of Credit; and shall conclude this Observation, by mentioning to you what a wise Man has observed, *It is a hard thing to persuade the Belly, because it has no Ears.*

But if these Relations be disbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted, that a *Pike* will devour a Fish of his own Kind, that shall be bigger than his Belly, or Throat will receive, and swallow Part of him, and let the other Part remain in his Mouth till the swallowed Part be digested, and then by Degrees swallow that other Part also; which is not unlike the Ox, and some other Beasts, taking their Meat not out of their Mouth into their Belly, but first into some Place betwixt, and then chew it, and digest it after, which is called *chewing the Cud*: And, doubtless, *Pikes* will bite when they are not hungry, but, as some think, in very Anger, when a tempting Bait comes near them.

And it is observed, that the *Pike* will eat venomous things, as some Kinds of Frogs are, and yet live without being harmed by them; for, as some say, he has in him a natural Balsam or Antidote against all Poison; and others, that he never eats the venomous Frog till he has first killed her, and then (as Ducks are observed to do to Frogs in spawning Time, at which Time some Frogs are reckoned to

to be thus venomous) so thoroughly washed her, by tumbling her up and down in the Water, that he may devour her without Danger. But *Gesner* affirms, that a *Polonian* Gentleman did faithfully assure him, he had seen two young Geese at one Time in the Belly of a *Pike*. Doubtless a *Pike*, in his Height of Hunger, will bite at, and devour a Dog that swims in a Pond, and there have been Examples of it, or the like; for, as I told you, *The Belly has no Ears when Hunger comes upon it.*

The *Pike* is also observed to be a very solitary, melancholy, and yet a bold Fish; melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never in Shoals, or with Company*, as *Roach* and *Dace*, and most other Fish do; and bold, because he fears not a Shadow, or to see or be seen of any body, as the *Trout* and *Chub*, and all other Fish do.

It is said by *Gesner*, that the Jaw-bones, and Hearts, and Galls of *Pikes*, are very medicinal for several Diseases; to stop Blood, to abate Fevers, to cure Agues, to oppose or expel the Infection of the Plague, and to be many Ways useful for the Good of Mankind; but he observes, that the biting of a *Pike* is venomous, and hard to be cured.

The *Pike* is a Fish that breeds but once a Year, when other Fish, as namely *Loaches*, breed oftner, as we are certain tame Pigeons do, almost every Month; and yet the Hawk, a Bird of Prey (as the *Pike* is of Fish) breeds but once in twelve Months. His Time of breeding or spawning is usually about *February*, or somewhat later, in *March*, as the Weather proves colder or warmer; and his Man-
ner

* The *Pike* preys upon the lesser Sort of his own Species. One of a Pound Weight, will eat another of nearly the same. In drawing out a *Pike*, a larger has made after and seized him, and so been both caught. Thus by an Instinct for Self-preservation, they are led to avoid one another.

ner of breeding is thus:—An he and the *Pike* usually go together out of a River, into some Ditch or Creek, and there the Spawner casts her Eggs, and the Miltter hovers over her all that Time, but touches her not.

I might say more of this, but it might be thought Curiosity, or worse, and shall therefore forbear it, and take up so much of your Attention, as to tell you, that the best of *Pikes* are noted to be in Rivers; next, those in great Ponds or Meres, and the worst in small Ponds.

But, before I proceed further, I am to tell you, that there is great Antipathy betwixt the *Pike* and some Frogs; and this may appear to the Reader of *Dubravius*, a Bishop in *Bohemia*, who in his Book of Fish and Fish-ponds, relates what he says he saw with his own Eyes, nor could he forbear to tell the Reader. Which was this:

“ As he, and the Bishop *Thurzo*, were walking
 “ by a large Pond in *Bohemia*, they saw a Frog,
 “ when the *Pike* lay very sleepily and quiet by the
 “ Shore Side, leap upon his Head; and the Frog
 “ having expressed his Malice or Anger by his
 “ swoln Cheeks, and staring Eyes, did stretch out
 “ his Legs, and embraced the *Pike's* Head, and
 “ presently reached them to his Eyes, tearing with
 “ them, and his Teeth, those tender Parts: The
 “ *Pike*, moved with Anguish, moves up and down
 “ the Water, and rubs himself against Weeds,
 “ and whatever he thought might quit him of his
 “ Enemy; but all in vain, for the Frog continued
 “ to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment
 “ the *Pike*, till his Strength failed, and then he sunk
 “ with him to the Bottom of the Water; presently
 “ the Frog appeared again at the Top of the Wa-
 “ ter, and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a
 “ Conqueror,

“ Conqueror, and then immediately retired to her
 “ secret Hold. The Bishop, that had beheld the
 “ Battle, called his Fisherman to fetch his Nets,
 “ and by all Means to get the *Pike*, that they
 “ might observe what had happened. The *Pike*
 “ was drawn up, and both his Eyes eaten out. At
 “ which, when they begun to wonder, the Fisher-
 “ man bid them forbear, assuring them, he was
 “ certain *Pikes* were often so served.”

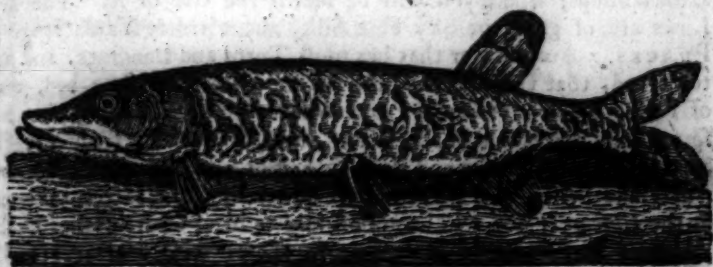
I told this, which is to be read in *Dubravius*,
 to a Friend; who replied, *It was as improbable, as*
~~*to have the Mouse scratch out the Cat's Eyes:*~~ But
 he did not consider that there were *Fishing Frogs*,
 which the *Dalmatians* call the *Water Devil*, of
 which I might tell you as wonderful a Story; but I
 shall tell you, it is not to be doubted, but that there
 are some Frogs so fearful of the *Water Snake*, that,
 when they swim in a Place where they fear to meet
 with him, they get a Reed across into their Mouths,
 which, if they two meet by Accident, secures the
 Frog from the Strength and Malice of the Snake:
 And note, that the Frog swims the faster.

And, let me tell you, that as there are Water and
 Land-Frogs, so there are Water and Land Snakes:
 Concerning which, take this Observation; That
 the Land Snake breeds and hatches her Eggs, which
 become young Snakes, in some old Dunghill, or a
 like hot Place; but the Water Snake, which is
 not venomous (and, as I have been assured, by a
 great Observer of such Secrets) does breed her
 Young alive; which she does not then forsake, but
 'bides with them; and, in Case of Surprise, will
 take them all into her Mouth, and swim away
 from any apprehended Danger, and let them out
 again, when she thinks all Danger to be past.

These

These are Accidents that we Anglers sometimes see, and often talk of.

But whither am I going? I had almost lost myself, by remembering the Discourse of *Dubravius*. I will therefore stop here; and tell you, according to my Promise, how to catch this Fish.



§ * §

His feeding is usually on Fish or Frogs *, and sometimes a Weed of his own, called *Pickerel-weed*, of which, I told you, it is conjectured some *Pikes* are bred; for they have observed, that where none have been put into Ponds, they have there found many; and that there has been Plenty of that Weed in those Ponds, and that Weed both breeds and feeds them: But whether those *Pikes* so bred will ever breed by Generation, as the others do, I shall leave to the Disquisitions of Men of more Curiosity and Leisure; and shall proceed to tell you, that you may fish for a *Pike*, either with a Ledger or a Walking-bait. I call that a Ledger-bait, which is fixed, or made to rest in one certain Place, when you shall be absent; and that a Walking-bait, which you take with you, and have ever

* He takes very greedily a *Pigeon's Craw*, well scoured; also a large *Lob-worm*, or two. The Fat of a *Mole*, rubbed on the Worms, is highly praised.

ever in Motion *. Concerning which two, I shall give you this Direction: That your Ledger-bait is best to be a living one, whether it be a Fish or Frog;

* It may be proper to say something here of *Trowling*, which our Author has omitted, and is a diverting and fashionable Way of *Pike-fishing*. The Tackle may be had all ready prepared at the London Shops, where you will be shewn the Use of it. The best Lines are of green or Sky-blue Silk, about thirty Yards long. — PLACES. Are a River that has most Turns and Bendings, and not too broad, that you may fish both Sides. Near some Lug-bed, *viz.* of Flags, Rushes, or Reeds; or a Weed with a small Leaf, that lies spread long and broad in the Water, that *Pikes* much frequent. A Stream with many Pits and Bays, is best of all: Of these, the *Entrance* and *Bottom* of a Pit, the last especially; and if you take one at the *Entrance*, you will be almost sure to meet with another at the *Bottom*. If there is a Ford near to these, with a clear gravelly Scower, there you will find good Sport. — BAITS. The best are a *Roach*, *Dace*, or *Bleak*, newly taken, if the Water is any thing thick, or Day cloudy; and nothing is comparable to a large *Gudgeon*, in a clear Day and Stream. *Great Baits invite him most, but little ones are most sure to take him.* Take the Direction hereafter given, p. 123, how to put them on your Hook. — TIMES. Are *February*, and Part of *March*, all *April*, *August*, *September*, and *October*; which last is the best Month of all, and a blowing cloudy Day.

Drop in your Bait just before you, then cast on each Side in Search, and let your third Throw be strait out into the Middle, the farther the better, if you have no Annoyance of Weeds or Roots, that will tear and spoil your Bait, and endanger your Hook. Give it a little Time to sink; then slowly raise it, by Degrees, higher and higher, till you see your Bait; then let it sink again; and so on, drawing it gently towards you. If a *Pike* takes it, give him Line enough, and Time to pouch your Bait; then, when you see him moving off, with a slight Jerk hook him, playing him up and down till he is spent sufficient to land him. If he goes down the Stream with your Bait, 'tis commonly a small Fish; if up, you may expect a large one. At four Feet is your properest Depth for *Trowling*.

You must use a Pole of about three Yards in Length, with a Skrew-Ring fixed at Top for the Line to run through. The best is an *Alder*, barked and well dried, which will be tough, and so light as to be scarce felt in the Hand.

R. Nobbes, M. A. in 1682 published an intire Treatise of this, called *The Compleat Troller*, now very scarce. He is an Author of a good deal of Ingenuity and Humour: But I think I have given the Reader an Epitome of all that is considerable in him relating to the practical Part, in this short Abridgment.

Frog; and, that you may make them live the longer, you may, or, indeed, you *must*, take this Course.

First, for your Live-bait of Fish, a *Roach* or *Dace* is, I think, best, and most tempting; but a *Pearch* * is the longest lived on a Hook; and having cut off the Fin on his Back, which may be done without hurting him, you must take your Knife, which cannot be too sharp, and, betwixt the Head and the Fin on the Back, make such an Incision, or Scar, as you may put the Arming-wire of your Hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting the Fish, as Art and Diligence will enable you to do; and so carrying your Arming-wire along his Back, unto or near the Tail of your Fish, betwixt the Skin and the Body of it, draw out that Wire or Arming of your Hook at another Scar, near to his Tail. Then tie him about it with Thread, but no harder than of Necessity you must, to prevent hurting the Fish; and the better to avoid this, some have a Kind of Probe to open the Way, for the more easy Entrance and Passage of your Wire or Arming. But, as for these, Time, and a little Experience, will teach you better than I can by Words; therefore I will, for the present, say no more of this, but come next to give you some Directions how to bait your Hook with a Frog.

Vena. But, good Master, did you not say, even now, that some Frogs are venomous; and is it not dangerous to touch them?

Pis. Yes; but I will give you some Rules or Cautions concerning them. And first, you are to

F be

* *Mr. Nobbes*, aforementioned, says this is the worst Bait of all, and only should be used in Case of Necessity. It is a dark Fish, and the Pike loves a glistening Bait: Therefore he advises to scrape some of the Scales away, to make it show brighter, and would have it used only in *Snap-fishing*. See p. 124, and Note.

be told, that there are two Kinds of Frogs; that is to say, if I may so express myself, a Flesh and a Fish-Frog; by Flesh-Frogs, I mean Frogs that breed and live on the Land; of these there be several sorts also, and Colours, some being speckled, some greenish, some blackish, or brown. The green Frog, which is a small one, is by *Topfel* taken to be venomous; and so is the *Padock*, or *Frog-Padog*, which usually keeps or breeds on Land, and is very large, bony, and big, especially the *she* Frog of that Kind; yet these will come into the Water, but it is not often: And the Land-Frogs are some of them, observed by him, to breed by laying Eggs; and others, of the Slime and Dust of the Earth; and that, in Winter, they turn to Slime again; and, the next Summer, *that* very Slime returns to be a living Creature: This is the Opinion of *Pliny*. And *Gardan* undertakes to give Reasons for the raining of Frogs*; but, if it were in my Power, it should rain none but Water-Frogs, for those, I think, are not venomous, especially the right Water-Frog, which, about *February* or *March*, breeds in Ditches, by Slime, of blackish Eggs in that Slime; about which Time of breeding, the *he* and *she* Frogs are observed to use divers Summer-faults, and to croak, and make a Noise, which the Land-Frog or *Padock* never does. Now, if with these Water-Frogs you intend to fish for a *Pike*, you are to chuse the yellowest that you can get, for these the *Pike* likes best. And thus use your Frog, that he may continue long alive.

Put your Hook into his Mouth, which you may easily do from about the Middle of *April* till *August*, and then the Frog's Mouth grows up, and

he

* *Card. de Subtil.* l. 16.

he continues so for at least six Months, without eating, but is sustained, none but He *whose* NAME is WONDERFUL, knows how. I say, put your Hook, I mean the Arming-wire, through his Mouth, and out of his Gills, and then, with a fine Needle and Silk, sew the upper Part of his Leg with only one Stitch to the Arming-wire of your Hook, or tie the Frog's Leg, above the upper Joint, to the armed Wire; and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you can, that he may live the longer.

And now, having given you this Direction for the baiting your Ledger-hook with a live Fish or Frog, my next must be to tell you, how your Hook, thus baited, must be used. And it is thus: Having fastened your Hook to a Line, which, if it be not fourteen Yards long, should not be less than twelve; you are to fasten that Line to any Bough * near to a Hole where a *Pike* is, or is likely to lie, or to have a Haunt, and then wind your Line on any forked Stick, all your Line, except Half a Yard of it, or rather more, and split that forked Stick with such a Notch at one End of it, as may keep the Line from any more of it ravelling about the Stick, than so much of it as you intended. Chuse your Stick to be of that Bigness, as may keep the Fish or Frog from pulling it under Water till the *Pike* bites; and then the *Pike*, having pulled the Line forth of the Cleft or Notch of that Stick in which it was gently fastened, will have Line enough to go to his Hold, and pouch the Bait. And, if you would have this Ledger-bait to keep at a fixed Place, undisturbed by Wind, or other

F 2

Accidents,

* This may be done to a long slender Ash or Willow-Pole, stuck fast into the Banks. You may lay three or more of these, at Distances, and is called *Trimmer-fishing*.

Accidents, which may drive it to the Shore-side (for you are to note, that it is likeliest to catch a *Pike* in the Midst of the Water) then hang a small Plummet of Lead, a Stone, or a Piece of Tile, or a Turf, in a String, and cast it into the Water (with the forked Stick) to hang upon the Ground, to be an Anchor to keep your Stick from moving out of your intended Place till the *Pike* comes. This I take to be a very good Way to use so many Ledger-baits as you intend to make Trial of; or if you bait your Hooks thus with live Fish or Frogs, and in a windy Day fasten them to a Bough or Bundle of Straw, and, by the Help of that Wind, can get them to move cross a *Pond* or *Mere*, you are like to stand still on the Shore and see Sport, if there be any Store of *Pikes*. Or these live Baits may make Sport, being tied about the Body of a Goose or Duck, and she chased over a Pond; and the like may be done, with turning three or four live Baits thus fastened to Bladders, or Boughs, or Bottles of Hay, or Flags, to swim down a River, whilst you walk quietly along on the Shore, and are still in Expectation of Sport; the rest must be taught you by Practice, for Time will not allow me to say more of this Kind of fishing with live Baits.

And for your dead Bait for a *Pike*, that you may be taught by one Day's going a fishing with me, or any one else that fishes for him; for the baiting your Hook with a dead *Gudgeon*, or a *Roach*, and moving it up and down the Water *,

* This is called *Snap-fishing*. The best Times are *February*, and early in *March*. Your Line should be of Whip-cord, tied to a long manageable Pole; bait as directed before: Let your *Fish-Bait* sink a very little under Water, among Rushes, or a likely Haunt, and as soon as you feel or see a *Pike* touch, strike upright, and with a strong

is too easy a thing to take up any Time to direct you in it; and yet, because I cut you short in that, I will commute for it, by telling you that which was told me for a Secret.

*Dissolve Gum of Ivy in Oil of Spike, and there-with anoint your dead Bait for a Pike, and then cast it into a likely Place, and, when it has lain a short Time at the Bottom, draw it towards the Top of the Water, and so up the Stream, and it is more than likely that you have a Pike follow you with more than common Eagerness. And some affirm, that any Bait, anointed with the Marrow of the Thigh-bone of an Hern *, is a great Temptation to any Fish. — These have not been tried by me, but told me, by a Friend of note, that pretended to do me a Courtesy.*



But if this Direction to catch a *Pike* do you no good, yet I am certain *this*, how to roast him when he is caught, is choicely good, for I have tried it, and is somewhat the better for not being common: But, with my Direction, you must take this Caution, that your *Pike* must not be a small one, that is, it must be Half a Yard, and should be bigger.

First, open your Pike at the Gills, and, if need be, cut also a little Slit towards his Belly; out of these take his Guts, and keep his Liver, which you are to shred very small with Thyme and Sweet-marijoram, and a little Winter-savory; to these put some pickled Oysters, and some Anchovies (two or three) both these last whole; for the Anchovies will melt, but the Oysters should not: To these you must add

F 3

also

a strong Jerk throw him to Land. There are double Hooks fixed to Wire, for this, sold at all the Shops.

* This may be had of any of the *London* Poulterers.

also a Pound of fresh Butter, which you are to mix with the Herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted (if the Pike be more than a Yard long, then you may put into these Herbs more than a Pound, or if he be less, then less Butter will suffice); these being thus mixed, with a Blade or two of Mace, must be put into the Pike's Belly; then sew it up, and so as to keep all the Butter in, if it be possible; if not, as much as you can, but take not off the Scales; then thrust the Spit through his Mouth out at his Tail, and with five or six split Sticks, or very thin Lathes, and a convenient Quantity of Tape or Filleting, tie them round the Pike's Belly from Head to Tail, somewhat thick, to prevent his breaking or falling off. Let him be roasted very leisurely, and often basted with Claret Wine, and Anchovies, and Butter, mixed together, and also with what Moisture falls from him into the Pan. When you have roasted him sufficiently, hold under him, while you unwind or cut the Tape that ties him, such a Dish as you purpose to eat him out of, and let him fall into it, with the Sauce that is roasted in his Belly; by this Means, the Pike will be kept unbroken, and compleat. Then to the Sauce which was within, and to that in the Pan, you are to add a fit Quantity of fresh Butter, and squeeze the Juice of three or four Oranges. Lastly, you may put into the Pike with the Oysters, two Cloves of Garlick, and take it whole out when the Pike is cut off the Spit; or, to give the Sauce the Flavour, let the Dish be rubbed with it. The using or not using this Garlick, is left to your Discretion*.

M. B.

This

* For BOILING, dress him thus: Open your Pike, rub him within with Salt and Claret Wine; save the Milt, a little of the Blood and

This Dish of Meat is too good for any but Anglers, or honest Men; and, I trust, you will prove both; and, therefore, I have trusted you with this Secret:

Let me next tell you, that *Gesner* tells us, there are no *Pikes* in *Spain*; and that the largest are in the Lake *Thrasimane*, in *Italy*; and the next, if not equal to them, are the *Pikes* of *England*; and that in *England*, *Lincolnshire* boasts to have the biggest *. Just as doth *Sussex* of four sorts of Fish (already mentioned) namely, an *Arundel Mullet*, a *Chichester Lobster*, a *Chelsey Cockle*, and an *Amerley Trout*.

But I will take up no more of your Time with this Relation, but proceed to give you some Observations of the *Carp*, and how to angle for him.

CHAPTER IX.

Observations of the Carp; with Directions how to fish for him.

Fish. THE *Carp* is the Queen of Rivers, a stately, a good, and a very subtle Fish, that was not at first bred, nor hath been long in *England*, but is now naturalized. It is said, they were brought hither by one Mr. *Maschal* †, a Gentleman

F 4

and Fat; cut him in two or three Pieces, and put him in when the Water boils, and with him Sweet-marjoram, Savoury, Thyme, or Fennel, with a good Handful of Salt; let him boil near Half an Hour. For the Sauce, take sweet Butter, Anchovies, Horse-Radish, Claret Wine, of each a good Quantity; a little of the Blood, Shalot (or Garlick, if approved) some Lemon sliced: Beat them well together, and serve him.

R. Nobbes, in *Compleat Troller*.

* *Ouse*, from *Newport-Pagnel* quite till beyond *Bedford*, has them of twenty Pounds, and yields Plenty.

† Anno 1524, in the Reign of King *Henry VIII.* This Gentleman, Mr. *Leonard Maschal*, wrote himself a Treatise of Fishing, in which is this Account.

tleman that then lived at *Plumsted*, in *Sussex*, a County that abounds more with this Fish than any in this Nation. You may remember that I told you *Gesner* says, there are no *Pikes* in *Spain*; and, doubtless, there was a Time, about an hundred, or a few more Years ago, when there were no *Carps* in *England*, as may seem to be affirmed by Sir *Richard Baker*, in whose Chronicle you may find these Verses :

Hops and Turkies, Carps and Beer,
Came all to England in a Year.

And, doubtless, as of Sea-Fish, the *Herring* dies soonest out of Water; and, of Fresh-water Fish, the *Trout*; so (except the *Eel*) the *Carp* endures most Hardness, and lives longest * out of his own proper Element; and, therefore, the Report of the *Carps*, being brought out of a foreign, into this Nation, is the more probable.

Carps and *Loaches* are observed to breed several Months in one Year, which *Pikes*, and most other Fish, do not; and this is partly proved by tame and wild Rabbits, as also by some Ducks, which will lay Eggs nine of the twelve Months; and yet there are other Ducks that lay not longer than about one Month: And it is the rather believed, because you shall scarce or never take a Male *Carp* without a Milt, or a Female without a Roe or Spawn, and, for the most Part, very much, especially in the Summer Season. It is remarked, that they breed more naturally in Ponds, than in running Water (if they breed there at all) and those that live in Rivers

* Mr. Ray says, that in *Holland* they hang them up in a Cellar, or cool Place, in a small Net full of wet Moss, with only their Heads out, and feed them with white Bread soaked in Milk for many Days.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 129

Rivers are taken, by Men of the best Palates, to be much the better Meat.

And it is observed, that, in some Ponds, *Carps* will not breed, especially in cold Ponds; but, where they will breed, they multiply innumera-ly; *Aristotle* and *Pliny* says, six Times a Year, if there be no *Pikes* or *Pearch* to devour their Spawn, when it is cast upon Grass, or Flags, or Weeds, where it lies ten or twelve Days before it is enlivened.

The *Carp*, if he have Water-room and good Feed, will grow to a very great Bigness and Length: I have heard, to be much above a Yard long. It is said by *Jovius*, who has writ of Fishes, that in the Lake *Lurian*, in *Italy*, *Carps* have thriven to be more than fifty Pounds Weight; which is the more probable, for as the Bear is conceived and born suddenly; and, being born, is but short-lived: So, on the contrary, the *Elephant* is said to be two Years in Conception; some think he is ten, and, being born, grows in Bigness twenty Years, and lives to the Age of an hundred. The *Crocodile* is also very long-lived; and, more than that, all that long Life he thrives in Bigness: And so I think some *Carps* do, especially in some Places; though I never saw one above twenty-three Inches, which was a great and goodly Fish; but have been assured, there are of a far greater Size, and in *England* too *.

Now, as the Increase of *Carps* is wonderful for their Number, so there is not a Reason found out, I think by any, why they should breed in some Ponds, and not in others of the same Nature for Soil, and all other Circumstances. And as their Breeding, so are their Decays also very mysterious. I have both read it, and been told, by a Gentleman

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of

* The largest we have an Account of, was taken in the *Thames*, near *Hampton-Court*, and weighed thirteen Pounds. *Willoughby* says they increase to twenty.

of tried Honesty, that he has known sixty or more large *Carp* put into several Ponds near to a House, where, by reason of the Stakes in the Ponds, and the Owners constant being near to them, it was impossible they should be stolen away from him; and that when he has, after three or four Years, emptied the Pond, and expected an Increase by breeding young ones (for, that they might do so, he had, as the Rule is, put in three Millets for one Spawner) he has, I say, found neither a young nor old *Carp* remaining. And the like I have known of one that has almost watched his Pond, and at a like Distance of Time; at the fishing of it, found, of seventy or eighty large *Carps*, not above five or six; and he had forborne longer to fish the said Pond, but that he saw, in a hot Day in Summer, a large *Carp* swim near to the Top of the Water, with a Frog upon his Head; he, upon that Occasion, caused his Pond to be let dry; and, of seventy or eighty *Carps*, only found five or six, and those very sick and lean, with every one a Frog sticking so fast on the Heads of the *Carps*, that the Frog would not be got off without extreme Force, or killing. The Gentleman that affirmed this to me, told me he saw it; and did declare his Belief to be, and I also believe the same, that he thought the other *Carps* that were so strangely lost, were so killed by Frogs, and then devoured.

But I am fallen into this Discourse by Accident, of which I might say more, but it has proved longer than I intended, and possibly may not to you be considerable: I shall therefore give you three or four more short Observations of the *Carp*, and then fall upon some Directions how you shall fish for him.

The Age of *Carps* is, by Sir Francis Bacon*, observed to be but ten Years; yet others think they

* *Hist. of Life and Death,*

they live longer. *Gesner* says, a *Carp* has been known to live in the *Palatinate* above a hundred Years: But most conclude, that, contrary to the *Pike* or *Luce*, all *Carps* are better for Age and Bigness. The Tongues of *Carps* are noted to be choice and costly Meat, especially to them that buy them; but *Gesner* says, *Carps* have no Tongues like other Fish, but a Piece of Flesh in their Mouth like a Tongue, and should be called a Palate. It is certain it is choicely good, and that the *Carp* is to be reckoned amongst those leather-mouthed Fish, which I told you have their Teeth in their Throat; and, for that Reason, is very seldom lost by breaking his Hold, if your Hook be once stuck into his Chaps.

I told you, that Sir *Francis Bacon* thinks the *Carp* lives but ten Years; but *Janus Dubravius** says, that *Carps* begin to spawn at the Age of three Years, and continue to do so till thirty. He says also, that, in the Time of their breeding, which is in Summer, when the Sun hath warmed both the Earth and Water, and apted them for Generation, that three or four Male *Carps* will follow a Female; and she putting on a seeming Coyness, they force her through Weeds and Flags, where she lets fall her Eggs or Spawn (which sticks fast to the Weeds) and they their Milt upon it, and so it becomes, in short Time, to be a living Fish. It is thought the *Carp* does this several Months in the Year; and believed, that most Fish breed after this Manner, except the Eel. And it has been observed, that when the Spawner has weakened herself by doing that natural Office, that two or three Milts have helped her from off the Weeds, by bearing her up on both Sides, and guarding her into the Deep. It may seem a Curiosity not worth observing, yet others have judged

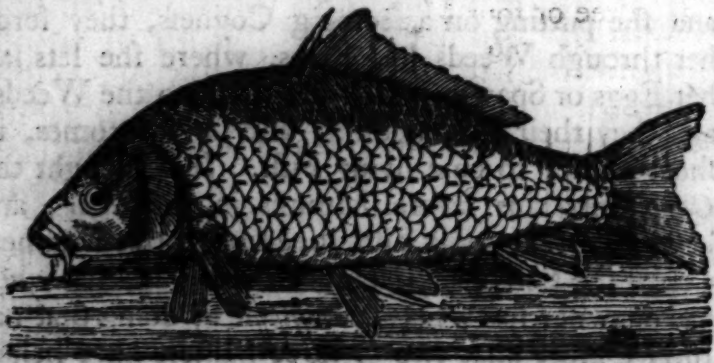
* In his Book of Fish and Fish-ponds.

judged it worth their Time and Costs, to make Glafs-Hives, and order them in such a Manner, as to see how Bees have bred and made their Honey-combs, and how they have obeyed their Chief, and governed their Commonwealth. But it is thought, that all *Carps* are not bred by Generation, but that some breed otherways, as some *Pikes* do.

The Physicians make the Galls and Stones in the Heads of *Carps* to be very medicinal; but, it is not to be doubted, but that in *Italy* they make great Profit of the Spawn of *Carps* *, by selling it to the *Jews*, who make it into red *Caviare*, the *Jews* not being, by their Law, admitted to eat of *Caviare* made of the *Sturgeon*, that being a Fish that wants Scales, and by them to be reputed unclean †.

Much more might be said out of him and *Aristotle*, which *Dubravius* often quotes in his Discourse of Fishes; but it might rather perplex than satisfy you; and therefore I shall chuse to direct you how to catch, rather than spend more Time in discoursing either of the Nature or Breeding of this *Carp*,

§ * §



or of any more Circumstances concerning him; but yet I shall remember you of what I told you before,

* It is a rich and picquant Food (some say) the finest eating in the World.

† *Levir. xi. 10.*

before, that he is a very subtle Fish, and hard to be caught.


And my first Direction is, that you must put on a very large Measure of Patience, especially to fish for a *River Carp*: I have known a very good Fisher angle diligently four or five Hours in a Day, for three or four Days together, for one of them, and not have a Bite. And you are to note, that in some Ponds it is as hard to catch a *Carp*, as it is in a River; that is to say, where they have Store of Feed, and the Water is of a clayish Colour. But you are to remember I have told you, there is no Rule without an Exception; and therefore being possessed with that Hope and Patience which I wish to all Fishers, especially the *Carp Angler*, I shall tell you with what Bait to fish for him. But first, it must be either early or late, and in hot Weather * (for he will seldom bite in cold) you cannot be too early or too late at him; and some have been so curious to say, *The Tenth of April is a fatal Day for Carps*. He bites either at Worms or Paste: Of Worms, I think the bluish Marsh or Meadow-worm, is best; but possibly another Worm, that is not too big, may do as well, and so may a green *Gentle*. And, for Pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are Medicines for the Tooth-ach; but, doubtless, sweet Pastes are best; I mean, made with Honey or with Sugar; which should be thrown into the Pond or Place in which

* About the Noon of such a Day he will take a *Lob-worm* at Top, as a *Trout* does a *Fly*: Or, between the Weeds, in a clear Place, sink it without a Float, about eight Inches in the Water, with only one large Shot on the Line, which is to be lodged on the Leaf of some Weed: Then retire, keeping your Eye upon the Shot, till you see it taken away, with about a Foot of the Line, and then you may venture to strike; but keep him tight; and clear of the Weeds, Great Numbers of *Carp* have been taken this Way.

which you fish for him, some Hours before you undertake your Trial of Skill with the Angle-rod *; and, doubtless, if it be thrown into the Water a Day or two before, at several Times, in small Pellets, you are the likelier to obtain your desired Sport. Or, in a large Pond, to draw them to any certain Place, that they may the better, and with more Hope, be fished for, you are to throw in either Grains or Blood mixed with Cow-dung, or with Bran, or any Garbage, as Chickens-guts, or the like, and then some of your small sweet Pellets with which you purpose to angle; these Pellets being, a few of them also, thrown in as you are angling.

Your Paste must be made thus: Take the Flesh of a Rabbet, or Veal, cut small, and Bean-flour, and, if that may not be easily got, other Flour; mix these together, and put to them either Sugar, or Honey, which I think better, and beat these in a Mortar, or work them some Time in your Hands, they being very clean; then make it into a Ball, or two or three, as you like best, for your Use; but you must pound or work it so long, as to make it tough enough to hang upon your Hook without washing from it, yet not too hard: Or, that you may the better keep it upon your Hook, you may knead with your Paste a little, and not much, white or yellow Wood †.

And, if you would have this Paste keep all the Year for any other Fish, mix with it Virgin's-wax and clarified Honey, work them with your Hands before the Fire into Balls, and they will keep that whole Time.

But if you fish for a *Carp* with *Gentles*, then put upon your Hook a small Pièce of Scarlet, about this Bigness , soaked in, or anointed with *Oil of Peter*,

* Plumb at that Time also the Depth of the Water.

† Mix this in all Pastes, to prevent their washing off the Hook.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 135

Peter, called by some *Oil of the Rock*; and if your *Gentles* be put two or three Days before into a Box or Horn anointed with Honey, and so put upon your Hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as likely to kill this crafty Fish this Way, as any other: But still, as you are fishing, chew a little white or brown Bread in your Mouth, and cast it into the Pond, about the Place where your Float swims. Other Baits there are, but these, with Diligence and patient Watchfulness, will do better than any I have ever practised, or heard of: And yet I shall tell you, that the Crumbs of white Bread and Honey, made into a Paste, is a good Bait for a *Carp*, and is more easily made. And having said thus much of this Fish, my next Discourse shall be of the *Bream*, which shall not prove so tedious, and therefore I desire the Continuance of your Attention.



But, first, I will tell you how to make this *Carp*, that is so cautious to be caught, so curious a Dish of Meat, as shall make him worth all your Labour; and, though it is not without some Trouble and Charge, yet it will recompense both.

Take a *Carp*, alive if possible, scour him, and rub him clean with Water and Salt, but scale him not; then open him, and put him, with his Blood and Liver, into a small Kettle; then take Sweet-marjoram, Thyme, and Parsley, of each Half an Handful, a Sprig of Rosemary, and another of Savoury, bind them into two or three small Bundles, and put them to your *Carp*, with four or five whole Onions, twenty pickled Oysters, and three Anchovies. Then pour upon your Fish as much Claret Wine as will only cover him, and season your Claret well with Salt, Cloves, Mace, and the Rinds of Oranges and Lemons; cover your Pot, and set it on a quick Fire,
till

till it be sufficiently boiled; then take out the Carp, and lay it with the Broth into the Dish, and pour upon it a Quarter of a Pound of fresh Butter melted, and beaten with Half a Dozen Spoonfuls of the Broth, the Yolks of two or three Eggs, and some of the Herbs shred: Garnish your Dish with Lemons, and so serve it up.

Dr. T.

CHAP. X.

Observations of the Bream, and Directions how to catch him.

Pis. **T**HE *Bream*, being at full Growth, is a large and stately Fish; he will breed both in Rivers and Ponds; but loves best to live in Ponds, where, if he likes the Water and Air, he will not only grow to be very large, but as fat as a Hog. He is by *Gesner* taken to be more pleasant or sweet, than wholesome. This Fish is long in growing, but breeds exceedingly in a Water that pleases him; yea, in many Ponds so fast, as to over-store them, and starve the other Fish.

He is very broad, with a forked Tail, and his Scales set in excellent Order; he hath large Eyes, a narrow sucking Mouth, two Sets of Teeth, and a lozing-like Bone, to help his grinding. The Milt is observed to have two large Milts, and the Female two large Bags of Eggs or Spawn.

Gesner reports, that, in *Poland*, a great Number of large *Breams* were put into a Pond, which, in the next following Winter, was frozen up into one intire Ice, and not one Drop of Water remaining, nor one of these Fish to be found, though they were diligently searched for; and yet the next Spring, when the Ice was thawed,
and

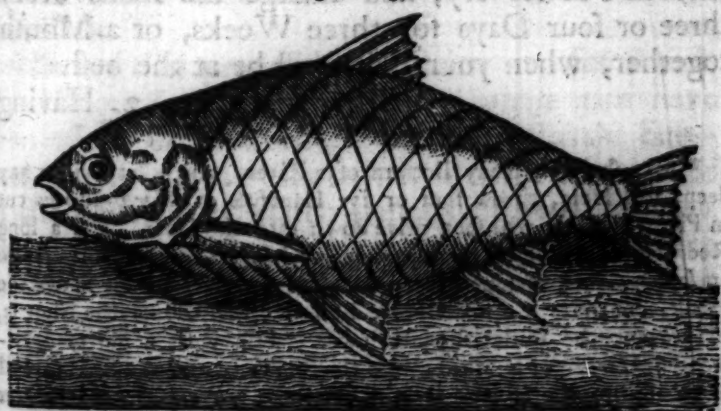
and the Weather warm, they all appeared again. This *Gesner* affirms, and I quote my Author, because it seems almost as incredible as the *Resurrection* to an *Atheist*. But it may win something in Point of believing it, to him that considers the Breeding or Renovation of the Silk-worm, and of many Insects. And that is considerable which Sir *Francis Bacon* * observes, that there are some Herbs that die and spring every Year, and others endure longer.

But though some do not, yet the *French* esteem this Fish highly; and, to that End, have this Proverb, *He that hath Breams in his Pond, is able to bid his Friend welcome.* And it is noted, that the best Parts of a *Bream* are his Belly and Head †.

Some say, that *Breams* and *Roaches* will mix their Eggs and Milt together; and so there is in many Places a bastard Breed of *Breams*, that never come to be either large or good, but very numerous.

The Baits good to catch this *Bream* are many:

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First, *Paste* made of brown Bread and Honey, *Gentles*, or the Brood of *Wasps* that are young, and

* *Hist. of Life and Death*, p. 20.

† The Connoisseurs in eating, commend the Head of a *Carp*, the Back of a *Tench*, the Middle of a *Bream*, and the Tail of a *Pike*.

and then not unlike *Gentles*, and should be hardened in an Oven, or dried on a Tile before the Fire; or there is at the Root of Docks, Flags, or Rushes, in watry Places, a Worm not unlike a Maggot (at which *Tench* will bite freely); or he will bite at a Grasshopper, with his Legs nipped off, in *June* and *July*; or at several Flies under Water, which may be found on Flags that grow near to the Water-side. I doubt not, but there are many other Baits that are good *, but I will turn them all into this most excellent one, either for a *Carp* or *Bream*, in any River or Mere: It was given me by a most honest and excellent Angler, and hoping you will prove both, I will impart it to you.

1. Let your Bait be as big a red Worm as you can find, without a Knot. Get a Pint or Quart of them in an Evening, in Garden-walks, or chalky Commons, after a Shower of Rain; put them with clean Moss, well washed and picked, the Water squeezed out of it as dry as you can, into an earthen Pot set dry, and change the Moss every three or four Days for three Weeks, or a Month together, when your Baits will be at the best.

2. Having

* In a shallow, sandy Bottom of a River, which leads into any deep, still Hole, throw four or five Handfuls of *Marsh-worms* cut in Pieces, which will soon drive down into the Hole. Use a long Rod of good Strength, a proportionable Line, a small Hook tied to an *Indian Grass*, and no Float; fix a cut Shot six Inches above the Hook, and next it a small bored Bullet. The Use of the Shot is, to prevent the Bullet slipping lower. Fish with a short, well-scoured *Marsh-worm*, throw into the Shallow, and the Stream will drive it into the Hole. By this Method, an experienced Angler says, he has caught more Breams in two Hours, than he could carry away.

When you find a deep, quiet Hole, near the Bank, plumb it over Night, and Ground-bait it with Grains well squeezed. Next Morning early chuse a Stand, out of Sight; bait your Hook with a large red Worm, and drop it gently into the Hole: Observe whether the Water be risen or fallen since you plumbed it; and make an Allowance accordingly.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 139

2. Having prepared your Baits, get your Tackle ready and fitted after this sort. Take three long angling Rods, and as many or more Silk, or Silk and Hair-lines, and as many large Swan or Goose-quill Floats: Then take as many Pieces of Lead, made after this Manner, and fasten them to the lower Ends of your Lines: Then fasten your Link-hook also to the Lead, and to the End of your Line; let there be about a Foot or ten Inches between the Lead and the Hook, but be sure the Lead be heavy enough to sink the Float under Water, and not the Float to bear up the Lead.

Note, that your Link next the Hook may be smaller than the rest of your Line, if you dare adventure, for fear of taking the *Pike* or *Perch*, who will assuredly visit your Hooks, till they be taken out (as I will shew you afterwards) before either *Carp* or *Bream* will come near to bite. Note also, that when the Worm is well baited, it will crawl up and down, as far as the Lead will give Leave, which much inticeth the Fish to bite without Suspicion.

Having thus prepared your Baits, and fitted your Tackling, repair to the River, where you have seen them swim in Sculls or Shoals, in the Summer-time, in a hot Afternoon, about three or four of the Clock, and watch their going forth of their Holes, and returning (which you may well discern) for they return about Four of the Clock, most of them seeking Food at the Bottom, yet one or two will lie at the Top of the Water, rolling and tumbling themselves, whilst the rest are under him at the Bottom, and so you shall perceive him to keep Centinel; then mark where he plays most, and stays longest (which commonly is in the broadest and deepest Place of the River, and there, or near thereabouts,

thereabouts, at a clear Bottom, and a convenient Landing-place, take one of your Angles, ready fitted as aforesaid, and sound the Bottom, about eight or ten Feet deep, two Yards from the Bank is best. Then consider with yourself, whether that Water will rise or fall by the next Morning, by Reason of any Water-mills near; and, according to your Discretion, take the Depth of the Place where you mean after to cast your Ground-bait and to fish, to Half an Inch; that the Lead lying on or near the Ground-bait, the Top of the Float may only appear upright, Half an Inch above the Water.

Thus you having found, and fitted for the Place, and Depth thereof, go Home and prepare your Ground-bait, which is next to the Fruit of your Labours to be regarded.

The Ground-bait.

Take a Peck, or a Peck and an Half (according to the Greatness of the Stream, and Deepness of the Water, where you mean to angle) of sweet gross-ground Barly-malt, and boil it in a Kettle, one or two Walms is enough, then strain it through a Bag into a Tub (*the Liquor whereof hath often done my Horse much good*) and, when the Bag and Malt is near cold, take it down to the Water-side, about Eight or Nine of the Clock in the Evening, and not before; cast in two Parts of your Ground-bait, squeezed hard between both your Hands; it will sink presently to the Bottom, and be sure it may rest in the very Place where you mean to angle; if the Stream run hard, or move a little, cast your Malt in Handfuls the higher up the Stream: You may, between your Hands, close the

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 141

the Malt so fast, that the Water will hardly part it with the Fall.

Your Ground thus baited, and Tackling fitted, leave your Bag, with the rest of your Tackling, and Ground-bait, near the Sporting-place all Night, and in the Morning, about Three or Four of the Clock, visit the Water-side, but not too near, for they have a Watchman, and are watchful themselves.

Then gently take one of your three Rods, and bait your Hook, casting it over your Ground-bait, and gently and secretly draw it to you, till the Lead rests about the Middle of the Ground-bait.

Take then a second Rod, and cast in about a Yard above, and the third a Yard below the first Rod, and fix the Rods in the Ground; but go yourself so far from the Water-side, that you perceive nothing but the Tops of the Floats, which you must watch most diligently; then, when you have a Bite, you shall perceive the Top of your Float to sink suddenly into the Water; yet, nevertheless, be not too hasty to run to your Rods, until you see *that* Line goes clear away; then creep to the Water-side, and give as much Line as you possibly can: If it be a *Carp* or *Bream*, they will go to the farther Side of the River; then strike gently, and hold your Rod at a Bent a little while; for, if you both pull, you are sure to lose your Game, for either your Line, or Hook, or Hold will break; and, after you have overcome them, they will make noble Sport, and are very shy to be landed: The *Carp* is far stronger and mettlesome than the *Bream*.

Much more is to be observed of this Kind of Fish and fishing; but it is far fitter for Experience and Discourse, than Paper. Only thus much is necessary for you to know, and to be mindful and careful

careful of, that if the *Pike* or *Pearch* breed in that River, they will be sure to bite first, and must first be taken; and, for the most Part, they are very large, and will repair to your Ground-bait; not that they will eat of it, but will feed and sport themselves amongst the young Fry, that gather about and hover over the Bait.

The Way to discern the *Pike*, and take him, if you mistrust your *Bream*-Hook (for I have taken a *Pike* a Yard long several Times at my *Bream*-Hooks, and sometimes he hath had the Luck to share my Line) is,

Take a small *Bleak*, *Roach*, or *Gudgeon*, bait it, and set it alive among your Rods, two Feet deep from the Cork, with a little red Worm on the Point of the Hook; then take a few Crumbs of white Bread, or some of the Ground-bait, and sprinkle it gently amongst your Rods. If Mr. *Pike* be there, then the little Fish will skip out of the Water, but the live-set Bait is sure to be taken.

Thus continue your Sport from Four in the Morning till Eight; and, if it be a gloomy, windy Day, they will bite all Day long. But this is too long to stand to your Rods at one Place, and it will spoil your Evening Sport that Day, which is this:

About Four of the Clock in the Afternoon repair to your baited Place, and, as soon as you come to the Water-side, cast in one Half of the rest of your Ground-bait, and stand off; then, whilst the Fish are gathering together (for there they will most certainly come for their Supper) you may take a Pipe of Tobacco, and then in with your three Rods, as in the Morning. You will find excellent Sport that Evening till Eight of the Clock; then cast in the Residue of your Ground-bait, and next Morning, by Four of the Clock, visit them again for

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 143

four Hours, which is the best Sport of all; and, after that, let them rest till you and your Friends have a mind for more Sport.

From *St. James-tide* until *Bartholomew-tide* is the best; when they have had all the Summer's Food, they are the fattest.

Observe lastly, that, after three or four Days fishing together, your Game will be very shy and wary, and you shall hardly get above a Bite or two at a Baiting; then your only Way is to desist from your Sport about two or three Days; and, in the mean Time, on the Place you late baited, and again intend to bait, you shall take a Turf of green, but short Grass, as big, or bigger, than a round Trencher; to the Top of this Turf, on the green Side, with a Needle and green Thread, fasten, one by one, as many little red Worms as will near cover all the Turf: Then take a round Board or Trencher, make a Hole in the Middle thereof, and through the Turf, placed on the Board or Trencher, with a String or Cord as long as is fitting, tied to a Pole, let it down to the Bottom of the Water, for the Fish to feed upon without Disturbance, about two or three Days*; and after you have drawn it away, you may fall to, and enjoy your former Recreation.

B. A.



C H A P. XI.

Observations of the Tench, and Advice how to angle for him.

Fif. **T**HE *Tench*, the Physician of Fishes, is observed to love Ponds better than Rivers, and Pits better than either: Yet *Gambden* observes, there

* Some use a Tin or Wooden Box, made full of Holes, filled with Worms, which they sink in the abovesaid Manner.

there is a River in *Dorsetshire* * that abounds with *Tenches*; but, doubtless, they retire to the most deep and quiet Places in it.

This Fish hath very large Fins, very small and smooth Scales, a red Circle about his Eyes, which are big, and of a gold Colour, and from either Angle of his Mouth there hangs down a little Barb: In every *Tench's* Head are two small Stones, which foreign Physicians make great Use of; but he is not commended for wholesome Meat, though there is very much Use made of them for outward Applications. *Rondeletius* says, *That*, at his being at *Rome*, he saw a great Cure done by applying a *Tench* to the Feet of a very sick Man. This was done after an unusual Manner, by certain *Jews*. And it is observed, that many of those People have various Secrets, yet unknown to Christians; Secrets that have never yet been written, but have been since the Days of their *Solomon* (who knew the Nature of all things, even from the Cedar to the Shrub) delivered by Tradition from Father to Son, and so from Generation to Generation, without Writing, or unless it were casually, without the least communicating them to any other Nation or Tribe; for, to do that, they account a Profanation. Yet it is thought that they, or some Spirit worse, first told us that Lice, swallowed alive, were a certain Cure for the Jaundice. This, and other Medicines, were discovered by them or Revelation, for doubtless we attained them not by Study.

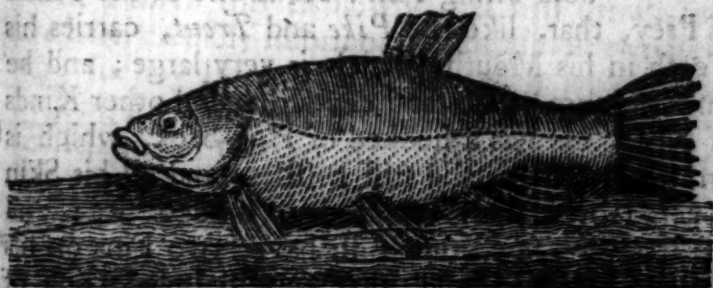
Well, this Fish, besides his eating, is very useful, both dead and alive, for the Good of Mankind: But I meddle no more with that, my honest humble Art teaches no such Boldness; there are too many foolish Pretenders in Physick and Divinity, that

that think themselves fit to tamper with hidden Secrets, and so bring Destruction to their Followers. I will not meddle with them farther, than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, for I hope I may be so bold, that the *Tench* is the Physician of Fishes, to the *Pike* * especially; and that the *Pike*, being either sick or hurt, is cured by the Touch of the *Tench*: And it is observed, that the *Tyrant Pike* will not be a Wolf to his Physician, but forbears to devour him, though he be never so hungry.

This Fish, that carries a natural Balsam in him to cure both himself and others, loves yet to feed in very foul Water, and amongst Weeds: And yet I am sure he eats pleasantly, and, doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him.

§ * §

I shall therefore proceed to give you some few, and but a few Directions, how to catch this *Tench*,



of which I have given you these Observations.

He will bite at a Paste made of brown Bread and Honey, or at a *Marsh* or a *Lob-worm*; he inclines very much to any Paste with which Tar † is mixed,

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* *Cambden* (speaking of the Stews, Ponds antiently kept in *Southwark*) confirms this. I have seen, says he, the Bellies of *Pikes* opened to shew their Fatness, and their gaping Wounds presently closed by the Touch of *Tenches*, and, by their glutinous Slime, perfectly healed up. *Britan.* p. 322.

† The clotted black Blood in a Sheep's Heart, made, with fine Flour

and will bite also at a smaller Worm, with his Head nipped off, and a *Cod-worm* put on the Hook before that Worm; and, I doubt not, but that he will also in the three hot Months (for in the nine colder he firs not much) bite at a *Flug-worm*, or a green *Gentle*;



but can positively say no more of the *Tench*, he being a Fish that I have not often angled for; but I with my honest Scholar may, and be ever fortunate when he fishes.

CHAP. XII.

Observations of the Pearch, and Directions how to fish for him.

Fis. **T**HE *Pearch* is a very good, and a very bold-biting Fish: He is one of the Fishes of Prey, that, like the *Pike* and *Trout*, carries his Teeth in his Mouth, which is very large; and he dares venture to kill and devour several other Kinds of Fish. He has a hooked or Hog-back, which is armed with sharp and stiff Bristles, and all his Skin covered over with thick, dry, hard Scales; and hath, which few other Fish have, two Fins on his Back. He is so bold, that he will invade one of his own Kind, which the *Pike* will not do willingly; and you may therefore easily believe him to be a bold Biter.

The *Pearch* is of great Esteem in Italy, says *Aldrovandus*, and especially the least are there esteemed a dainty Dish. And *Gessner* prefers the *Pearch* and *Pike* above the *Trout*, or any Fresh-

water Flour and Honey, into the Consistence of an Unguent, and your Bait (which is a red Worm) anointed with this, is by others preferred to the Tar.

water Fish. He says, the *Germans* have this Proverb, *More wholesome than a Pearch of Rhine*: And he says, the River *Pearch* is so wholesome, that Physicians allow him to be eaten by wounded Men, or Men in Fevers, or Women in Child-bed *.

He spawns but once a Year, and is by Physicians held very nutritive; yet, by many, to be hard of Digestion. They abound more in the River *Po*, and in *England*, says *Rondeletius*, than other Parts, and have in their Brain a Stone, which is in foreign Parts sold by Apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinal against the Stone in the Reins. These are a Part of the Commendations which some philosophical Heads have bestowed upon the Fresh-water *Pearch*: Yet they commend the Sea *Pearch*, which is known by having but one Fin on his Back (of which they say, we *English* see but a few) to be a much better Fish.

The *Pearch* thrives slowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almost two Feet long; for my Informer told me, such an one was not long since taken by Sir *Abraham Williams*, a Gentleman of worth, and a Lover of Angling. This was a deep-bodied Fish; and, doubtless, durst have devoured a *Pike* of Half his own Length; for I have told you, he is a bold Fish, such an one, as but for extreme Hunger, the *Pike* will not devour; for, to affright him, he will set up his Fins as a Turkey-cock will sometimes set up his Tail.

But, my Scholar, the *Pearch* is not only valiant to defend himself, but he is, as I said, a bold-biting Fish: Yet he will not bite at all Seasons of the Year. He is very abstemious in Winter, yet will bite then in the Midst of the Day, if it be warm. And note, that all Fish will bite best about the Midst of a warm Day in Winter; and he hath been ob-

G 2

served

* His Liver is usually thrown away, being apt to be mealy.

served by some, not usually to bite till the Mulberry-tree buds, that is to say, till extreme Frosts be past *that* Spring: For, when the Mulberry-tree blossoms, many Gardiners observe their forward Fruit to be past the Danger of Frosts; and some have made the like Observation of the *Pearch's* biting.

But bite the *Pearch* will, and that very boldly *; and, as one has wittily observed, if there be twenty or forty in a Hole, they may be, at one Standing, all caught one after another; they being, as he says, like the Wicked of the World, not afraid, though their Fellows and Companions perish in their Sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary *Pike*, but love to accompany one another, and march together in Troops.

§ * §

And the Baits for this bold Fish



are not many; I mean, he will bite as well at some, or at any of these three, as at any or all others whatsoever: A *Worm* †, a *Minnow*, or a little

* As the *Pearch* swallows the Bait so voraciously as makes it difficult to dislodge your Hook, it is advised to keep about you a Piece of small hollow Iron (or a strong Reed) of six Inches long; thrust this down his Throat, till you feel the Hook (keeping your Line straight, lest it catch again) and draw your Hook and Instrument both out, carefully, together.

† This, rubbed with the Fat of a *Water-Rat*, is much commended.

little *Frog*, of which you may find many in Hay-time; and of *Worms*, the Dunghill-worm, called a *Brandling*, I take to be best, being well scoured in Moss or Fennel; or at a Worm that lies under Cow-dung, with a bluish Head. And if you rove for a *Pearch* with a *Minnow*, then it is best to be alive; you sticking your Hook through his Back Fin; or a *Minnow*, with the Hook in his upper Lip, and letting him swim up and down about Mid-water, or a little lower, and you still keeping him to about that Depth by a Cork, which ought not to be a very little one: And the like Way you are to fish for the *Pearch*, with a small Frog, your Hook being fastened through the Skin of his Legs, towards the upper Part of it*. And, lastly, I will give you but this Advice, that you allow the *Pearch* Time enough when he bites, for there was scarce any Angler that has given him too much.



And now I think best to rest myself, for I have almost spent my Spirits with talking so long.

Vena. Nay, good Master, one Fish more, for you see it rains still; and you know our Angles are like Money put to Usury, they may thrive, though we sit still, and do nothing but talk and enjoy one another. Come, come, the other Fish, good Master.

Pis. But, Scholar, have you nothing to mix with this Discourse, which now grows both tedious and tiresome? Shall I have nothing from you, that seems to have both a good Memory and a chearful Spirit?

Vena. Yes, Master, I will speak you a Copy of Verses that were made by Dr. *Donne*, to shew the World that he could make soft and smooth Verses,

G 3

when

* Observe to keep this Bait from making to the Shore, which it will be always attempting.

when he thought Smoothness worth his Labour;
and I love them the better, because they allude to
Rivers, Fish, and fishing. They are these:

*Come live with me, and be my Love,
And we will some new Pleasures prove,
Of golden Sands, and chrystal Breaks,
With silken Lines, and slender Hooks.*

*There will the River whispering run,
More by thy Eyes warm'd, than the Sun;
And there th' enamour'd Fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.*

*When thou wilt sport in that live Bath,
Each Native which the Current bath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
To catch thee gladder, than thou him.*

*If thou to be so seen art loth
By Sun or Moon, thou dark'n'st both:
And if my Eyes have Leave to see,
Their Light I need not, having thee.*

*Let others freeze with angling Reeds,
And cut their Legs with Shells and Weeds,
Or treach'rously poor Fish beset
With strangling Snarers, or windy Net:*

*Let coarse bold Hands, from slimy Nest,
The bedded Trout in Banks out-wrest;
Let curious Traytors mimic Flies,
To witch poor wond'ring Fishes Eyes:*

*For thee, thou need'st not such Deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own Bait;
That Fish that is not caught thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.*

Pis,

Pis. Well remembered, honest Scholar, I thank you for these choice Verses, which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot, till they were recovered by your happy Memory. Well, seeing I have now rested myself a little, I will make you some Requital, by telling you some Observations of the *Eel*, for it rains still, and because, as you say, our Angles are as Money put to use, that thrive when we play; therefore we will sit still, and enjoy ourselves a little longer under this Honeyfuckle-hedge.

CHAP. XII.

Observations of the Eel, and other Fish that want Scales, and how to fish for them.

Pis. IT is agreed by most Men, that the *Eel* is a very dainty Fish; the *Romans* have esteemed her the *Helena* of their Feasts, and some, the *Queen of Pleasure*. But Men differ about their Breeding: Some say they breed by Generation, as other Fish; others, that they breed as some Worms do, of Mud; as Rats and Mice, and many other living Creatures are bred in *Egypt*, by the overflowing of the River *Nile*; or out of the Putrefaction of the Earth, and divers other Ways. Those that deny them to breed by Generation, ask, If any Man ever saw an *Eel* to have a Spawn or Milt? And they are answered, That they may be as assured of their breeding, as if they had seen Spawn: For they say, they are certain that *Eels* have all Parts fit for Generation, like other Fish, but so small as not to be easily discerned, by reason of their Fatness, but that discerned they may be; and that the he and the she *Eel* may be distinguished

by their Fins. *Rondeletius* says, he has seen *Eels* cling together like Dew-worms.

Some conceit, that *Eels*, growing old, breed other *Eels* out of the Corruption of their Age, which Sir *Francis Bacon* says, exceeds not ten Years. And others say, that as Pearls are made of glutinous Dew-drops, which are condensed by the Sun's Heat in those Countries, so *Eels* are bred of a prolific Dew, falling in the Months of *May* or *June*, on the Banks of some particular Ponds or Rivers, apted by Nature for that End; which in a few Days is, by the Sun's Heat, turned into *Eels*; and some of the Antients have called the *Eels* thus bred, *The Offspring of Jove*. I have seen in the Beginning of *July*, in a River not far from *Canterbury*, some Parts of it covered over with young *Eels*, about the Thickness of a Straw, lying on the Top of the Water, as thick as Motes are said to be in the Sun. And I have heard the like of other Rivers; as namely, in *Severn*, where they are called *Elvers*; and in a Pond or Mere near *Staffordshire*, where, about a set Time in Summer, such small *Eels* abound so much, that many of the poorer sort of People that inhabit near to it, take them out of this Mere with Sieves or Sheets, and make a Kind of Eel-cake of them, and eat it as Bread. And *Gesner* quotes venerable *Bede* to say, that, in *England*, there is an Island called *Ely*, by reason of the innumerable Multitude of *Eels* that breed in it. But that *Eels* may be bred as some Worms, and some Kind of Bees and Wasps are, either of Dew, or out of the Corruption of the Earth, seems to be made probable by the *Barnacles* and young *Goslings* * bred by the Sun's Heat, and the rotten Planks of an old Ship, and hatched

* See Page 74.

hatched of Trees; both which are related for Truths by *Dubartas* and *Lobel*, and also by our learned *Cambden*, and laborious *Gerhard*, in his *Herbal*.

It is said by *Rondeletius*, that those *Eels* that are bred in Rivers that relate to, or are nearest the Sea, never return to the fresh Waters, as the *Salmon* always desires to do, when once they have tasted the salt Water. I the more easily believe this, because I am certain that powdered Beef is a most excellent Bait to catch an *Eel*: And though Sir *Francis Bacon* will allow the *Eel's* Life to be but ten Years *, yet he mentions a *Lamprey*, belonging to the *Roman* Emperor, to be made tame, and so kept for almost threescore Years; and that such useful and pleasant Observations were made of this *Lamprey*, that *Crassus* the Orator, who kept her, lamented her Death. And we read in Dr. *Hackwell* †, that *Hortensius* was seen to weep at the Death of a *Lamprey* that he had kept long, and loved exceedingly.

It is granted by all, or most Men, that *Eels* for about six Months, that is to say, the six cold Months of the Year, stir not up and down, neither in the Rivers nor Pools in which they usually are, but get into the soft Earth or Mud, and there, many of them together, bed themselves, and live without feeding upon any thing, as I have told you some *Swallows* have been observed to do in hollow Trees for those six Months; and this the *Eel* and *Swallow* do, as not being able to endure Winter-weather: For *Gesner* quotes *Albertus* to say, that, in the Year 1125, that Year's Winter being more cold than usual, *Eels* did, by Nature's Instinct,

G 5

* *History of Life and Death.*

† *Apology for God's Power and Providence.*

get out of the Water into a Stack of Hay, in a Meadow, upon dry Ground, and there bedded themselves; but yet at last, a Frost killed them. And our *Camden* relates, that, in *Lancashire*, Fishes are digged out of the Earth with Spades, where no Water is near to the Place. I shall say little more of the *Eel*, but that, as it is observed, he is impatient of cold, so, in warm Weather, one has been known to live five Days out of Water.

And lastly, let me tell you, that some curious Searchers into the Nature of Fishes observe, there are several Kinds of *Eels*, as the silver and green, or greenish *Eel* (with which the River *Thames* abounds, and are called *Gregs*) and a blackish *Eel*, whose Head is more flat and big than the ordinary ones; and also an *Eel*, whose Fins are reddish, and but seldom taken in this Nation, yet taken sometimes. These several Kinds are, say some, diversly bred; as out of the Corruption of the Earth, by Dew, and otherways, as I have said to you; and yet it is affirmed by some for certain, the silver *Eel* by Generation, but not by spawning, as other Fish do, but her Brood come alive from her, little live *Eels*, no bigger nor longer than a Pin: I have had too many Testimonies of this, to doubt the Truth of it myself; and, if I thought it needful, I might prove it, but I think it needless.

§ * §

This *Eel*, of which I have said so much to you, may be caught with divers Kinds of Baits; as with powdered *Beef*, with a *Lob* or *Garden-worm*, with a *Minnow*, or Gut of a *Hen*, *Chicken*, or of any Fish, or with almost any thing, for he is a greedy Fish; but the *Eel* may be caught especially with

with a little, a very little *Lamprey*, which some call a *Pride*, and may in the hot Months be found Plenty of them in the River *Thames*, and in many Mud-heaps in other Rivers, yea, almost as usually as one finds Worms in a Dunghill.

Next note, that the *Eel* seldom stirs in the Day, but then hides himself; and therefore he is usually caught by Night, with one of these Baits of which I have spoken, by laying Hooks, which you are to fasten to the Bank, or Twigs of a Tree; or by throwing a String cross the Stream, with many Hooks at it, and baited with the aforesaid Baits, and a Plummet, or Stone, thrown into the River with this Line, that so you may in the Morning find it near some marked Place, and then take it up with a Drag-hook, or otherwise: But these things are indeed too common to be spoken of; and an Hour's fishing with any Angler will teach you better, both for these and many other common things in the practical Part of Angling, than a Week's Discourse. I shall therefore conclude this Direction for taking the *Eel*, by telling you, that, in a warm Day in Summer, I have taken many a good *Eel* by sniggling, and have been much pleased with that Sport.

And because you, that are but a young Angler, know not what sniggling is, I will now teach it you. You remember I told you, *Eels* do not usually stir in the Day-time, for then they hide themselves under some Covert, or Boards or Planks, or about Flood-gates, Weirs, or Mills, or in Holes in the Rivers Banks; and you observing your Time in a warm Day, when the Water is lowest, may take a strong small Hook, tied to a Line or String, about a Yard long, and then into one of these Holes, or between any Boards about a Mill,

Mill, or under any great Stone or Plank, or any Place where you think an *Eel* may hide or shelter himself; there, with the Help of a short Stick, put in your Bait, but leifurely, and as far as you can conveniently, and, if there be an *Eel* within Sight of it, he will bite instantly, and as certainly gorge it; and you need not doubt to have him, if you pull him not out too quickly, but by Degrees; for he lying folded double in his Hole, will, with the Help of his Tail, break all, unless you give him Time to be wearied with pulling, and so get him out leifurely, not pulling too hard *.



And, to commute for your great Patience, I shall next tell you how to make this *Eel*



a most excellent Dish of Meat.

First,

* The best Method of *Sniggling* which I have seen, is this: Take an ordinary-sized Needle, whip it only about the middle Part, to three Inches of the strongest fine Twine, waxed, and fastened above to several Yards of Whip-cord, or Pack-thread; thrust the End of your Needle into the Head-end of a large *Lob-worm*, and draw him on (which with Care you may easily do, the Needle being strait) till you have got it up to the Middle of the Worm; then, in the End of a small long Stick, which you may fix in a Joint or more of your Rod, let there be stuck another Needle, fastened well from slipping out, with about Half an Inch of the Point appearing: Put this also into the Head of the baited Worm, and holding the whole Length of the Cord in your Hand, together with the Stick, thrust your Worm between the Cleft of any Clods or Piles in shallow Water,

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 157

First, wash him in Water and Salt, then pull off his Skin below his Vent or Navel, and not much further: Having done that, take out his Guts as clean as you can, but wash him not; then give him three or four Scotches with a Knife, and put into his Belly, and those Notches, sweet Herbs, an Anchovy, and a little Nutmeg grated, or cut very small; your Herbs and Anchovies must also be cut very small, and mixed with good Butter and Salt. Having done this, pull his Skin over him all but his Head, which you are to cut off, to the End you may tie his Skin about that Part where his Head grew; and it must be so tied as to keep all his Moisture within his Skin: Having done this, bind him
with

Water, till you have lost Sight of it; then softly draw your Stick away, laying it aside, keeping the Line still in your Hand, till you perceive it to draw, and, after some Time, strike, as has been directed. The Needle, which before this lay buried strait in the Worm, will, by your Stroke, be pulled quite cross the Throat of the Eel, and hold him fast. When he is landed, you may, by squeezing one of the Points through his Skin, draw that and the whole Line after it, without the Inconveniency and Trouble that is found in dislodging a Hook.

There is besides this, about London, a Way of fishing for Eels, which Mr. *Walton* has not spoken of, called *Bobbing*: Which is, by stringing a large Number of Worms, with a Needle, on a fine but strong Packthread, running them from Head to Tail, till you have strung about a Pound; then wrapping them about a dozen Times round your Hand, tie them fast with the two Ends of the Thread, that they may hang in Hanks or Links: Fasten these to a strong Cord, about two Yards long; and about eight Inches above the Worm tie a Knot; upon this, let a Plummet of Lead (bought at any of the Shops) rest, being bored through, that it may easily slip to and fro: It is made in Shape of a Pyramid, of about Half a Pound Weight; let the broad End hang downward. Tie this Cord to a strong taper Pole, about three Yards long: Angle with this in a muddy Water, in the Deeps or Sides of Streams. You will find the Eels tug at it eagerly; then draw up Worms and Eels, not with a Jerk, but a steady, swift, and even Hand, and, giving it a smart Twitch, shake them suddenly off on Land, or into your Boat, which is the usual Way of going upon this Exercise, and turn your Baits directly over into the Water again. You may take *this Way*, three or four usually at a Time. *This*, and the other Method, are only used in Eel-fishing.

with Tape or Packthread to a Spit, and roast him leisurely; baste him with Water and Salt till his Skin breaks, and then with Butter: And having roasted him enough, let what was put into his Belly, and what he drips, be his Sauce.

S. F.

But now, let me tell you, that though the *Eel* thus dressed be not only excellently good, but more harmless than any other Way, yet, it is certain, that Physicians account the *Eel* dangerous Meat: I will advise you, therefore, as *Solomon* * says of Honey, *Hast thou found it? Eat no more than is sufficient, lest thou surfeit*: For it is not good to eat much Honey. And let me add this, that the uncharitable *Italian* bids us, *Give Eels, and no Wine, to our Enemies*.

Aldrovandus, and divers Physicians, commend the *Eel* very much for Medicine, though not for Meat. But let me tell you one Observation, that the *Eel* is never out of Season, as *Trouts*, and most other Fish are, at set Times; at least, most *Eels* are not.

I might here speak of many other Fish, whose Shape and Nature are much like the *Eel*, and frequent both the Sea and fresh Rivers; as the *Lamprel*, the *Lamprey*, and *Lamperne*; as also of the mighty *Conger*, taken often in *Severn*, about *Gloucester*; and in what high Esteem many of them are for the Curiosity of their Taste: But these are not so proper to be talked of by me, because they make us Anglers no Sport; therefore I will let them alone, as the *Jews* do, to whom they are forbidden by their Law.

And, Scholar, there is also a *Flounder*, a Sea-fish, which will wander very far into fresh Rivers, and there lose himself, and dwell and thrive to a

Hand's

Hand's Breadth, and almost twice so long; a Fish without Scales, and most excellent Meat, and that affords much Sport to the Angler with any small Worm, but especially a little bluish Worm, gotten out of Marsh-ground or Meadows, which should be well scoured. But this, though it be most excellent Meat, yet it wants Scales; and is, as I therefore told you, an Abomination to the Jews.

But, Scholar, there is a Fish that they in *Lancashire* boast very much of, called a *Char*, taken there, and I think there only *, in a Meer called *Winander Meer*; a Meer, says *Cambden*, that is the largest in this Nation, being ten Miles in Length, and as smooth in the Bottom as if it were paved with polished Marble. This Fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen Inches in Length; it is spotted like a *Trout*, and has scarce a Bone, but on the Back: But this, though I do not know whether it make the Angler Sport, yet I would have you take Notice of it, because it is a Rarity, and of high Esteem with Persons of great note.

Nor would I have you ignorant of a rare Fish, called a *Guiniad* †, of which I shall tell you what *Cambden* and others speak. The River *Dee*, which runs by *Chester*, springs in *Merionethshire*, and, as it runs towards *Chester*, it passes through *Pemble Meer*, which is a large Water: And it is observed, that though the River *Dee* abounds with *Salmon*, and *Pemble Meer* with the *Guiniad*, yet there is never any *Salmon* caught in the Meer, nor a *Guiniad* in the River. And now my next Observation shall be of the *Barbel*.

C H A P.

* Dr. *Leigh* writes, this Fish is likewise found in *Conington Meer*. In *Wales* they have it in five different Places.

† This is a Kind of *Alpine Trout*. It is pretty common in the Lake *Leman*, among the *Alps*, near *Geneva*.

C H A P. XIV.

Observations of the Barbel, with Directions how to fish for him.

Pis. **T**HE *Barbel* is so called, says *Gesner*, by reason of his Barbs, or Wattles, at his Mouth, which are under his Nose or Chaps. He is one of those leather-mouthed-Fish that I told you of, that very seldom breaks his Hold if he be once hooked; but he will often break both Rod and Line, if he proves to be a big one*.

But the *Barbel*, though he be of a fine Shape, and looks big, yet is not accounted the best Fish to eat, neither for his Wholsomeness nor his Taste. But the Male is reputed much better than the Female, whose Spawn is very hurtful, as I will presently declare to you.

They flock together like Sheep, and are at worst in *April*, about which Time they spawn †, but quickly grow to be in Season. He is able to live in the strongest Swifts of the Water, and, in Summer, loves the shallowest and sharpest Streams, and to lurk under Weeds, and feed on Gravel against a rising Ground, and will root and dig in the Sands with his Nose like a Hog, and there nests himself; yet sometimes he retires to deep and swift Bridges, or Flood-gates, or Weirs, where he will house himself amongst Piles, or in hollow Places, and take such Hold of Moss or Weeds, that, be the Water never so swift, it is not able to force him from the Place he contends for. This is his constant Custom in Summer, when he, and most living Creatures, sport themselves in the Sun.

But,

* A Person, it is said, of *Staines*, caught one of twenty-three Pounds Weight. His Bait was a Bit of rusty Bacon.

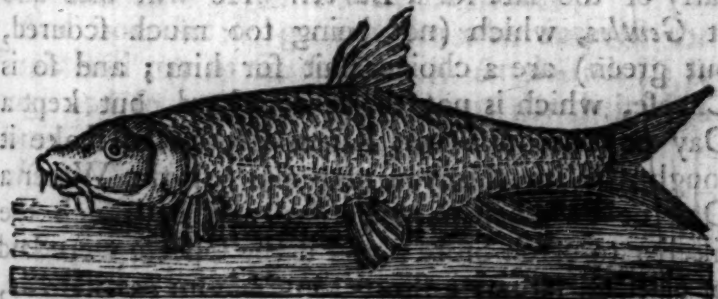
† Later Writers say it is in *August*.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 161

But, at the Approach of Winter, then he forsakes the swift Streams and shallow Waters, and by Degrees retires to those Parts of the River that are quiet and deeper; in which Places, and I think about that Time, they spawn; and, as I have formerly told you, the *ſhe*, with the Help of the *Militer*, hides her Spawn or Eggs in Holes, which they both dig in the Gravel, and then they mutually labour to cover it with the ſame, to prevent it from being devoured by other Fiſh.

There are ſuch Store of this Fiſh in the River *Danube*, that *Rondeletius* ſays they may, in ſome Places of it, and ſome Months of the Year, be taken with their Hands, eight or ten Load at a Time: He ſays, they begin to be good in *May*, and ceaſe to be ſo in *Auguſt*; but it is found to be otherwiſe in this Nation: But thus far we agree with him, that the Spawn of a *Barbel*, if it be not Poiſon, as he ſays, yet it is dangerous Meat *, eſpecially in the Month of *May*; which is ſo certain, that *Gefner* and *Gafius* declare it had ill Effects upon them, even to the endangering their Lives.

This Fiſh



is of a fine Caſt and handſome Shape, ſmall Scales, and placed after a moſt exact and curious Manner, and, as I told you, may be rather ſaid not to be ill, than

* His Liver is alſo reckoned unwholſome.

than to be good Meat; the *Chub* and he have, I think, both lost a Part of their Credit by ill Cookery, they being reputed the worst or coarsest of Fresh-Water-Fish. But the *Barbel* affords an Angler choice Sport, being a lusty and cunning Fish; so lusty and cunning, as to endanger the breaking of the Line, by running his Head forcibly towards any Covert, Hole, or Bank, and then striking at the Line, to break it off with his Tail, as is observed by *Plutarch* *; and also so cunning, to nibble and suck off your Worm close to the Hook, and yet avoid letting the Hook come into his Mouth.

§ * §

The *Barbel* is also curious for his Baits, that they be clean and sweet; that is to say, to have your Worms well scoured, and not kept in sour musty Moss, for he is a curious Feeder. At a well-scoured *Lob-worm* he will bite as holdly as at any Bait, especially, if the Night or two before you fish for him, you bait the Places where you intend to fish, with big Worms cut into Pieces. And note, that none did ever over-bait the Place, nor fish too early or too late for a *Barbel*. He will bite also at *Gentles*, which (not being too much scoured, but green) are a choice Bait for him; and so is Cheese, which is not to be too hard, but kept a Day or two in a wet Linen Cloth, to make it tough: With this you may also bait the Water a Day or two before you fish, and be much the likelier to catch Store; and if the Cheese were laid in clarified Honey a short Time before (as namely, an Hour or two) you were still the likelier to catch Fish. Some have directed to cut the Cheese into thin Pieces, and toast it, and then tie it on the Hook

* *De industria animalium.*

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 163

Hook with fine Silk; and some advise to fish for the *Barbel* with Sheep's-tallow and soft Cheese, beaten or worked into a Paffe, and that it is choicely good in *August*, and I believe it: But, doubtless, the *Lob-worm* well scoured, the *Gentle* not too much scoured, and Cheese ordered as I have directed, are Baits enough, and I think will serve in any Month; though I shall commend any Angler that tries Conclusions, and is industrious to improve the Art.



And now, my honest Scholar, the long Shower, and my tedious Discourse, are both ended together; and I shall give you but this Observation, that when you fish for a *Barbel*, your Rod and Line be both long, and of good Strength, for (as I told you) you will find him a heavy and a dogged Fish to be dealt withal, yet he seldom or never breaks his Hold if he be once struck. And if you would know more of fishing for the *Umber* and for *Barbel*, get into Favour with Doctor * *Spelden*, whose Skill is above others, and of that the Poor about him have a comfortable Experience.

And now let us go and see what Interest the *Trouts* will pay us for letting our Angle-rods lie so long, and so quietly in the Water, for their Use. Come, Scholar, which will you take up?

Vana. Which you think fit, Master.

Pis. Why, you shall take up that; for I am certain, by viewing the Line, it has a Fish at it— Look you, Scholar: Well done — Come now, take up the other too— Well, now you may tell my Brother *Peter* at Night, that you have caught
a Leash

* Afterwards Bishop; known for his public Benefactions.

a Leash of *Trouts* this Day. And now let us move toward our Lodging, and drink a Draught of red Cow's Milk as we go, and give pretty *Maudlin*, and her honest Mother, a Brace of *Trouts* for their Supper.

Vena. Master, I like your Motion very well, and I think it is now about Milking-time, and yonder they be at it.

Pis. God speed you, good Woman, I thank you both for our Songs last Night; I and my Companion have had such Fortune a Fishing this Day, that we resolve to give you and *Maudlin* a Brace of *Trouts* for Supper, and we will now taste a Draught of your red Cow's Milk.

Milkw. Marry, and that you shall with all my Heart, and I will be still your Debtor when you come this Way; if you will but speak the Word, I will make you a good *Syllabub* of new Verjuice, and you may sit down in a Haycock and eat it, and *Maudlin* shall sit by and sing you the good old Song of the Hunting in *Chevy-Chace*, or some other good Ballad, for she hath good Store of them. *Maudlin*, my honest *Maudlin*, hath a notable Memory; and she thinks nothing too good for you, because you are such honest Men.

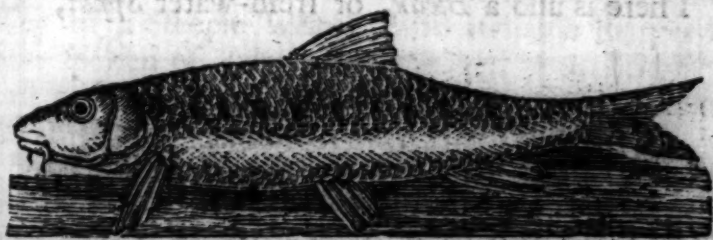
Vena. We thank you, and intend once in a Month to call upon you again, and give you a little Warning, and so good Night: Good Night, *Maudlin*. And now, good Master, let us lose no Time, but tell me somewhat more of fishing; and, if you please, first something of fishing for a *Gudgeon*.

Pis. I will, honest Scholar.

C H A P. XV.

Observations of the Gudgeon, the Ruff, and the Bleak, and how to fish for them.

THE *Gudgeon* is reputed a Fish of exquisite Taste, and to be very wholesome: He is of a fine Shape, of a Silver Colour, and beautiful with black Spots both on his Body and Tail. He breeds two or three Times in the Year, and always in Summer. He is commended for a Fish of excellent Nourishment: The *Germans* call him *Groundling*, by reason of his feeding on the Ground; and he there feasts himself in sharp Streams, and on the Gravel: He and the *Barbel* both feed so, and do not hunt for Flies at any Time, as most other Fish do. He is an excellent Fish to enter a young Angler, being easy to be taken with a small red Worm, on, or very near the Ground. He is one of those leather-mouthed Fishes that has his Teeth in his Throat, and will hardly be lost off from the Hook if he be once struck.



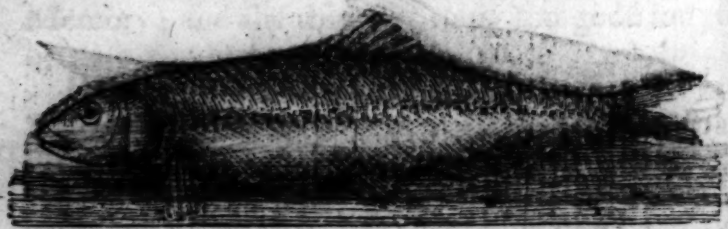
They are usually scattered up and down every River, in the Shallows in the Heat of Summer; but in Autumn, when the Weeds begin to grow sour or rot, and the Weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper Parts of the Water; and are to be fished for *there* with your Hook always touching the Ground, if you fish for him with a Float, or with a Cork: But many

many will fish for the *Gudgeon* by hand, with a running Line upon the Ground, without a Cork, as a *Trot* is fished for; and it is an excellent Way, if you have a gentle Rod, and as gentle a Hand.

There is also another Fish, called a *Pope*, and by some a *Raff*, a Fish that is not known to be in some Rivers; it is much like the *Pearch* for his Shape, and taken to be better, but will not grow to be bigger than a *Gudgeon*: He is an excellent Fish; no Fish that swims is of a pleasanter Taste, and he is also excellent to enter a young Angler, for he is a greedy Biter, and they will usually lie Abundance of them together in one reserved Place where the Water is deep, and runs quietly; and an easy Angler, if he has found where they lie, may catch forty or fifty, or sometimes twice so many, at a Standing.

You must fish for him with a small red Worm; and if you bait the Ground with Earth, it is excellent.

There is also a *Bleak*, or fresh-water *Sprat*,



a Fish that is ever in Motion, and therefore called by some the *River Swallow*; for just as you shall observe the *Swallow* to be most Everings in Summer ever in Motion, making short and quick Turns when he fails to catch Flies in the Air (by which he lives,) so does the *Bleak* at the Top of the Water. *Ausonius* would have him called *Bleak* from his whitish Colour: His Back is of a pleasant

pleasant sad sea-water Green, his Belly white and shining as the Mountain Snow; and, doubtless, though he have the Fortune (which Virtue has in poor People) to be neglected, yet the *Bleak* ought to be much valued, though we want *Alamot* Salt, and the Skill that the *Italians* have to turn them into *Anchovies*. This Fish may be caught with a Pater-noster Line; that is, six or eight very small Hooks tied along the Line one half Foot above the other: I have seen five caught thus at one time, and the Bait has been *Gemles*, than which none is better.

Or this Fish may be caught with a fine small artificial Fly, which is to be a very sad-brown Colour, and very small, and the Hook answerable *. There is no better Sport than whipping † for *Bleaks* in a Boat, or on a Bank, in the swift Water, in a Summer's Evening, with a Hazle-top about five or six Feet long, and a Line twice the Length of the Rod. I have heard Sir Henry Wotton say, there are many in *Italy* will catch *Swallows* so, or especially *Martins*, the Bird-angler standing on the Top of a Steeple with a Line twice so long as I have spoken of. And, let me tell you, Scholar, that both *Martins* and *Bleaks* are most excellent Meat.

And I have known a *Haw*, that did constantly frequent one Place, caught with a Hook baited with a big *Minnow*, or a small *Gudgeon*. The Line and Hook must be strong, and tied to some loose Staff, so big as the cannot fly away with it; a Line not exceeding two Yards.

CHAP.

* The common House Fly (of natural ones) succeeds as well as any.

† That is, throwing your Line out before you over your Head, in the Manner a Coach-rub is done.

C H A P. XVI.

Is of nothing, or that which is of nothing worth.

MY Purpose was to give you some Direction concerning *Roach* and *Dace*, and some other inferior Fish, which make the Angler excellent Sport; for you know there is more Pleasure in hunting the Hare, than in eating her: But I will forbear at this Time to say any more, because you see yonder comes our Brother *Peter*, and honest *Coridon*: But, I promise you, that as you and I fish and walk To-morrow towards *London*, if I have forgotten any thing that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

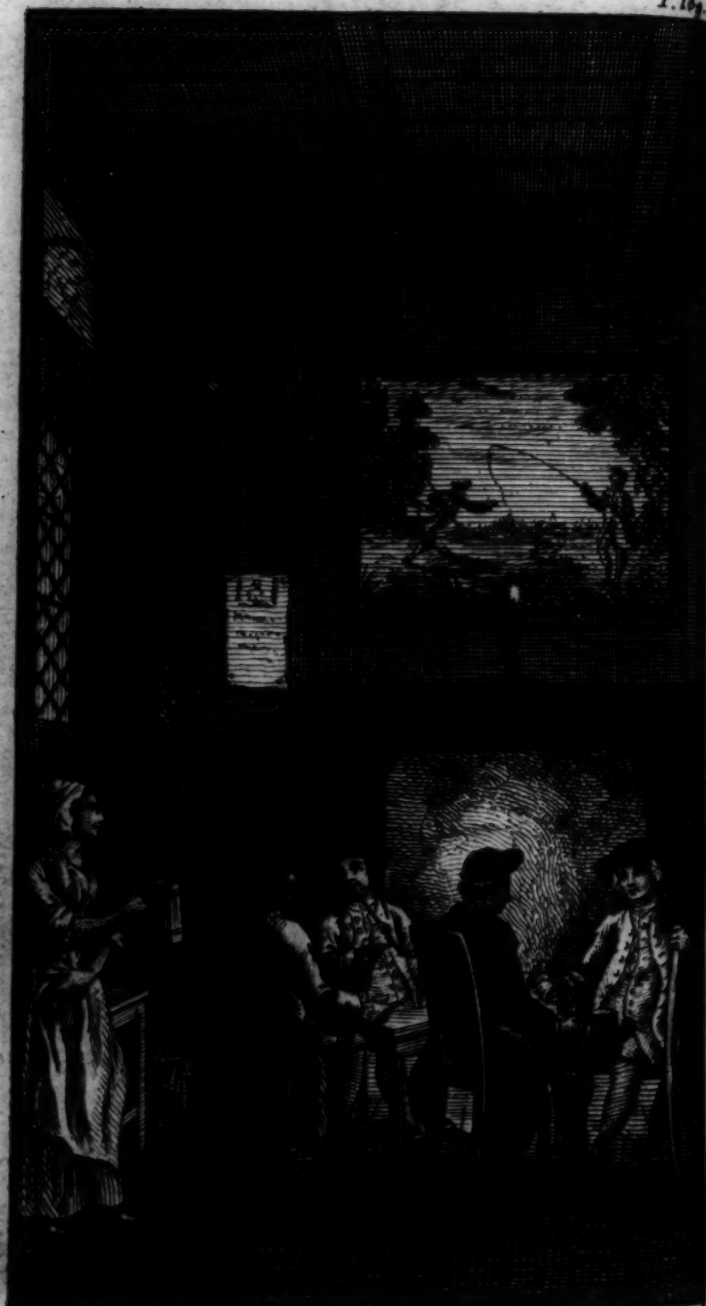
Well met, Gentlemen, this is lucky that we meet, so just together, at this very Door. Come, Hostess, where are you? Is Supper ready? Come, first give us Drink, and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well! Brother *Peter* and *Coridon*! To you both. Come, drink, and tell me *what Luck of Fish*: We two have caught but ten *Trouts*, of which my Scholar caught three; look, here's eight, and a Brace we gave away. We have had a most pleasant Day for fishing and talking, and are returned home both weary and hungry, and now Meat and Rest will be pleasant.

Pet. And *Coridon* and I have not had an unpleasant Day, and yet I have caught but five *Trouts*; for indeed we went to a good honest Ale-house, and there played at Shuffleboard; all the Time it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fished; and I am glad we are now with a dry House over our Heads, for hark! how it rains, and blows! Come, Hostess, give us more Ale, and our Supper with what Haste you may; and, when we have supped, let us have your Song, *Piscator*, and the Catch that your Scholar promised us, or else *Coridon* will be dogged.

Pis.

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H. Burgh Sculp.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 169

Pis. Nay, I will not be worse than my Word,
you shall not want my Song, and I hope I shall be
perfect in it.

Vena. And I hope the like for my Catch, which
I have ready too; and therefore let us go merrily
to Supper, and then have a gentle Touch at sing-
ing and drinking; but the last with Moderation.

Cor. Come, now for your Song, for we have
fed heartily. Hostess, lay a few more Sticks on
the Fire, and now sing when you will.

Pis. Well then, here's to you, *Coridon*, and
now for my Song.

PISCATOR'S SONG.

Oh the Fisher's gentle Life!

Happiest is of any;

'Tis full of Calmness, void of Strife,

And belov'd of many:

Other Joys

Are but Toys,

Only this

Harmless is,

For our Skill

Breeds no Ill,

But Content and Pleasure.

In a Morning up we rise,

Ere Aurora's peeping,

Drink a Cup to wash our Eyes,

Leave the Sluggard sleeping:

Then we go

To and fro,

With our Knacks

At our Backs,

To sweet Streams,

Lea or Thames,

To enjoy our Leisure.

H

When

When we please to walk abroad

For our Recreation,

In the Fields is our Abode,

Full of Delectation :

With a Book,

By a Brook,

Or a Lake,

Sitting take,

With Delight

Wait the Bite,

Till we Fish intangle.

We have Gentles in a Horn,

Flies and Paste, and Worms too ;

We can watch both Night and Morn,

Suffer Rain and Storms too :

None are here

Us'd to swear,

Oaths will fray

Fish away ;

We sit still,

Watch our Quill,

Fishers must not wrangle.

If the Sun's excessive Heat

Make our Bodies swelter,

To a fragrant Hedge we get,

For a friendly Shelter ;

Where in a Creek,

Gudgeon, Bleak,

As we like,

Pearch or Pike,

Roach or Dace,

Pleas'd we chace,

With our Sport contented.

Or we sometimes muse an Hour
 'Neath a trembling Willow,
 That repels the soft sweet Shower,
 Making Earth our Pillow;
 There we may
 Think and pray,
 E're cold Death
 Seize our Breath:
 Other Joys
 Are but Toys,
 And to be lamented.

JO. CHALKHILL.

Vena. Well sung, Master; this Day's Fortune and Pleasure, and this Night's Company and Song, do all make me more and more in love with Angling. Gentlemen, my Master left me alone for an Hour this Day, and I very believe he retired himself from talking with me, that he might be so perfect in this Song; was it not, Master?

Pis. Yes, indeed, for it is many Years since I learned it; and, having forgotten a Part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the Help of mine own Invention, who am not excellent at Poetry, as my Part of the Song may testify. But of that I will say no more, lest you should think I mean, by discommending it, to beg your Commendations of it; and therefore, without Reply, let us hear your Catch, Scholar, which I hope will be a good one, for you are both musical, and have a good Fancy to boot.

Vena. Marry, that you shall, as freely, as I would have my honest Master tell me some more Secrets of Fish and fishing, as we walk and fish towards London To-morrow. But, Master, first let me tell you, that that very Hour which you

were absent from me, I sat down under a Willow-tree by the Water-side, and considered what you had told me of the Owner of that pleasant Meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful Estate, and not a Heart to think so; and that he had at this Time many Law-suits depending, that both damped his Mirth, and took up so much of his Time and Thoughts, that he himself had not Leisure to take the sweet Content that I (who pretended no Title to them) took in his Fields; for I could there sit quietly, and, looking on the Water, see some Fishes sporting themselves in the silver Streams, others leaping at Flies of several Shapes and Colours; looking on the Hills, could behold them spotted with Woods and Groves; looking down the Meadows, could see here a Boy gathering *Lillies* and *Lady-smocks*, and there a Girl cropping *Culver-keys* and *Cowslips*, all to make Garlands suitable to this present Month of *May*: These, and many other Field-flowers, so perfumed the Air, that I thought that very Meadow like the Field in *Sicily* (of which *Diodorus* speaks) where the Perfumes arising from the Place, make all Dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and lose their hottest Scent: I say, as I thus sat joying in my own happy Condition, and pitying this *poor rich* Man that owned this, and many other pleasant Groves and Meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that *the Meek possess the Earth*; or rather, they enjoy what the other possess, and enjoy not; for Anglers, and meek, quiet-spirited Men, are free from those high, those restless Thoughts, which corrode the Sweets of Life; and they, and they only can say, as the Poet has happily expressed it.

Hail!

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 173

*Hail! blest'd Estate of Lowliness!
Happy Enjoyment of such Minds,
As rich in Self-contentedness,
Can, like the Reeds in roughest Winds,
By yielding, make that blow but small,
At which proud Oaks and Cedars fall.*

There came also into my Mind at that Time, certain Verses in Praise of a mean Estate and an humble Mind; they were written by *Phineas Fletcher* *, an excellent Divine and Angler, and the Author of excellent *Piscatory Eclogues*, in which you shall see the Picture of this good Man's Mind.

*His certain Life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand Sweets, and rich Content;
The smooth-leav'd Beeches in the Field receive him
With coolest Shade, till Noon-tide Heats be spent:
His Life is neither toss'd in boist'rous Seas,
Or the vexatious World, or lost in slothful Ease;
Pleas'd and full blest'd he lives, when he his God
can please.*

*His Bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet Sleeps,
While by his Side his faithful Spouse has Place;
His little Son into his Bosom creeps,
The lively Picture of his Father's Face:
Never his humble House or State torment him,
Less he could like, if less his God had lent him;
And, when he dies, green Turfs with grassy Tomb
content him.*

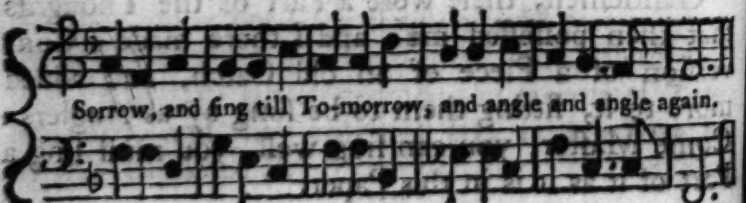
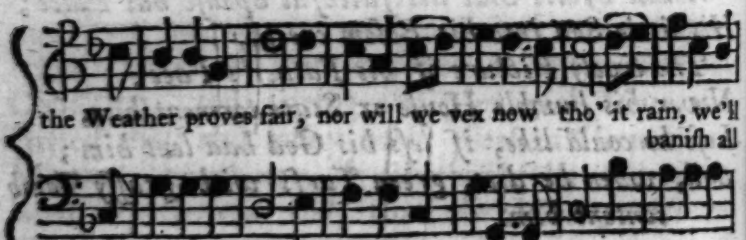
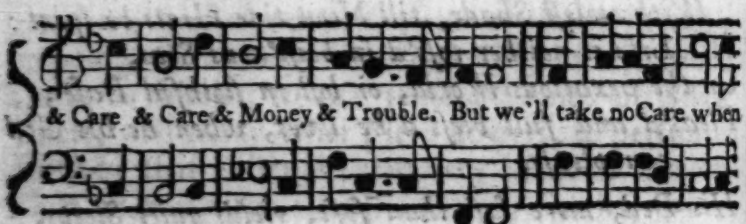
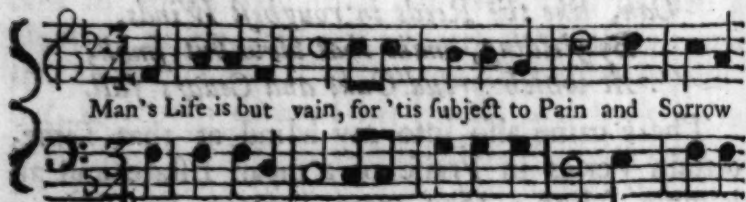
Gentlemen, these were a Part of the Thoughts that then possessed me; and I there made a Conversion of a Piece of an old Catch, and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us Anglers: Come Master, you can sing well, you must sing a Part of it as it is in this Paper.

H 3

The

* I have given some Account of this *Work*, and its *Author*, before my *Piscatory Eclogues*.

The ANGLER's CATCH.

*For Two Voices.**Set by Mr. H. Lawes.*

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 175

Pet. Ay marry, Sir, this is Musick indeed ; this has cheered my Heart, and made me remember six Verses in Praise of Musick, which I will speak to you instantly.

*Musick, miraculous Rhetorick ! speaking Sense
Without a Tongue, more sweet than Eloquence !
With what Ease might thy Errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as truly lov'd as thou'rt abus'd ?
But tho' dull Souls neglect, and some reprove thee,
I cannot hate, because the Angels love thee.*

Pis. Well remembered, Brother *Peter*, these Verses came seasonably. Come, we will all join together, mine Host and all, and sing my Scholar's Catch over again, and then each Man drink the other Cup, and to Bed, and thank God we have a dry House over our Heads.

Pis. Well, now good Night to every body.

Pet. And so say I.

Vena. And I.

Cor. Good Night to you all, and I thank you.

Pis. Good-morrow, Brother *Peter*, and the like to you, honest *Coridon*. Come, my Hostess says there is seven Shillings to pay ; let us each Man drink a Pot for his Morning's Draught, and lay down his two Shillings, that so my Hostess may not have Occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

Pet. The Motion is liked by every body ; and so, Hostess, here's your Money ; we Anglers are all beholding to you, it will not be long ere I will see you again. And now, Brother *Piscator*, I wish you and my Brother, your Scholar, a fair Day, and good Fortune — Come, *Coridon*, this is our Way.

C H A P. XVII.

*Of Roach and Dace, and how to fish for them;
and of Cadis.*

Vena. **G**OOD Master, as we go now towards London, be still so courteous as to give me more Instructions; for I have several Boxes in my Memory, in which I will keep them all very safe, there shall not one of them be lost.

Pis. Well, Scholar, that I will, and will hide nothing from you that I can remember, and may help you forward towards a Perfection in this Art. And because we have so much Time, and I have said so little of *Roach* and *Dace*, I will give you some Directions concerning them.

Some say the *Roach* is so called from *Rutilus*, which signifies red Fins: He is a Fish of no great Reputation for his dainty Taste, his Spawn is much better than any other Part of him. You may take Notice, that as the *Carp* is accounted the *Water-Fox* for his Cunning, so the *Roach* is stiled the *Water-Sheep* for his Simplicity or Foolishness. It is noted, that the *Roach* and *Dace* recover Strength, and grow in Season, in a Fortnight after spawning; the *Barbel* and *Chub* in a Month; the *Trout* in four Months; and the *Salmon* in like Time, if he gets into the Sea, and after into fresh Water.

Roaches are accounted much better in the River than in a Pond, though Ponds usually breed the biggest. But there is a Kind of bastard, small *Roach*, that breeds in Ponds, with a very forked Tail, and of a very small Size, which some say is bred by the *Bream* and right *Roach*; some Ponds are stored with these beyond Belief; and skilful Men know their Difference, and call them

Ruds;

Ruds *; they differ from the true *Roach*, as much as a *Herring* from a *Pilchard*; and these bastard Breed of *Roach* are now scattered in many Rivers, but I think not the *Thames*, which I believe affords the largest and fattest in this Nation, especially below *London-Bridge*. The *Roach* is a leather-mouthed Fish, and has a Kind of Saw-like Teeth in his Throat. And, lastly, let me tell you, the *Roach* makes an Angler excellent Sport, especially the great *Roaches* about † *London*, where I think

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there

* The Fish named so now by us, differs very much from this Description; is reckoned preferable to the *Roach*, and inferior to none of the first Rank. He is of a golden Colour, like a *Carp*, with Scales as large, his Tail a *light*, and Belly-Fins a *dark Red*; is from twelve to sixteen Inches long; the biggest weigh *two Pounds*; is broad, thick, strong-made, struggles hard, feeds usually near the Top of the Water, and is therefore taken with a *Fly*, or small *Red-worm*, and is always in Season, only worst in *April*, at spawning. It has been said, this Fish is peculiar to the *Yare*, *Norfolk*; but other Streams have them; as the *Roddon*, *Essex*, above *Ilford-Bridge*, and the *Ouse*, *Buckinghamshire*, in Plenty, where he is called a *Sbal-low*; *Wisbam*, *Lincolnshire*, and the *Thames* upwards. In some Places he is named a *Finscale*.

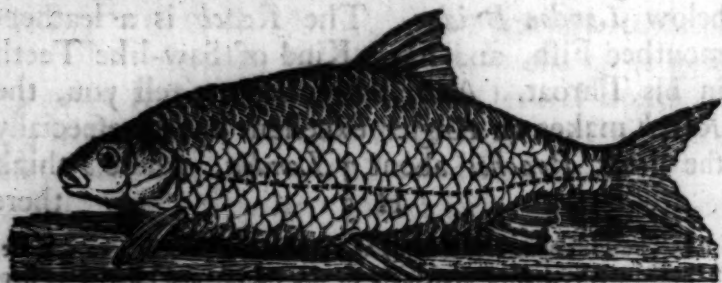
The *Red-Eye* is also another Species of *Roach*; made very like a *Bream*, but thicker, and measures about ten Inches. The Fins and Eyes are of a full red (from which last he has his Name) and his whole Body has a *reddish* Cast; is in all the former-mentioned Rivers, and many others; yields fine Sport, and is angled for as the *Roach*, *Rud*, and *Dace*: About the Roots of Trees is his chief Harbour; where, in *May*, they spawn.

† As Mr. *Walton* has said nothing of the Methods of *Thames* angling for *Roach* and *Dace*, it may not be improper to subjoin this little Account how this is practised about *London*. Any Waterman at the Stairs will provide you a Boat, with Rip-hooks, to fix it in the Middle of the Stream; and prepare your Ground-bait, which is of Bran and stale Bread, mixed in Balls, and thrown in, up the Stream, with Clay or small Stones within, sufficient to sink it speedily, and lodge it at the Bottom. Not more than three can conveniently fish in one Boat, which is usually hired at the Rate of Three-pence per Hour. Your Tackle must be strong, your Float large, and heavy-leaded, to sink the quicker. The constant Bait is a well-scoured *Gentle*, three at least on your Hook, which must swim ten or twelve Inches, at most, from the Bottom. The best Times are, from Half-ebb Tide, to within two Hours of High-Water;

there are the best *Roach* Anglers; and I think that the best *Trout* Anglers are in *Derbyshire*.

§ * §

You shall fish for this *Roach*,



in Winter, with *Paste* or *Gentles*; in April, with *Worms* or *Cadis*; in the very hot Months, with little

Water: And the best Places are, the whole Sand-bank in the Middle, facing the *Tower*; that opposite the *Temple*; before *White-hall*; and against *Chelsea Church*. At these Places you will find Plenty of Sport. Some, with very good Success, pick out some Stand upon the Shore, among the Chalk-stones at the Banks of the *Isle of Dogs*, near *Limehouse*, under the Wind-mills, and fish there in the same Manner, from Dead-ebb, till within an Hour or more of High-water, retiring backward as the Flood comes in. As the Soil is oozy and slippery, Care must be taken to chuse such a Place as you may securely retreat as the Tide advances.

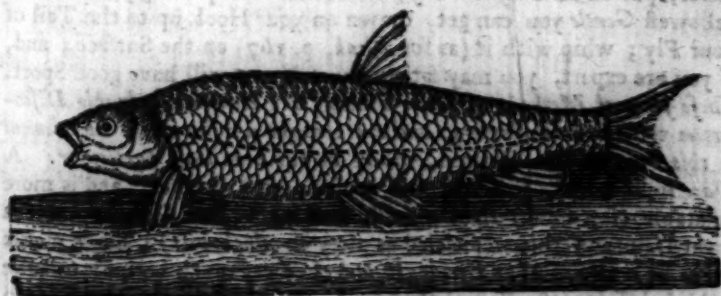
There is also another highly-approved Method of this Diversion Below-bridge, called *Stern-fishing*; by fastening a Boat at the Stern of any Collier or Vessel that has lately been a Voyage, and has her Bottom foul, which contains Insects and Food for the Fish; use about two Joints of your Rod at most, and a Line not longer than four Feet, your Float fixed within twelve Inches of the Top of it. Angle there with three or four *Gentles* on your Hook at a Time, and lay in as close to the Ship's Stern as you can, letting it swim about three Yards. In this you use no Ground-bait. You must begin when the Tide first ebbs, and for two Hours, at least, you will not fail of catching many Fish (*Roach* and *Dace*) and those very large ones.

In *Thames* Angling, you must beware that you make not your Attempt when there is a cold and raw Air, high Wind, rough Water, or wet Weather, or when there are Spring-tides, or the Land-floods come down. At the Chalk-hill, and about the Piles of *London-Bridge*, there is excellent Sport when the Tide is low. Be always careful to pitch your Boat on that Side of the River that is most under the Wind,

little white *Snails*, or with *Flies* under Water, for he seldom takes them at the Top, though the *Dace* will. In many of the hot Months, *Roaches* may also be caught thus: Take a *May* or an *Ant-fly*, sink him with a little Lead to the Bottom, near to the Piles or Posts of a Bridge, or near any Posts of a Weir; I mean any deep Place where *Roaches* lie quietly, and then pull your Fly up very leisurely, and usually a *Roach* will follow your Bait to the very Top of the Water, and gaze on it there, and run at it and take it, lest the Fly should get away from him.

I have seen this done at *Windsor* and *Henly* Bridges, and great Store of *Roach* taken, and sometimes a *Dace* or *Chub*. In *August*, you may fish for them with a Paste made only of the Crumbs of fine Bread, and tempered betwixt your Hands till it be both soft and tough too; a very little Water, Time and Labour, and clean Hands, will make it a most excellent Paste; but, when you fish with it, you must have a small Hook, a quick Eye, and a nimble Hand, or the Bait is lost, and the Fish too, if one may lose that which he never had. With this Paste you may, as I said, take both the *Roach* and the *Dace*, or *Dare* *,

for



* When you angle with a Float for *Dace* in the Deeps, it must be a very small one, that will require but one Shot to poise it. Your Hook and Line must be fine. Bait either with *House-flies*, *Caddis*, small

for they be much of a Kind in Matter of Feeding, Cunning, Goodness, and usually in Size; and, therefore, *observe this general Rule for some other Baits*

small *Red-worms*, or *Grasshoppers* with their Legs off, and fish not deeper than two or three Feet at most; conceal yourself as much as possible if you expect any Sport, for the *Dace* is most like the *Trout* of any Fish, in his Shyness and Fear. Strike nimbly as soon as he bites. In the *Tbames*, you fish for him eight Inches from the Bottom, and use a Ground-bait, as in the Directions for the *Roach*. On a shallow gravelly Scour, use the Running-line, with Paste, Worms, or Gentles.

If you angle in a River where two Mill-streams are going at the same Time, let it be in the Eddy between them. If the Water proves deep, put within a Foot of the Bottom; but if shallow, which is best (of two, not exceeding three Feet Depth) then bait with three large *Gentles*, use a Cork Float, and place it a Foot and an Half at most from the Hook: Have a quick Eye, and strike at the very first Bite. If any large *Dace* are in the Mill-pool, you will be sure to meet with them here.

At Top-water use the *Flesh-fly* (none equals *this*) or the small *Houfe-fly*. Have a Cane Rod, of seventeen Feet in Length, your Line somewhat longer, to which fasten three or four Hooks, with single Hair-links, not above four Inches long. In a Summer's Evening, go to the smoothest Part at the End of a Mill-stream, where they will rise freely, especially in that Part where the Sun does not shine. This Sport will continue as long as you have Light to see your Flies; and you may take two or three at a Time. The *Ant-fly* is advised *here* in a Morning, or on a Scour, before the Sun comes on the Water.

When the Stream is high, and rises almost to the Bank of the River, put on an *artificial Fly*, called the *Caterpillar-fly*, with the yellowest *Gentle* you can get, drawn on your Hook up to the Tail of your Fly; whip with it (as for *Bleak*, p. 167) on the Surface; and, if you are expert, you may satisfy yourself you will have good Sport. *These several Methods of Dace-fishing, are reckoned valuable Discoveries with modern Anglers, and are thought necessary as a Supplement to this Part of Mr. Walton, where he has been least particular.* A *Dace* fresh taken, scotched and broiled, eats sweeter, and is more palatable (say some) than a fresh *Herring*. The *Italians* make a great Dainty of them (pickled as they do *Anchovies*): Some pickle them *be e* also, just as *Herrings*, and they eat much better; or bake (which dissolve the Bones) then beat, and pot them down as you do Beef. *Scor'd* so by any Fish, or a Mixture together, and much commend it. They are largest, fattest, and best in *February* or *March*, which is a little before they spawn. The Spawn of a *Dace* is counted but indifferent, whereas that of a *Roach* (found about *May*) is esteemed an excellent Dish.

Baits which may concern you to take Notice of. They will bite almost at any Fly, but especially at *Ant-flies*; concerning which take this Direction, for it is very good:

Get the blackish *Ant-fly* out of the Mole-hill, or Ant-hill, in which Place you shall find them in the Month of *June*; or, if that be too early in the Year, then doubtless you may find them in *July*, *August*, and most of *September*; gather them alive with both their Wings, and then put them into a Glass that will hold a Quart; but first put into the Glass a Handful or more of the moist Earth out of which you gather them, and as much of the Roots of the Grass of the said Hillock, and then put in the Flies gently, that they lose not their Wings: Lay a Clod of Earth over it, and then so many as are put into the Glass without bruising, will live there a Month or more, and be always in a Readiness for you to fish with; but, if you will have them keep longer, then get any great earthen Pot, or Barrel of three or four Gallons, which is better; wash your Barrel with Water and Honey, and having put into it a Quantity of Earth and Grass-roots, put in your Flies, and cover it, and they will live a Quarter of a Year; these, in any Stream and clear Water, are a deadly Bait for *Roach* or *Dace*, or for a *Chub*; and your Rule is, to fish not less than a Handful from the Bottom.

I shall next tell you a Winter-bait for a *Roach*, a *Dace*, or *Chub*, and it is choicely good. About *All-hollantide* (and so till Frost comes) when you see Men plowing up heath or sandy Ground, or Greenfords, then follow the Plough, and you shall find a white Worm, as big as two Maggots; it hath a red Head (you may observe in what Ground most are, for there the Crows will be very watchful,

watchful, and follow the Plough very close) it is all soft, and full of whitish Guts; a Worm that is in *Norfolk*, and some other Counties, called a *Grub*, and is bred of the Spawn or Eggs of a *Beetle*, which she leaves in Holes that she digs in the Ground under Cow or Horse-dung, and there rests all Winter, and in *March* or *April* comes to be first a red, and then a black *Beetle*. Gather a thousand or two of these, and put them, with a Peck or two of their own Earth, into some Tub or Firkin, and cover them so warm, that the Frost or cold Winds kill them not; you may keep them all Winter, and kill Fish with them at any Time; and, if you put some of them into a little Earth and Honey a Day before you use them, you will find them an excellent Bait for *Bream* or *Carp*.

After this Manner you may also keep *Gentles* all Winter; which is a good Bait then, and much the better for being lively and tough; or you may breed and keep *Gentles* thus: Take a Piece of Beast's Liver, and with a cross Stick hang it in some Corner, over a Pot or Barrel half full of dry Clay, and, as the *Gentles* grow big, they will fall into the Barrel and scour themselves, and be always ready for use whensoever you incline to fish: These *Gentles* may be thus made till after *Michaelmas*. But if you desire to keep them to fish with all the Year, then get a dead Cat or Kite, let it be Fly-blown, and when the *Gentles* begin to be alive and stir, bury it and them in moist Earth, but as free from Frost as you can; these you may dig up at any Time when you intend to use them; they will last till *March*, and about that Time turn to Flies.

But if you are nice to foul your Fingers (which good Anglers seldom are) then take this Bait:

Get

Get a Handful of well-made Malt, and put it into a Dish of Water, wash and rub it betwixt your Hands till you make it clean, and as free from Husks as you can; then put that Water from it, and put a small Quantity of fresh Water to it, and set it in something that is fit for that Purpose over the Fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leisurely, and very slowly, till it become somewhat soft, which you may try by feeling it betwixt your Finger and Thumb; when it is soft, put your Water from it, and take a sharp Knife, and turning the sprout End of the Corn upward, with the Point of your Knife take the back Part of the Husk off from it, yet leaving a kind of inward Husk on the Corn, or else it is marred, and then cut off that sprouted End, I mean a little of it, that the White may appear, and so pull off the Husk on the cloven Side, as I directed you; then cut off a very little of the other End, that so your Hook may enter, and if your Hook be small and good, you will find this to be a very choice Bait either for Winter or Summer, you sometimes casting a little of it into the Place where your Float swims.

And to take the *Roach* and *Dace*, a good Bait is the young Brood of *Wasps* and *Bees*, if you dip their Heads in Blood; very good for *Bream*, especially if they are baked or hardened in their Husks in an Oven, after the Bread is taken out of it, or on a Fire-shovel; so also is the thick Blood of *Sheep*, being half dried on a Trencher, that you may cut it into such Pieces as may best fit the Size of your Hook; and a little Salt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worse, but better. This is taken to be a choice Bait if rightly ordered.



There

There be several Oils of a strong Smell that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt Fish to bite; of which I could say much, but I remember I once carried a small Bottle from Sir *George Hastings* to Sir *Henry Wotton*, they were both chemical Men, as a great Present it was sent, and received, and used with great Confidence; and yet, upon Enquiry, I found it did not answer the Expectation of Sir *Henry*, which, with the Help of this and other Circumstances, makes me have little Belief in such Things as many Men talk of; not but that I think Fishes both smell and hear, as I have expressed in my former Discourse. But there is a mysterious Knack, which, though it be much easier than the Philosopher's Stone, yet is not attainable to common Capacities, or else lies locked up in the Brain or Breast of some chemical Man, that, like the *Resuscitants*, will not yet reveal it. But I stepped by chance into this Discourse of Oils and Fishes smelling, and though there might be more said, both of it, and of Baits for *Roach* and *Dace*, and other Float-Fish, yet I will forbear it at this Time, and tell you, in the next Place, how you are to prepare your Tackle: Concerning which, I will, for Sport-sake, give you an old Rhime out of an old fish Book, which will be a Part, and but a Part, of what you are to provide.

*My Rod and my Line, my Float and my Lead,
My Hook and my Plummets, my Whetstone and Knife,
My Basket, my Baits, both living and dead,
My Net and my Meat, for that is the chief;
Then I must have Thread, and Hairs green and small,
With mine angling Pouch, and so I have all.*

But

But you must have all these, and twice so many more; with which, if you mean to be a Fisher, you must store yourself *.

Vena. Then, good Master, I pray let us meet the ninth of *May* next, about two of the Clock, and I will want nothing that a Fisher should be furnished with.

Pis. Well, and I will not fail you, God willing at the Time appointed.

Vena. I thank you, good Master, and I will not fail you: And, good Master, tell me what Baits more you remember, for it will not now be long ere we shall be at *Tottenham-high-cross*; and, when we come thither, I will make you some Requital of your Pains, by repeating as choice a Copy of Verses, as any we have heard since we met together; and that is a proud Word, for we have heard very good ones.

Pis. Well, Scholar, and I shall be as glad to hear them; and I will tell you whatsoever comes in my Mind, that I think may be worth your hearing.

§ * §

You may make another choice Bait thus: Take a Handful or two of the best and biggest Wheat you can get, boil it in a little Milk, as *Frumety* is made, till it be soft, then fry it very leisurely with Honey, and a little beaten Saffron dissolved in Milk, and you will find this a choice Bait, and good, I think, for any Fish, especially for *Roach*, *Dace*, *Chub*, or *Greyling*: I know not but that it may be as good for a *River Carp*, and especially if the Ground be a little baited with it.

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You

* I have heard, that the Tackling hath been prized at Fifty Pounds in the Inventory of an Angler. Mr. *Walton's* own Note.

You are also to know, that there are divers Kinds of *Cadis* or *Cafe-worms*, that are to be found in this Nation in several distinct Counties, and in several little Brooks that relate to different Rivers; as namely, one *Cadis* called a *Piper*, whose Husk or Cafe is a Piece of Reed about an Inch long, or longer, and as big about as the Compass of a Two-pence; these Worms being kept three or four Days in a Woollen Bag, with Sand at the Bottom of it, and the Bag wet once a Day, will in three or four Days turn to be yellow; these are a choice Bait for the *Chub*, or indeed for any great Fish, for it is a large Bait.

There is also a lesser *Cadis-worm*, called a *Cockspur*, being in Fashion like the Spur of a Cock, sharp at one End; and the Cafe or House in which this dwells, is framed of small Husks or Gravel, or Slime, most curiously made of these, even so as to be wondered at, but not to be wrought by Man; no more than a *King-fisher's* Nest can, which is made of little Fishes Bones, and have such a geometrical Interweaving and Connexion, as the like is not to be done by Art. This Kind of *Cadis* is a choice Bait for any Float-Fish; it is much less than the *Piper-Cadis*, and to be so ordered, that these may be so preserved ten, fifteen, or twenty Days, or it may be longer.

There is also another *Cadis*, called by some a *Straw-worm*, and by others a *Ruff-coat*, whose House or Cafe is made of little Pieces of Bents, Rushes, Straws, and Water-weeds, and I know not what, which are so knit together with condensed Slime, that they stick about her Husk or Cafe not unlike the Bristles of a *Hedge-Hog*. These three *Cadews* are commonly taken in the
Beginning

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 187

Beginning of Summer *, and are good indeed to take any Kind of Fish with Float or otherwise. I might tell you of many more, which as these do early, so those have their Time of turning to be Flies later in Summer; but I might lose myself, and tire you by such a Discourse; I shall therefore but remember you, that to know these, and their several Kinds, and to what Flies every particular *Cadis* turns, and then how to use them, first as they be *Cadis*, and then as they be Flies, is an Art; and an Art that every one that professes to be an Angler has not Leisure to search after, and, if he had, is not capable of learning.

I will tell you, Scholar, several Countries have several Kinds of *Cadisses*, that indeed differ as much as Dogs do; that is to say, as much as a very Cur and a Greyhound. These are usually bred in the very little Rills or Ditches that run into bigger Rivers; and I think a more proper Bait for those very Rivers, than any other. I know not how, or of what this *Cadis* receives Life, or what coloured Fly it turns to; but, doubtless, they are the Death of many *Trouts*.

§ * §

And this is one killing Way: Take one, or more if need be, of these large yellow *Cadis*, pull off his Head, and with it pull out his black Gut, put the Body (as little bruised as is possible) on a very little Hook, armed on with a red Hair, which will shew like the *Cadis Head*, and a very little thin Lead, so put upon the Shank of the Hook, that

* By feeling against the Sides of Posts or Boards, or Rushes, about a Foot under Water, where they cling, and look like Bits of rotten Sticks or Reeds. You will see them lie thick by the Sides in Shallows, on the Sand, in any little Creeks or Ditches nigh the River. Use a Cleft-stick (as see p. 188.)

that it may sink presently; throw this Bait thus ordered (which will look very yellow) into a Hole where a *Trout* is, and he will presently venture his Life for it, 'tis not to be doubted, if you be not espied, and that the Bait first touch the Water before the Line; and this will do best in the stillest Water.



Next, let me tell you, I have been much pleased to walk quietly by a Brook, with a little Stick in my Hand, with which I might easily take these, and consider the Curiosity of their Composure; and, if you shall ever like to do so, then note, that your Stick must be cleft, or have a Nitch at one End of it; by which Means you may with Ease take many of them in that Nitch out of the Water, before you have any Occasions to use them. These, my honest Scholar, are some Observations told to you as they now come suddenly into my Memory; of which you may make some Use: But, for the practical Part, it is that that makes an Angler; it is Diligence and Observation, and Practice, and an Ambition to be the best in the Art, that must do it. I must tell you, Scholar, I once heard one say, *I envy not him that eats better Meat, nor that is richer, or that wears better Cloaths than myself: I envy no body but him, and him only, that catchèd more Fish than I do.* And such a Man is like to prove an Angler: And this noble Emulation I wish to you, and all young Anglers.

C H A P. XVIII.

Of the Minnow or Penk, of the Loach; and of the Bull-head, or Miller's-thumb.

Pif. **T**H E R E are also three or four other little Fish that I had almost forgot, that are all without Scales, and may for Excellency of Meat be compared to any Fish of greatest Value, and largest Size. They are usually full of Eggs, or Spawn, all the Months of Summer; for they breed often, as 'tis observed Mice, and many of the smaller four-footed Creatures of the Earth do; and as those, so these come quickly to their full Growth and Perfection. And it is needful that they breed both often and numerously; for they are (besides other Accidents of Ruin) both a Prey, and Baits for other Fish. And first, I shall tell you of the *Minnow* or *Penk*.

The *Minnow* hath, when he is in perfect Season, and not sick (which is only presently after spawning) a Kind of dappled or waved Colour, like a *Panther*, on his Sides, inclining to a greenish and sky Colour, his Belly being Milk-white, and his Back almost black, or blackish. He is a sharp Biter at a small Worm, and in hot Weather makes admirable Sport for young Anglers, or Boys, or Women that love that Recreation; and, in the Spring, they make of them delicious *Minnow-Tansies*: For, *being washed well in Salt, their Heads and Tails cut off, and their Guts taken out, they prove excellent for that Use, being fried with Yolks of Eggs, the Flowers of Cowslips and of Primroses, and a little Tansy.*

The *Loach* is, as I told you, a most dainty Fish; he breeds and feeds in little and clear swift Brooks and Rills, and lives there upon the Gravel, and in
the

the sharpest Streams: He grows not to be above a Finger long, and no thicker than is suitable to that Length. This *Loach*

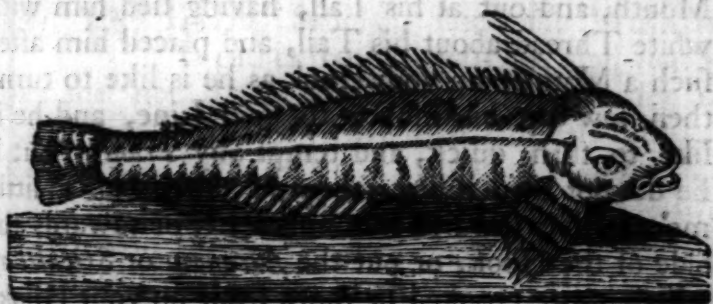


is of the Shape of an *Eel*: He has a Beard, or Wattels, like a *Barbel*; he has two Fins at his Sides, four at his Belly, and one at his Tail; he is dappled with many black or brown Spots; his Mouth is *Barbel*-like under his Nose; is usually full of Eggs, or Spawn; and is by *Gesner*, and other learned Physicians, commended for great Nourishment, and to be very grateful both to the Palate and Stomach of sick Persons. He is to be fished for with a very small Worm at the Bottom, for he seldom or never rises above the Gravel, on which I told you he usually gets his Living.

The *Miller's-thumb*, or *Bull-head*, is a Fish of no pleasing Shape. He is by *Gesner* compared to the *Sea-toad-fish*, for his Similitude and Shape. It has a Head big and flat, much greater than suitable to his Body; a Mouth very wide, and usually gaping. He is without Teeth, but his Lips are very rough, much like to a File. He hath two Fins near his Gills, which are roundish, or crested, two under the Belly, two on the Back, one below the Vent, and the Fin of his Tail is round. Nature has painted the Body of this Fish with whitish, blackish, and brownish Spots. They are usually full of Spawn all the Summer, which swells their Vents

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 191

Vents almost in the Form of a Dug. They begin to spawn about *April*, and, as I told you, do so several Months in the Summer; and, in the Winter, the *Minnow*, *Loach*, and *Bull-head*, dwell in the Mud, as the *Eel* doth, or we know not where; no more than we know where the *Cuckoe* and *Swallow*, and other Summer-Birds, which first appear to us in *April*, spend their cold, Winter, melancholy Months. This *Bull-head*



usually dwells and hides himself in Holes, or amongst Stones in clear Water; and, in very hot Days, will lie a long Time very still, and Sun himself, and will be easy to be seen upon any flat Stone, or Gravel; at which Time he will suffer an Angler to put a Hook, baited with a small Worm, very near his Mouth, and he never refuses to bite, nor indeed to be caught by the worst of Anglers. *Matthiolus* commends him much more for his Taste and Nourishment, than for his Shape or Beauty.

There is also a little Fish called a *Sticklebag*; a Fish without Scales, but hath his Body fenced with several Prickles. I know not where he dwells in Winter, nor what he is good for in Summer, but only to make Sport for Boys and Women-Anglers, and to feed other Fish of Prey, as *Trouts* in particular,

cular, who will bite at him as at a Penk, and better, if your Hook be rightly baited with him, for he may be so placed, as his Tail, turning like the Sail of a Wind-mill, will make him move more quick than any *Minnow* can, for the nimble Turning of that is the Perfection of *Minnow*-fishing.

§ * §

To which End, if you put your Hook into his Mouth, and out at his Tail, having tied him with white Thread about his Tail, and placed him after such a Manner on your Hook as he is like to turn; then sew up his mouth to your Line, and he is like to turn quick, and tempt any *Trout*: But if he do not turn quick, then place his Tail a little more or less towards the inner Part, or towards the Side of the Hook, or put the *Minnow* or *Sticklebag* a little more crooked or more strait on your Hook, till it will turn both true and fast; and then doubt not but to tempt any great *Trout* that lies in a swift Stream. And the *Loach* that I told you of will do the like; no Bait is more tempting, provided the *Loach* be not too big.

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And now, Scholar, with the help of this fine Morning, and your patient Attention, I have said all that my present Memory will afford me concerning most of the several Fish that are usually fished for in fresh Waters.

Ven. But, Master, you have by your former Civility, made me hope that you will make good your Promise, and say something of the several Rivers that are of most Note in this Nation; and also of Fish Ponds, and the ordering of them; and do it, I pray, good Master, for I love any Discourse

course of Rivers, and Fish, and fishing; the Time spent in such Discourse, passes away very pleasantly.

CHAP. XIX.

*Of several Rivers *, and some Observations of Fish.*

Pis. WELL, Scholar, since the Ways and Weather both favour us, and that we yet see not *Tottenham-Cross*, you shall see my Willingness to satisfy your Desire. And first, for the Rivers of this Nation: There are (as you may note out of *Dr. Heylin's Geography*, and others) in Number 325; but those of the chiefest Note he describes as followeth:

The chief is *Thamisis*, compounded of two Rivers, *Thame* and *Isis*; whereof the former, rising somewhat beyond *Thame*, in *Buckinghamshire*, and the latter in *Cirencester*, in *Gloucestershire*, meet together about *Dorchester*, in *Oxfordshire*; the Issue of which happy Conjunction is the *Thamisis*, or *Thames*. Hence it flieth betwixt *Berks*, *Buckinghamshire*, *Middlesex*, *Surry*, *Kent*, and *Essex*, and so weddeth himself to the *Kentish Medway*, in the very Jaws of the Ocean. This glorious River feels the Violence and Benefit of the Sea more than any River in *Europe*, ebbing and flowing twice a Day, more than sixty Miles; about whose Banks are so many fair Towns and princely Palaces, that a *German Poet* thus truly spake:

I

Tot

* *Mr. Walton* intended here, no more than a very succinct Account of those *six*, which are called the principal Rivers.

Tot campos, &c.

*We saw so many Woods and princely Bowers,
Sweet Fields, brave Palaces, and stately Towers,
So many Gardens dress'd with curious Care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.*

2. The second River of Note is *Sabrina*, or *Severn*: It hath its Beginning in *Plinlimmon-hill*, in *Montgomeryshire*, and his End seven Miles from *Bristol*, washing in the mean Space the Walls of *Shrewsbury*, *Worcester*, and *Gloucester*, and divers other Places and Palaces of Note.

3. *Trent*, so called for thirty Kinds of Fishes that are found in it, or that it receiveth thirty * lesser Rivers; who having his Fountain in *Staffordshire*, and gliding through the Counties of *Nottingham*, *Lincoln*, *Leicester*, and *York*, augmenteth the turbulent Current of *Humber*, the most violent Stream of all this Isle. The *Humber* is not, to say Truth, a distinct River, having a Spring-head of his own, but rather the Mouth, or *Æstuarium*, of divers Rivers here meeting and confluent together; namely, the *Darwent*, *Ouse*, and *Trent*; and changeth his Name into this of *Humber*.

4. *Medway*, a *Kentish* River, famous for harbouring the Royal Navy.

5. *Tweed*, the North-east Bound of *England*; on whose Banks is seated the strong and impregnable Town of *Berwick*.

6. *Tine*, famous for *Newcastle*, and her inexhaustible Coal-pits. These, and the rest of principal Note, are thus comprehended in one of Mr. *Drayton's Sonnets*.

The

* From *Triginta*, thirty.

P. I. Contemplative Man's Recreation. 195

*The Floods-Queen Thames, for Ships and Swans is
crown'd,*

And stately Severn for her Shore is prais'd;

The crystal Trent for Fords and Fish renown'd,

And Avon's Fame to Albion's Cliffs is rais'd.

Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee,

York many Wonders of her Ouse can tell:

The Peak her Dove, whose Banks so fertile be;

And Kent will say her Medway doth excell.

Cotswool commends her His to the Thame,

Our Northern Borders boast of Tweed's fair Flood:

Our Western Parts extol their Willies Fame,

*And the old Lea brags of the Danish * Blood.*

These Observations are out of learned Doctor Heylin, and my old deceas'd Friend Michael Drayton; and because you say you love such Discourses as these of *Rivers*, and *Fish* and *fishing*, I love you the better, and love the more to impart them to you: Nevertheless, Scholar, if I should begin but to name the several Sorts of strange Fish that are usually taken in many of these Rivers that run into the Sea, I might beget Wonder in you, or Unbelief, or both; and yet I will venture to tell you a real Truth concerning one lately dissected by Doctor Wharton, a Man of great Learning and Experience, and of equal Freedom to communicate it; one that loves me and my Art; one to whom I have been beholden for many of the choicest Observations that I have imparted to you. This good Man, that dares do any thing rather than tell an Untruth, did, I say, tell me he lately dissected one strange Fish; and he thus described it to me:

* The Danes came up the River Lea, in Vessels, as far as Duro-litum (now Low-Layton) in invading England.

He was almost a Yard broad, and twice that Length; his Mouth wide enough to receive or take into it the Head of a Man; his Stomach seven or eight Inches broad. He is of a slow Motion, and usually lies or lurks close in the Mud, and has a moveable String on his Head, about a Span, or near a Quarter of a Yard long; by the moving of which (which is his natural Bait) when he lies close and unseen in the Mud, he draws other smaller Fish so close to him, that he can suck them into his Mouth, and so devours them.*

And, Scholar, do not wonder at this; for besides the Credit of the Relator, you are to note, many of these, and Fishes which are of the like, and more unusual Shapes, are very often taken on the Mouths of our Sea-Rivers, and on the Sea-Shore: And this will be no Wonder to any that have travelled *Egypt*, where 'tis known the famous River *Nile* does not only breed Fishes that yet want Names, but the Overflowing of that River, by the Help of the Sun's Heat on that fat Slime which that River leaves on the Banks, when it falls back into its natural Channel, strange Beasts are also bred, that no Man can give a Name to, as *Grotius* † and others have observed.

But whither am I strayed in this Discourse? I will end it by telling you, that at the Mouth of some of these Rivers of ours, *Herrings* are so plentiful, as namely, near to *Yarmouth*, in *Norfolk*; and, in the West Country, *Pilchards* so very plentiful, as you will wonder to read what our learned *Cambden* relates of them in his *Britannia*, P. 178, 186.

Well,

* This agrees with the Account given before, Chap. i. p. 22, of the *Cuttle-Fish*.

† In his *Sopham*.

Well, Scholar, I will stop here, and tell you what, by Reading and Conference, I have observed concerning Fish-Ponds.

C H A P. XX.

*Of Fish-Ponds, and how to order them *.*

DOCTOR Lebault, the learned Frenchman, in his large Discourse of *Mason Rustique*, gives this Direction for making of Fish-Ponds; I shall refer you to him to read it at large, but I think I shall contract it, and yet make it as useful.

He advises, that, when you have drained the Ground, and made the Earth firm where the Head of the Pond must be, that you must then in that Place, drive in two or three Rows of Oak or Elm Piles, which should be scorched in the Fire, or half

I 3 burnt,

* I shall transcribe a Remark on this Head, that deserves very much the Attention of the Public. It is surprising (says my Author) that, considering the Benefit which will accrue from making Fish-Ponds, it is not more generally practised. For, besides furnishing the Table, and raising Money, the Value of the Land would be vastly improved, and be worth more this Way, than any other whatsoever. — For, suppose a Meadow to be worth Forty Shillings per Acre, four Acres, converted into a Pond, will return, every Year, a thousand fed Carp, from the least Size, to fourteen or fifteen Inches long, besides Pike, Pearch, Tench, and other Fish. The Carp alone, may be reckoned to bring (one with another) Six-pence, Nine-pence, and perhaps Twelve-pence a Piece, amounting, at the lowest Rate, to Twenty-five Pounds, and, at the highest, to Fifty; which would be a very considerable, as well as useful Improvement. And the more so, as the worst Land, and least useful, such as *beathy*, and inclinable to be *moorish*, and fullest of Springs, that has a Drain at the Bottom, or from the Sides of a Hill, and would fetch (scarcely) nothing for other Uses, is the best for this Purpose: Which is a very particular Circumstance, that inherits Consideration.

There is a well-wrote, valuable little Pamphlet (if to be met with) printed about the Year 1720, for Edmund Curl, in the Strand, intitled, *A Discourse of Fish and Fish-Ponds, by a Person of Honour*, highly worth the perusing.

burnt, before they be driven into the Earth (for being thus used, preserves them much longer from rotting) and having done so, lay Faggots or Bavins of smaller Wood betwixt them, and Earth betwixt and above them, and, having first very well rammed them and the Earth, use another Pile in like Manner as the first were: And note, that the second Pile is to be of, or about the Height that you intend to make your Sluice or Flood-gate, or the Vent that you intend shall convey the Overflowing of your Pond into any Flood that shall endanger the breaking of the Pond-Dam.

Then he advises, that you plant Willows or Osiers about it, or cast in Bavins in some Places not far from the Side, and in the most sandy Places, for Fish both to spawn upon, and to defend them and the young Fry from the many Fish, Ducks, and Vermin that lie at watch to destroy them, especially the Spawn of the *Carp* and *Tench*.

He and *Dubravius*, and all others, advise that you make Choice of such a Place for your Pond, that it may be refreshed with a little Rill, or with Rain-water running or falling into it; by which, Fish are more inclined both to breed, and are also refreshed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much sweeter and more pleasant Taste.

It is observed, that such Pools as be large, and have most Gravel, and Shallows where Fish may sport themselves, afford Fish of the purest Taste: And, in all Pools, it is best for Fish to have some Retiring-place*, as namely, hollow Banks, Shelves, or Roots of Trees, to keep them from Danger, and,

* A small square Pit is best, of three Feet deep, dug in the Middle of the Pond, with four strong Stakes drove in the Ground, and a Cover of Wood fastened above. It provides the Fish a Retreat, and would tear any Net, thrown in, to Pieces.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 199

and, when they think fit, from the extreme Heat of Summer, as also from the Extremity of Cold in Winter. And note, that if many Trees be growing about your Pond, the Leaves thereof falling into the Water, makes it nauseous to the Fish, and the Fish to be so to the Eater of it.

It is noted, that the *Tench* and *Eel* love Mud, and the *Carp* loves gravelly Ground, and, in the hot Months, to feed on Grass. You are to cleanse your Pond, if you intend either Profit or Pleasure, once every three or four Years, especially some Ponds; then let it lie dry six or twelve Months, both to kill the Water-weeds, as *Water-lillies*, *Candocks*, *Reate*, and *Bull-rushes*, that breed there; and also, that as these die for Want of Water, so Grass may grow on the Pond's Bottom, which *Carps* will eat greedily in all the hot Months, if the Pond be clean. The letting your Pond dry, and sowing Oats in the Bottom, is also good, for the Fish feed the faster: And, being some Time let dry, you may observe what Kind of Fish either increases or thrives best in that Water; for they differ much both in their breeding and feeding.

Lebault also advises, that if your Ponds be not very large and roomy, - that you often feed your Fish, by throwing into them Chippings of Bread, Curds, Grains, or the Entrails of Chickens, or any Fowl or Beast that you kill to feed yourselves; for these afford Fish a great Relief. He says, that Frogs * and Ducks do much Harm, and devour both the Spawn and the young Fry of all Fish, especially of the *Carp*: And I have, besides Experience, many Testimonies of it. But *Lebault* allows Water-Frogs to be good Meat, especially in some Months, if they be fat. But you are to note, that

he is a *Frenchman*, and we *English* will hardly believe him, though we know Frogs are usually eaten in his Country: However, he advises to destroy them and *King-fishers* out of your Ponds, and not to suffer much shooting at wild Fowl, for that, he says, affrightens, harms, and destroys the Fish.

Note, that *Carps* and *Tench* thrive and breed best, when no other Fish is put with them into the same Pond; for all other Fish devour their Spawn, or at least the greatest Part of it. And Clods of Grass thrown into a Pond, feed any *Carps* in Summer; and Garden-earth and Parsley thrown in, recovers and refreshes the sick Fish. And note, that when you store your Pond, you are to put into it two or three *Milters* for one *Spawner*, if you put them into a Breeding-Pond; but if into a Nurse-Pond, or Feeding-Pond, in which they will not breed, then no Care is to be taken, whether there be most male or female *Carps*.

It is observed, that the best Ponds to breed *Carps*, are those that are stony or sandy, and are warm, and free from Wind, and that are not deep, but have Willow-trees and Grass on their Sides, over which the Water does sometimes flow: And note, that *Carps* do more usually breed in Marle-Pits, or Pits that have clean clay Bottoms, or in new Ponds, or those that lie dry a Winter-Season, than in old Ponds, that are full of Mud and Weeds.

Well, Scholar, I have told you the Substance of all that either Observation or Discourse, or a diligent Survey of *Dubravius* and *Lebault* hath told me. Not that they, in their long Discourses, have not said more; but most of the rest are such common

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 201
mon Observations, as if a Man should tell a good
Arithmetician, that twice two is four — I will
therefore end this Discourse, and we will sit down
and rest us.

C H A P. XXI.

*Directions for making a Line, and for the colouring
of both Rod and Line.*

Pis. **W**ELL, Scholar, I have held you too
long about these *Cadews*, and smaller
Fish, and *Rivers*, and *Fish-Ponds*, and my Spirits
are almost spent, and so I doubt is your Patience:
But being we are now almost at *Tottenham*, where
I *first met you*, and where *we are to part*, I will
lose no Time; but give you a little Direction how
to make and order your Lines, and to colour the
Hair of which you make them, for that is very
needful to be known by an Angler; and also how
to paint your Rod, especially your Top; for a right
grown Top is a choice Commodity, and should be
preserved from the Water soaking into it, which
makes it in wet Weather to be heavy, and fish ill-
favouredly, and not true, and also it rots quickly
for want of painting; and I think a good Top is
worth preserving, or I had not taken Care to keep
one above twenty Years.

§ * §

But first for your Line.

Take Care that your Hair be round and clear,
and free from Galls, Scabs, or Frets; for a well-
chosen, even, clear, round Hair, of a Kind of
Glass-colour, will prove as strong as three uneven
scabby

scabby Hairs that are ill chosen, and full of Galls and Unevenness. You shall seldom find a black Hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; and, therefore, if you get a Lock of right, round, clear, Glass-coloured Hair, make much of it.

And, for making your Line, observe this Rule: Let your Hair be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; then chuse not only the clearest Hair for it, but Hairs that are of an equal Bigness, for such usually stretch all alike, and not break singly one by one (and so deceive the *Angler* that trusts to them) but all together.

When you have twisted your Links, lay them in Water for a Quarter of an Hour at least, then twist them over again before you tie them into a Line; for those that do not do so shall usually find their Lines to have a Hair or two shrunk, and shorter than the rest, at the first fishing with them, which is so much of the Strength of the Line lost, for want of first watering, and then re-twisting it; and this is most visible in a Seven-hair-line, one of which hath always a black Hair in the Middle.

For dying of your Hairs, do it thus:

Take a Pint of strong Ale, Half a Pound of Soot, a little Quantity of the Juice of Walnut-tree Leaves, and an equal Quantity of Allum; put these together into a Pipkin, boil them Half an Hour, and, being cold, put your Hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn to a Kind of Water or Glass-colour, or greenish; and, the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be. You might be taught to make many other Colours, but it is to little Purpose; for, doubtless, the Water or Glass-coloured Hair is the most choice
and

and useful for an Angler ; but let it not be too green.

But, if you desire to colour Hair greener, take a Quart of small Ale, and Half a Pound of Allum ; put these into a Pipkin, and your Hair with them, boil it softly for Half an Hour, and take out your Hair, and let it dry ; then take a Pottle of Water, put into it two Handfuls of Marigolds, cover it with a Tile, and boil this softly for Half an Hour, about which Time the Scum will turn yellow ; then put into it Half a Pound of Copperas beaten small, and with it the Hair you intend to colour ; let the Hair be boiled softly till Half the Liquor be wasted, then let it cool three or four Hours with your Hair in it : And you are to observe, that the more Copperas you put into it, the greener it will be ; but, doubtless, the pale Green is best. But if you desire yellow Hair (which is only good when the Weeds rot) put in the more Marigolds, and abate most of the Copperas, or leave it out, and take a little Verdegrease instead of it.

And for painting your Rod, which must be in Oil, first make a Size with Glue and Water boiled together, till the Glue be dissolved, and the Size of a Lie-colour ; then strike your Size upon the Wood with a Brush whilst it is hot ; *that* being quite dry, take White-lead, a little Red-lead, and a little Coal-black, so much as when mixed will make an Ash-colour ; grind these all together with Linseed Oil, let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the Wood with a Pencil ; this do for the Ground of any Colour to lie upon Wood.

For a GREEN, take *Pink* and *Verdegrease*, and grind them together in Linseed Oil, as thin as you well can, then lay it smoothly on with your Brush, and drive it thin ; once doing, for the most

most Part, will serve, if you lay it well, and if twice, be sure your first Colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second.



Well, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your Rod, and we having still a Mile to *Tottenham High-crofts*, I will, as we walk towards it, in the cool Shade of this sweet *Honeysuckle-hedge*, mention to you some of the Thoughts and Joys that have possessed my Soul since we two met together. And these Thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in *Thankfulness*, to the Giver of every good and perfect Gift, for our Happiness: And, that our present Happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more *thankful for it*, I will beg you to consider with me, how many do, even at this very Time, lie under the Torment of the *Stone*, the *Gout*, and *Tooth-ach*; and this we are free from. And *every Misery that I miss is a new Mercy*: And, therefore, let us be *thankful* — There have been, since we met, others that have had Disasters of broken Limbs; some have been blasted; others Thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other Miseries that threaten Human Nature: Let us, therefore, rejoice and be *thankful*. Nay, which is a far greater Mercy, we are free from the unsupportable Burthen of an accusing, tormenting Conscience; a Misery that none can bear: And, therefore, let us praise Him for his preventing Grace, and say, *Every Misery that I miss, is a new Mercy* — Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty Times our Estates, that would give the greatest Part of them to be healthful and chearful, like us; who, with the Expence of a little Money, have

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 205

have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely ; and rose next Day, and cast away Care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again : Which are Blessings rich Men cannot purchase with all their Money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich Neighbour, that is always so busy, that he has no Leisure to laugh ; the whole Business of his Life is to get Money — and more Money, that he may — still get more and more Money ; he is still drudging on, and says, that *Solomon* says, *the diligent Hand maketh rich* ; and it is true indeed. But he considers not, that it is not in the Power of Riches to make a Man happy : For it was wisely said, by a Man of great Observation, *That there be as many Miseries beyond Riches, as on this Side them.* And yet God deliver us from pinching Poverty, and grant, that, having a Competency, we may be content *and thankful.* Let not us repine, or so much as think the Gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with Riches, when, as God knows, the Cares that are the Keys that keep those Riches, hang often so heavily at the rich Man's Girdle, that they clog him with weary Days and restless Nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the Outside of the rich Man's Happiness ; few consider him to be like the *Silk-worm*, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same Time, spinning her own Bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich Men do, loading themselves with corroding Cares, to keep what they have (probably) unscionably got *. Let us, therefore, *be thankful* for Health and a Competence ; and, above all, for a quiet Conscience.

Let

* See p. 172.

Let me tell you, Scholar, that *Diogenes* walked on a Day with his Friend, to see a *Country Fair*, where he saw *Ribbons*, and *Looking-glasses*, and *Nut-crackers*, and *Fiddles*, and *Hobby-horses*, and many other *Gim-cracks*; and having observed them, and all the other *Finnimbruns* that make a compleat *Country Fair*, he said to his Friend, *Lord! how many things are there in this World of which Diogenes hath no need!* And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves, to get what they have no need of — Can any Man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his Life happy? No, doubtless! For Nature is content with a little; and yet you shall hardly meet with a Man that complains not of some Want, though he indeed wants nothing but his Will, it may be, nothing but his Will of his poor Neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: And thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create Trouble to ourselves — I have heard of a Man, that was angry with himself because he was no taller: And of a Woman that broke her *Looking-glass*, because it would not shew her Face to be as young and handsome as her next Neighbour's was. And I knew of another, to whom God had given Health and Plenty, but a Wife that Nature had made peevish, and, her Husband's Riches, had made *Purse-proud*; and must because she was rich (and for no other Virtue) sit in the highest Pew in the Church: Which being denied her, she engaged her Husband into a Contention for it, and at last into a Law-suit with a dogged Neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a Wife as peevish and *Purse-proud* as the other. And this Law-suit begot higher Oppositions,

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 207

Oppositions, and actionable Words, and more Vexations and Law-suits: For you must remember, that both were rich, and must therefore have their Wills. Well, this wilful *Purse-proud* Law-suit lasted during the Life of the first Husband; after which, his Wife vexed and chid — and chid and vexed — till she also chid and vexed herself into her Grave: And so the Wealth of these poor rich People was cursed into a Punishment, because they wanted *meek and thankful Hearts*; for those only can make us happy — I knew a Man that had Health and Riches, and several Houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and Family to be removing from one House to another; and being asked by a Friend, why he removed so often from one House to another? replied, *it was to find Content in some one of them*: But his Friend, knowing his Temper, told him, if he would find Content in any of his Houses, he must *leave himself behind him*: For Content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet Soul. And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour speaks in St. *Matthew's Gospel* *: For he there says — *Blessed be the Merciful, for they shall obtain Mercy — Blessed be the pure in Heart, for they shall see God — Blessed be the poor in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven*; and — *Blessed be the Meek, for they shall possess the Earth* — Not that the *Meek* shall not also *obtain Mercy, and see God, and be comforted*, and at last come to the *Kingdom of Heaven*; but, in the mean Time, *he* (and *he* only) *possesses the Earth*, as he goes towards that Kingdom of Heaven, by being humble and chearful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining,

* Chap. v.

repining, vexatious Thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more Honour, or more Riches, than his wife God has allotted for his Share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented Quietness; such a Quietness, as makes his very Dreams pleasing both to God and himself.

My honest Scholar, all this is told to incline you to Thankfulness. And, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the Prophet *David* was guilty of *Murder* and *Adultery*, and many other of the most deadly Sins, yet he was said to be a *Man after God's own Heart*; because he abounded more with *Thankfulness* *, than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his Book of *Psalms*; where there is such a Commixture of his confessing of his Sins and Unworthiness, and such *Thankfulness* for God's Pardon and Mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a *Man after his own Heart*: And let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can — let not the Blessings we receive daily from God, make us not to value, or not praise him, because they *be common* — let not us forget to praise him, for the innocent Mirth and Pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind Man give, to see the pleasant Rivers and Meadows, and Flowers and Fountains, that we have met with since we met together? — I have been told, that if a Man that was born blind could obtain to have his Sight for but only one Hour, during his whole Life, and should, at the first opening of his Eyes, fix his Sight upon the Sun

* Or rather (as the *Holy Ghost* gives the Reason, *Acts* xiii. 22.) *who shall fulfill all my Will*; in Contra-Distinction to *Saul*. See the Verse before, Ver. 21.

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 209

Sun when it was in his Glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the Glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his Eyes from that first ravishing Object, to behold all the other various Beauties this World could present to him. And this, and many other like Blessings, we enjoy daily; and for most of them, *because they be so common*, most Men forget to pay their Praises; but *let not us!* because it is a Sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that Sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us Flowers and Showers, and Stomachs and Meat, and Content, and Leisure to go a fishing.

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and I fear more than almost tired you: But I now see *Tottenham High-cross*, and our short Walk thither, shall put a Period to my too long Discourse; in which my Meaning was, and is, to plant that in your Mind, with which I labour to possess my own Soul; that is, *a meek and thankful Heart*. And, to that End, I have shewed you, that Riches, without them, do not make any Man happy. But let me tell you, that Riches, with them, remove many Fears and Cares; and therefore my Advice is, that you *endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor*; but be sure that your Riches be justly got, or you spoil all: For it is well said by *Gaussin*, *He that loses his Conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping*; therefore, be sure you look to that. And, in the next Place, look to your Health; and, if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good Conscience: For Health is the second Blessing that we Mortals are capable of, a Blessing that Money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be *thankful for it*. As for Money
(which

(which may be said to be a third Blessing) neglect it not; but note, that there is no *Necessity* of being rich: For I told you, *there be as many Miseries beyond Riches, as on this Side them*; and, if you have a Competence, enjoy it with a meek, chearful, thankful Heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave Divine say, that *God has two Dwellings; one in Heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful Heart*. Which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest Scholar! — And so you are welcome to *Tottenham High-crofs*.

Vena. Well, Master, I thank you for all your good Directions, but for none more than this last of *Thankfulness*, which I hope I shall never forget — And pray let us now rest ourselves in this sweet shady Arbour, which Nature herself has woven with her own fine Fingers; it is such a Contexture of *Woodbines, Sweet-briar, Jessamine, and Myrtle*, and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the Sun's violent Heat, and from the approaching Shower; and, being sat down, I will requite a Part of your Courtesies with a Bottle of *Sack, Milk, Oranges, and Sugar*, which all put together, make a Drink like *Nectar*, indeed too good for any but us *Anglers*: And so, Master — here is a full Glas to you of that Liquor; and, when you have pledged me, I will repeat the Verses which I promised you. It is a Copy printed amongst some of Sir *Henry Wotton's*, and, doubtless, made either by him, or by a Lover of angling — Come, Master, now drink a Glas to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my Repetition: It is a Description of such *Country Recreations* as I have enjoyed since I had the Happiness to fall into your Company.

Trembling

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 211

*Trembling Fears, Heart-rending Cares,
Anxious Sighs, repining Tears,*

*Fly, fly to Courts,
Fly to fond Worldlings Sports,
Where strain'd Sardonic Smiles are glosing still,
And Grief is forc'd to laugh against her Will.
Where Mirth's but Mimickry,
And Sorrows only real be.*

*Fly from our Country Pastimes, fly,
Sad Troops of human Misery.
Come serene Looks!
Clear as the crystal Brooks,
Or the pure azur'd Heaven, that smiles to see
The rich Attendants on our Poverty:
Peace, and a tranquil Mind,
Which all Men seek, we only find.*

*Deluded Mortals, did you know
Where Joy, Heart's-ease and Comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud Towers,
And seek them in these Bowers,
Where Winds sometimes our Woods, perhaps, may shake,
But blust'ring Care could never Tempest make,
Nor Murmurs ere come nigh us,
Saving of Fountains that glide by us.*

*Here's no fantastic Mask nor Dance,
But of our Kids that frisk and prance;
Nor Wags are seen,
Unless upon the Green
Two harmless Lambs are butting one the other:
Which done, both bleating run, each to his Mother,
And Wounds are never found,
But what the Plough-share gives the Ground.*

Here

*Here is no entrapping Bait
 To hasten on too hasty Fate,
 Unless it be
 The fond Credulity
 Of silly Fish, which (Worldling like) still look
 On the false Bait, but never at the Hook :
 Nor envy, save among
 The Birds, for Price of their sweet Song.*

*Go, let the diving Negro seek
 For hidden Gems, each lonesome Creek :
 We all Pearls scorn,
 But what the dewy Morn
 Congeals upon each little Spire of Grass,
 Which careless Shepherds beat down as they pass :
 And Gold ne'er here appears,
 Save what the yellow Ceres bears.*

*Blest silent Groves, oh may you be
 For ever Mirth's best Nursery !
 May pure Contents
 Their lasting Tenements
 Fix on these Downs, these Meads, these Rocks,
 these Hills ;
 And Peace still slumber by these purling Rills :
 Which we may every Year
 Meet, when we come a fishing here.*

Pis. Trust me, Scholar, I thank you heartily
 for these Verses, they be choicely good, and,
 doubtless, made by a Lover of angling — Come,
 now drink a Glass to me, and I will requite you
 with another very good Copy. It is a Farewel to
 the Vanities of the World, and some say written by
 Sir Harry Wotton too, who, I told you, was an ex-
 cellent Angler : But, let them be writ by whom
 they

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 213

they will, he that writ them had a brave Soul, and must needs be possessed with happy Thoughts at the Time of their Composure.

*Farewel, ye gilded Follies, pleasing Troubles ;
Farewel, ye honour'd Rags, ye glorious Bubbles :
Fame's but a hollow Eccho, Gold pure Clay,
Honour the Flutterer but of one short Day.
Beauty (th' Eyes Idol) but a damask'd Skin ;
State but a golden Prison to live in,
And torture free-born Minds — Embroider'd Trains ;
Meerly, but Pageants for proud-swelling Veins :
And Blood ally'd to Greatness, is alone
Inherited, no Merit of our own.* [Birth,

*Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Train, Blood, and
All are but fading Blossoms of the Earth.*

*I would be Great, but that the Sun doth still
Point his full Ray against the rising Hill :
I would be High, but see the proudest Oak
Most subject to th' uprending Thunder-Stroke :
I would be Rich, but Love of Wealth I find,
Digs out the Bowels of the richer Mind :
I would be Wise, but that I often see
The Fox suspected, whilst the Sheep goes free :
I would be Fair, but see the Fair and Proud
(Like the bright Sun) oft setting in a Cloud :
I would be Poor, but know the humble Grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy Ass :
Rich hated : Wise suspected : Scorn'd if Poor :
Great fear'd : Fair tempted : High still env'y'd more :
I have wish'd all ; but now I wish for neither ;
Great, High, Rich, Wise, nor Fair : Poor I'll
be rather.*

*Wou'd the World now adopt me for her Heir ;
Wou'd Beauties Queen entitle me the Fair ;*

Fame

*Fame speak me Fortune's Darling — cou'd I vie
With India's Treasures — with a speaking Eye
Command bare Heads — bow'd Knees — strike
Justice dumb*

*(As well as blind and lame) or give a Tongue
To Stones by Epitaphs — be call'd GREAT MASTER!
In the loose Rhimes of each vain Poetaster —
Cou'd I be more than any Man that lives,
Great, Fair, Rich, Wise! — in all Superlatives:
Yet — I more freely wou'd these Gifts resign
Than ever Fortune wou'd have made them mine,
And hold one Minute of this holy Leisure,
Beyond the Riches of this empty Treasure.*

*Welcome, pure Thoughts! Welcome, ye silent Groves!
These Guests, these Courts, my Soul most dearly loves.
Now the wing'd People of the Sky shall sing
My chearful Anthems to the gladsome Spring.
A Prayer-book now shall be my Looking-glass,
In which I will adorn sweet Virtue's Face.
Here dwell no hateful Looks, no Palace Cares,
No broken Vows dwell here, nor palid Fears:
Then here I'll sit and mourn my hot Love's Folly,
And learn t' affect an holy Melancholy;
And if Contentment be a Stranger, then
I'll ne'er look for her, but in Heaven again.*

Vena. Well, Master, these Verses be worthy to
keep a Room in every Man's Memory. I thank
you for them; and I thank you for your many In-
structions, which (God willing) I will not forget.
And as St. *Austin* in his Confessions *, commemo-
rates the Kindness of his Friend *Verecundus*, for
lending him and his Companion a Country-house,
because there they rested and enjoyed themselves
free

* Lib. iv. cap. 3.





H. Burgh Sculp^t

free from the Troubles of the World; so, having had the like Advantage, both by your Conversation, and the Art you have taught me, I ought ever to do the like: For, indeed, your Company and Discourse have been so useful and pleasant, that I may truly say, *I have only lived since I enjoyed them, and turned Angler, and not before.* Nevertheless — here I must part with you! — here, in this now sad Place, where I was so happy at first to meet you! — But I shall long for the ninth of *May*, for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved Company, at the appointed Time and Place. — And now I wish for some *somniferous Potion*, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted Time, which will pass away with me as *tediously* as it does with Men in Sorrow! Nevertheless — I will make it as short as I can, by my Hopes and Wishes: And, my good Master, I will not forget the Doctrine which you told me *Socrates* taught his Scholars, *That they should not think to be honoured so much for being Philosophers, as to honour Philosophy by their virtuous Lives.* You advised me to the like concerning *Angling*, and I will endeavour to do so, and to live like those many worthy Men, of which you made mention in the former Part of your Discourse. This is my firm Resolution: And, as a pious Man advised his Friend, *That, to beget Mortification, he should frequent Churches, and view Monuments and Charnel-houses, and then and there consider, how many dead Bones Time had piled up at the Gates of Death;* so when I would beget Content, and increase Confidence in the *Power*, and *Wisdom*, and *Providence* of Almighty God, I will walk the Meadows by some gliding Stream, and there contemplate the *Lillies*, that take no Care, and those very-

very-many other various, little living *Creatures*, that are not only created, but fed (Man knows not how) by the Goodness of the God of Nature; and, therefore, trust in him. This is my Purpose; and so — *Let every thing that hath Breath praise the Lord!* And let the Blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine!

Pis. And upon all that are Lovers of *Virtue*, and dare trust in his *Providence*, and be quiet, and go an *angling*.

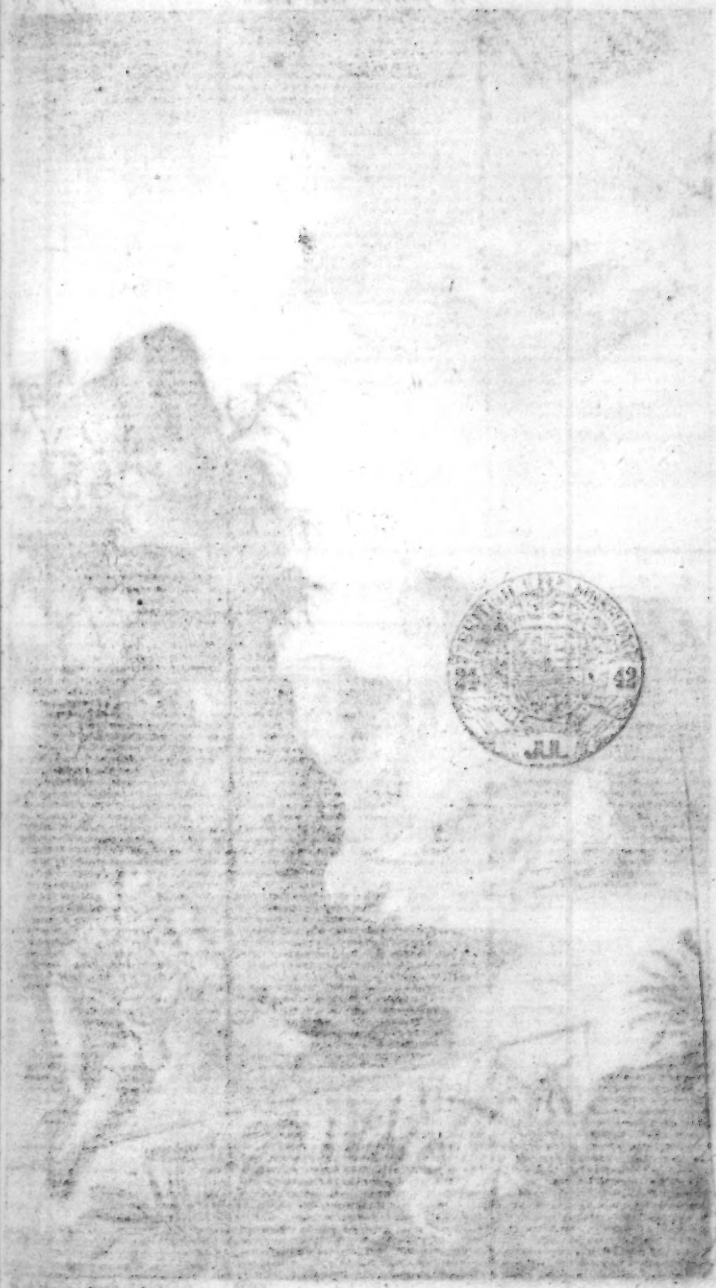
Study to be quiet, 1 Thess. iv. 11.

The End of the First Part.



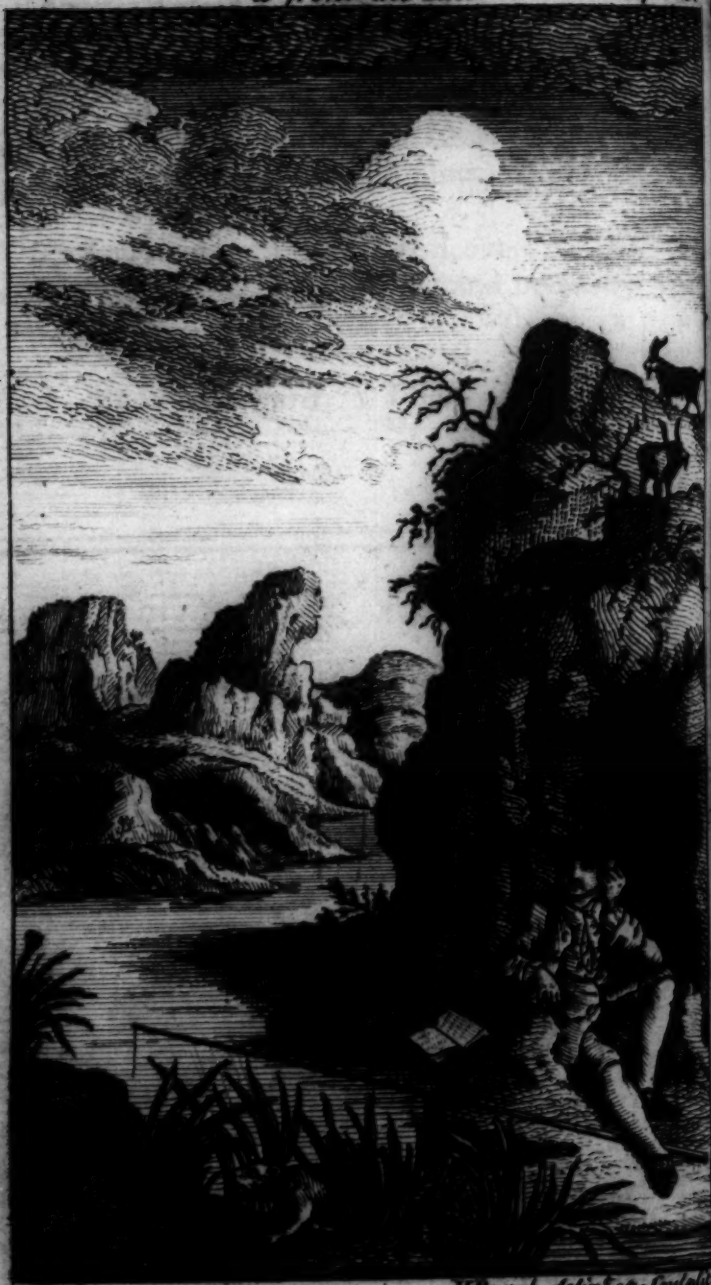
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H. Burgh delin. et sculpit.

Pri

THE
Compleat ANGLER.

BEING

INSTRUCTIONS how to angle
for a TROUT or GRAYLING in
a clear Stream.

PART II.

By CHARLES COTTON, of Berisford
in the Peak, Esq;

The Third EDITION, *improved with Notes, &c.*



*Qui mihi non credit, faciat licet ipse periculum:
Et fuerit scriptis æquior ille meis.*

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by HENRY KENT, at the Printing-
Office in *Finch-Lane*, near the *Royal Exchange*. MDCCLIX.

THE

GOVERNMENT

OFFICE

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
LAND OFFICE

PART I

THE LAND OFFICE

OFFICE

THE LAND OFFICE



THE LAND OFFICE

To my most Worthy

FATHER and FRIEND

Mr. ISAAC WALTON
the Elder.

SIR,

BEING you were pleased, some Years past,
to grant me your free Leave to do what
I have here attempted; and observing, you
never retract any Promise when made in Fa-
vour even of your meanest Friends; I accordingly
expect to see these following particular Di-
rections for the taking of a Trout, to wait
upon your better and more general Rules for
all sorts of Angling. And though mine be
neither so perfect, so well digested, nor indeed
so handsomely couched as they might have been,
in so long a Time as since your Leave was
granted, yet I dare affirm them to be generally
true. And they had appeared too in something
a neater Dress, but that I was surprised
with the hasty News of a sudden New Edition
of your COMPLEAT ANGLER. So that ha-
ving but little more than ten Days to turn me in
and rouse up my Memory (for in Truth I have
not, in all this long Time, done any thing,
though I have often thought upon it, and at

THE EPISTLE Dedicatory.

*most as often resolved to go presently about it) I was forced on the Instant to scribble what I here present you: Which I have also endeavoured to accommodate to your own Method. And if mine be clear enough for the honest Brothers of the Angle readily to understand (which is the only thing I aim at) then I have my End, and I shall make no farther Apology: A Writing of this Kind not requiring, if I was Master of any such thing, any Elegance to set it off and recommend it. So that if you in your better Judgment (or Kindness rather) can allow it passable for a thing of this Nature, you will then do me Honour if the Cypher * fixed and carved in the Front of my little Fishing-House, may be here explained: And to permit me to attend you in Public, who in Private have ever been, am, and ever resolve to be,*

S I R,

Your most affectionate

Berisford, March

10, 167⁸.

Son and Servant,

CHARLES COTTON.

* Mr. Walton, to whose Care was committed the publishing this Edition (as by his Letter at the End will appear) has done this in a Note, p. 240. The Cypher bearing the initial Letters, interwoven, of both their Names, viz. Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton.

T H E



THE

Compleat ANGLER:

O R,

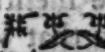
Contemplative Man's Recreation.

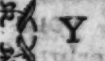
PART II.

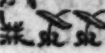
CHAP. I.

The Interview, and Conference on a Journey.

PISCATOR, jun. and VIATOR.

Pis.  YOU are happily overtaken Sir!

 Y may a Man be so bold as to inquire

 how far you travel this Way?

Via. Yes sure, Sir, very freely ;
though it be a Question I cannot
well resolve you ; not knowing myself how far it is to
Ashborn, where I intend to Night to take up my Inn.

Pis. Why then, Sir, since I perceive you to be
a Stranger in these Parts, I shall take upon me to
inform you, that from the Town you last came
through, called *Brelsford*, it is five Miles ; and you
are not yet above half a Mile on this Side.

Via. So much ! I was told it was but ten Miles
from *Derby* ; and methinks I have rode almost so
far already.

Pis. Oh ! Sir, find no Fault with large Measure
of good Land, which *Derbyshire* abounds in, as
much as most Counties of *England*.

Via. It may be so, and good Land I confess affords a pleasant Prospect; but, by your good Leave, Sir, large Measure of *foul Way*, is not altogether so acceptable.

Pis. True, Sir, but the *foul Way* serves to justify the Fertility of the Soil, according to the Proverb, *There is good Land where there is foul Way*; and is of good Use, to inform you of the Riches of the Country you are come into, and of its continual Travel and Traffick to the Country-Town you came from; which is also very observable by the Fulness of its Road, and the laden Horses you meet every where upon the Way.

Via. Well, Sir, I will be content to think as well of your Country as you would desire; and I shall have a great deal of Reason, both to think and to speak very well of *you*, if I may obtain the Happiness of your Company to the fore-mentioned Place; provided your Affairs lead you that Way, and that they will permit you to slack your Pace out of Complacency to a Traveller, utterly a Stranger in these Parts; and who am still to wander further out of my Knowledge.

Pis. Sir, you invite me to my own Advantage; and I am ready to attend you; my Way lying through that Town, but my Business, that is my Home, some Miles beyond it: However, I shall have Time enough to lodge you in your Quarters, and afterwards to perform my own Journey. In the mean Time, may I be so bold as to enquire the End of your Journey.

Via. 'Tis into *Lancashire*, Sir, and about some Business of Concern to a near Relation of mine; for, I assure you, I do not use to take so long Journeys as from *Essex*, upon the single Account of Pleasure.

Pis.

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 223

Pis. From thence, Sir! I do not then wonder you should appear dissatisfied with the Length of the Miles, and the Foulness of the Way; though I am sorry you should begin to quarrel with them so soon; for believe me you will find the Miles much longer, and the Way much worse, before you come to your Journey's End.

Via. Why—truly Sir, for *that*, I am prepared to expect the worst; but methinks the Way is mended since I had the Fortune to fall into your good Company.

Pis. You are not obliged to my Company for that, but because you are already past the worst; and the greatest Part of your Way to your Lodging.

Via. I am very glad to hear it, both for the Ease of myself and Horse, and especially because I may then expect a freer Enjoyment of your Conversation, though the Shortness of the Way will, I fear, make me lose it the sooner.

Pis. That, Sir, is not worth your Care; and I am sure you deserve much better for being content with so ill Company. But we have already talked away two Miles of your Journey, for from the Brook before us, that runs at the Foot of this sandy Hill, you have but three Miles to *Ashborn*.

Via. I meet every-where in this Country with these little Brooks; and they look as if they were full of Fish. Have they not *Trouts* in them?

Pis. That is a Question which is to be excused in a Stranger as you are; otherwise give me Leave to tell you, it would seem a Kind of Affront to our Country, to make a Doubt of what we pretend to be famous for, next (if not before) our *Malt*, *Wool*, *Lead*, and *Coal*; for you are to understand that we think we have as many fine Rivers, Ri-

vulets, and Brooks, as any Country whatever; and they are all full of *Trouts*, and some of them the best (it is said) by many Degrees in *England*.

Via. I was first, Sir, in love with you, and now shall be so enamoured of your Country, by this Account you give me of it, as to wish myself a *Derbyshire* Man, or at least, that I might live in it; for you must know I am a Pretender to the *Angle*, and doubtless a *Trout* affords the most Pleasure to the *Angler* of any Sort of Fish whatever, and the best *Trouts* must needs make the best Sport; but this Brook, and some others I have met with upon this Way, are too full of Wood for that Recreation.

Pis. This, Sir! Why this, and several others like it, which you have passed, and some that you are like to pass, have scarce any Name amongst us. But we can shew you as fine Rivers, and as clear from Wood, or any other Incumbrance to hinder an Angler, as any you ever saw; and, for clear beautiful Streams, *Hampshire* itself, by Mr. *Isaac Walton's* good Leave, can shew none such, nor I think any Country in *Europe*.

Via. You go far, Sir, in the Praise of your Country Rivers, and, I perceive, have read Mr. *Walton's Compleat Angler*, by your naming of *Hampshire*:—And I pray, what is your Opinion of that Book?

Pis. My Opinion of Mr. *Walton's* Book, is the same with every Man's that understands any thing of the Art of angling; that it is an excellent good one; and that the fore-mentioned Gentleman understands as much of Fish and fishing, as any Man living! But, I must tell you further, that I have the Happiness to know his Person, and to be intimately acquainted with him, and in him, to
know

know the worthiest Man, and to enjoy the best and the truest Friend any Man ever had: Nay, I shall yet acquaint you further, that he gives me Leave to call him Father; and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his *adopted* Son.

Via. In Earnest, Sir!—I am ravished to meet with a Friend of Mr. *Isaac Walton's*, and one that does him so much Right in so good and true a Character! for I must boast to you, that I have the good Fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the same Manner I do with you; that he was my Master who first taught me to love angling, and then to become an Angler;—and, to be plain with you, I am *the very Man* decyphered in his Book under the Name of *Venator*, for I was wholly addicted to the Chace, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous Diversion.

Pis. Sir, I think myself happy in your Acquaintance; and, before we part, shall entreat Leave to embrace you: You have said enough to recommend you to my best Opinion; for my Father *Walton* will be seen twice in no Man's Company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest Men, which is one of the best Arguments, or at least of the best Testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me.

Via. You speak like a true Friend; and in doing so, render yourself worthy of his Friendship. May I be so bold as to ask your Name?

Pis. Yes surely, Sir, and, if you please, a much nicer Question. My Name is ——— and I intend to stay long enough in your Company, if I find you do not dislike mine, to ask your's too. In

the mean time, because we are now almost at *Ash-bern*, I shall freely and bluntly tell you, that I am a Brother of the Angle too, and peradventure can give you some Instructions how to angle for a *Trout* in a clear River, that my Father *Walton* himself will not disapprove, though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember them, when you and he sat discoursing under the Sycamore-tree *; and being you have already told me whether your Journey is intended, and that I am better acquainted with the Country than you are, I will heartily and earnestly intreat you will not think of staying at this Town, but go on with me six Miles further to my House, where you shall be extremely welcome; it is directly in your Way, we have Day enough to perform our Journey; and, as you like your Entertainment, you may there repose yourself a Day or two, or as many more as your Occasions will permit, to recompense the Trouble of so much a longer Journey.

Via. Sir, you surprise me with so friendly an Invitation upon so short Acquaintance! But how advantageous soever it would be to me, and that my Haste perhaps is not so great, but it might dispense with such a Divertisement as I promise myself in your Company, yet I cannot in Modesty accept your Offer, and must therefore beg your Pardon.—I could otherwise, I confess, be glad to wait upon you, if on no other Account but to talk of Mr. *Walton*, and to receive those Instructions you say you are able to give me for deceiving a *Trout*; in which Art I will not deny I have an Ambition to be one of the greatest Deceivers; though I cannot forbear freely to tell you, that I think it hard to say much more than has been read to me upon that Subject.

Pis.

Pis. Well, Sir, I grant that too; but you must know, that the Variety of Rivers require different Ways of angling. However, you shall have the best Rules I am able to give; and I will tell you nothing I have not made myself as certain of, as any Man can be in thirty Years Experience (for so long have I been a Dabbler in that Art) and that if you please to stay a few Days, you shall not, in a very great Measure see made good to you; but of that hereafter.—And now, Sir, if I am not mistaken, I have half overcome you; and that I may wholly conquer that modesty of your's, I will take upon me to be so familiar to say, you *must* accept of my Invitation; which, that you may be the more easily persuaded to do, I will tell you that my House stands upon the Margin of one of the finest Rivers for *Trouts* and *Grayling* in *England*. I have lately built a little Fishing-house upon it, *dedicated to Anglers*; over the Door of which you will see the two first Letters of my Father Walton's Name, and mine twisted in *Cypher**. You shall lie in the same Bed he has sometimes been contented with; the have such Country Entertainment as my Friends at times accept, and be as welcome, too, as the best Friend of them all.

* As in
the
Title-
page.

Via. No doubt, Sir, but my Master Walton found good Reason to be satisfied with his Entertainment at your House; for you who are so friendly to a mere Stranger, who deserves so little, must needs be exceeding kind and free to him who deserves so much.

Pis. Believe me, no! and such as are intimately acquainted with that Gentleman know him to be a Man who will not endure to be treated like a Stranger. So that his Acceptance of my poor Entertainments, has ever been a pure Effect of his own
Humility

Humility and good Nature, and nothing else. But, Sir, we are now going down the *Spital-hill* into the Town, and therefore let me importune you suddenly to resolve; and, most earnestly, not to deny me.

Via. In Truth, Sir, I am so overcome by your Bounty, that I find I cannot; but must surrender myself wholly to be disposed by you.

Pis. Why, that is heartily and kindly spoken, and I as heartily thank you; and, being you have abandoned yourself to my Conduct, we will only call and drink a Glass on Horseback at the *Talbot*, and away.

Via. I attend you. But what pretty River is this that runs under this Stone-bridge; has it a Name?

Pis. Yes, 'tis called *Henmore*, and has in it both *Trout* and *Grayling*; but you will meet with one or two better anon: And so soon as we are past through the Town, I will endeavour by such Discourse as best likes you to pass away the Time, till you come to your ill Quarters.

Via. We can talk of nothing with which I shall be more delighted, than of Rivers and angling.

Pis. Let those be the Subjects then. But we are now come to the *Talbot*: — What will you drink, Sir, Ale or Wine?

Via. Nay, I am for the Country Liquor; *Derbyshire* Ale, if you please; for a Man should not methinks come from *London* to drink Wine in the *Peak*.

Pis. You are in the right; and yet, let me tell you, you may drink worse *French* Wine in many Taverns in *London*, than they have sometimes at this House. What hoe! bring us a Flaggon of your best Ale! — And now, Sir, my Service to you.

you. A good Health to the honest Gentleman you know of; and you are welcome into the *Peak*.

Via. I thank you, Sir, and present you my Service again, and to all the honest Brothers of the Angle.

Pis. I will pledge you, Sir, — So, there's for your Ale, and farewel. Come, Sir, let us be going, the Sun grows low, and I would have you look about you as you ride, for you will see an odd Country, and Sights that will seem strange to you.

C H A P. II.

The Journey continued, and ended.

Pis. SO, Sir, now we are got to the Top of the Hill, out of Town, look about you, and tell me how you like the Country?

Via. Bless me, what Mountains are here! Are we not in *Wales*?

Pis. No, but in almost as mountainous a Country; and yet these Hills, though high, bleak, and craggy, breed and feed good Beef and Mutton above Ground, and afford good Store of Lead within.

Via. They had need of all those Commodities to make amends for the ill Landskip; but, I hope, our Way does not lie over any of these, for I dread a Precipice?

Pis. Believe me, but it does, and down *one* especially that will appear a little terrible to a Stranger, though the Way is passable enough; so passable, that we, who are Natives of these Mountains, and acquainted with them, disdain to alight.

Via.

Via. I hope though, that a Foreigner is privileged to use his own Discretion, and that I may have the Liberty to entrust my Neck to the Fidelity of my own Feet, rather than to those of my Horse, for I have *no more at Home*.

Pis. It were hard else. But, in the mean time, I think it were best, while this way is pretty even, to mend our Pace, that we may be past that Hill I speak of; to the End, your Apprehension may not be doubled for want of Light to discern the Easiness of the Descent.

Via. I am willing to put forward as fast as my Beast will give me Leave, though I fear nothing in your Company. — But what pretty River is this we are going into?

Pis. Why this, Sir, is called *Bently-Brook*, and is full of very good *Trout* and *Grayling*, but so incumbered with wood in many Places, as is troublesome to an Angler.

Via. Here are the prettiest Rivers, and the most of them in this Country, that ever I saw. Do you know how many you have in the Country?

Pis. I know them all, and they were not hard to reckon, were it worth the Trouble; but the most considerable of them I will presently name you. And to begin where we now are (for you must know we are upon the very Skirts of *Derbyshire*) we have first the River *Dove*, that we shall come to by and by, which divides the two Counties of *Derby* and *Stafford* for many Miles together, and is so called from the Swiftness of its Current, and that Swiftness occasioned by the Declivity of its Course, and by being so straitned in that Course betwixt the *Rocks*, by which, (and those very high ones) it is here about, for four or five Miles, confined into a very narrow Stream: A
River

River that, from a contemptible Fountain, which I can cover with my Hat, by the Confluence of other Rivers, Rivulets, Brooks, and Rills, is swelled (before it falls into *Trent*, a little below *Egginton*, where it loses the Name) to such a Breadth and Depth, as to be in most Places navigable, were not the Passage frequently interrupted with Fords and Weirs; and has as fertile Banks as any River in England, none excepted. And this River, from its Head, for a Mile or two, is a black Water (as all the rest of the *Derbyshire* Rivers of note originally are, for they all spring from the Mosses) but is in a few Miles travel, so clarified by the Addition of several clear and very great Springs, bigger than itself, which gush out of the Lime-stone Rocks, that before it comes to my House, which is but six or seven Miles from its Source, you will find it one of the purest chrystaline Streams you have seen.

Via. Does *Trent* spring in these Parts?

Pis. Yes, in these Parts, not in this County, but somewhere towards the upper End of *Staffordshire**, I think not far from a Place called *Trentham*, and thence runs down not far from *Stafford* to *Wolsty-Bridge*, and washing the Skirts and Purlicus of the Forest of *Needwood* runs down to *Burton*, in the same County; thence it comes into this where we now are, and running by *Swarkston* and *Dunnington*, receives *Derwent* at *Wildon*, and so to *Nottingham*; thence to *Newark*, and by *Gainsborough*, to *Kingston upon Hull*, where it takes the Name of *Humber*, and thence falls into the Sea; but that the Map will best inform you.

Via. Know you whence this River *Trent* derives its Name?

Pis.

* Below *Mouray Hill* near *Norton*: and nigh the three *Shire Stones*.

Pis. No, indeed; and yet I have heard it often discoursed upon, when some have given its Denomination from the fore-named *Trentham*: though that seems rather a Derivative from it. Others have said, it is so called from *thirty Rivers* that fall into it, and there lose their Names; which cannot be neither, because it carries that Name from its very Fountain, before any other Rivers fall into it. Others derive it from *thirty* several Sorts of Fish that breed there; and that is the most likely Derivation; but, be it how it will, it is doubtless one of the finest Rivers in the World, and the most abounding with excellent *Salmon*, and all Sorts of delicate Fish.

Via. Pardon me, Sir, for tempting you into this Digression, and then proceed to your other Rivers, for I am mightily delighted with this Discourse.

Pis. It was no Interruption, but a very seasonable Question, for *Trent* is not only one of our *Derbyshire* Rivers, but the chief of them, and into which all the rest pay the Tribute of their Names; which I had perhaps forgot to insist upon, being got to the other End of the County, had you not awoken my Memory. I will now proceed; and the next River of Note (for I will take them as they lie Eastward from us) is the River *Wye*, I say of Note, for we have two lesser betwixt us and it; namely, *Lathkin* and *Bradford*, of which, *Lathkin* is by many Degrees the purest and most transparent Stream that I ever yet saw, either at Home or Abroad, and breeds, it is said, the reddest and best *Trouts* in *England*; but neither of these are to be reputed Rivers, being no better than great Springs. The River *Wye* then has its Source near unto *Buxton*, a Town about ten Miles from hence, famous for a warm Bath, and which you are to ride through
in

II. P. H. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 239

in your Way to *Manchester*; a black Water too at the Fountain, but by the same Reason with *Dove*, becomes very soon a most delicate clear River, and breeds admirable *Trout* and *Grayling*, reputed by those (who by living upon its Banks are partial to it) the *best of any*; and this running down by *Ashford*, *Bakewell*, and *Haddon*, at a Town, a little lower, called *Rowley*, falls into *Derwent*, and there loses its Name. The next in order is *Derwent*, a black Water too; and that not only from its Fountain, but quite through its Progress, not having these crystal Springs to wash and cleanse it which the two forementioned have, but abounds with *Trout* and *Grayling*, such as they are, towards its Source, and with *Salmon* below. And this River, from the upper and utmost Part of this County where it springs, taking its Course by *Chatsworth*, *Darby*, *Matlock*, *Derby*, *Burrow-Ash*, and *Awber-son*, falls into *Trent*, at a Place called *Wildon*, and there loses its Name. The East Side of this County of *Derby* is bounded by little inconsiderable Rivers, as *Awber*, *Eroways*, and the like, scarce worth naming, but *Trout* too; and further we are not to enquire. But, Sir, I have carried you, as a Man may say, by Water, till we are now come to the Descent of the formidable Hill I told you of; at the Foot of which runs the River *Dove* (which I cannot but love above all the rest) and therefore prepare yourself to be a little frightened.

Via. Sir, I see you would fortify me, that I should not shame myself; but I dare follow where you please to lead me; and I see no Danger yet; for the Descent methinks is thus far green, even, and easy.

Pis. You will like it worse presently, when you come to the Brow of the Hill — and now we are there, what think you?

Via.

Via. What do I think? — Why I think it the strangest Place that ever sure Men and Horses went down, and that (if there be any Safety at all) the safest Way is to alight.

Pis. I think so too for *you*, who are mounted upon a Beast not acquainted with these slippery Stones; and, though I frequently ride down, I will alight too, to bear you Company, and to lead you the Way; and, if you please, my Man shall lead your Horse.

Via. Marry, Sir, and thank you too; for, I am afraid, I shall have enough to do to look to myself; and, with my Horse in my Hand, should be in a double Fear, both of breaking my Neck, and my Horse's falling on me, for it is as steep as a Pent-house.

Pis. To look down from hence it appears so, I confess; but the Path winds and turns, and will not be found so troublesome.

Via. Would I were well down though — Hoist thee! — There is one fair Escape! These Stones are so slippery, I cannot stand — Yet again! — I think I were best lay my Heels in my Neck, and tumble down.

Pis. If you think your Heels will defend your Neck, that is the Way to be soon at the Bottom; but, give me your Hand at this broad Stone, and then the worst is past.

Via. I thank you, Sir, I am now past it — I can go myself — What's here! *the Sign of a Bridge?* Do you use to travel with Wheelbarrows in this Country?

Pis. Not that ever I saw, Sir. Why do you ask that Question?

Via. Because *this Bridge* certainly was made for nothing else: Why, a Mouse can hardly go over it; 'tis not two Fingers broad.

Pis.

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 235

Pis. You are pleasant, and I am glad to see you so; but I have rid over the Bridge many a dark Night.

Via. Why, according to the *French* Proverb, and it is a good one, among a great many of worse Sense and Sound *that* Language abounds in, "Ce que Dieu garde, est bien gardé." *They whom God takes Care of, are in safe Protection.* But, let me tell you, I would not ride over it for a thousand Pounds — nor fall off it for two — and yet I think I dare venture on Foot; though, if you were not by to laugh at me, I should do it on all Four.

Pis. Well, Sir, your Mirth becomes you, and I am glad to see you safe over; and now you are welcome into *Staffordshire*.

Via. How, *Staffordshire*! What do I there trow! there is not a Word of *Staffordshire* in all my Direction.

Pis. You see you are betrayed into it; but it shall be in order to something that will make Amends, and it is but an ill Mile or two out of your Way.

Via. I believe all things, Sir, and doubt nothing — Is this your beloved River *Dove*? 'Tis clear and swift indeed, but a very little one!

Pis. You see it here at the worst; we shall come to it anon again, after two Miles riding, and so near as to lie upon the very Banks.

Via. Would we were there once. But I hope we have no more of these *Alps* to pass over.

Pis. No, no, Sir, only this Ascent before you, which you see is not very uneasy, and then you will no more quarrel with your Way.

Via. Well! if ever I come to *London* (of which many a Man there, if he were in my Place, would make a Question) I will sit down and write my Travels, and, like *Tom Coriate*, print them at my own

own Charge. Pray what do you call this Hill we came down?

Pis. We call it *Hanson-Toot*.

Via. Why, farewell, *Hanson-Toot*! I will no more on thee; I will go twenty Miles about first — Puh! I sweat, that my Shirt sticks to my Back.

Pis. Come, Sir, now we are up the Hill — and now, how do you?

Via. Why, very well, I humbly thank you, Sir — and warm enough, I assure you. What have we here, a Church? As I am an honest Man, a very pretty Church! — Have you Churches in this Country, Sir?

Pis. You see we have: But, had you seen none, why should you make that Doubt, Sir?

Via. Why — if you will not be angry, I will tell you — I thought myself a Stage or two beyond *Christendom*.

Pis. Come, come, we'll *reconcile* you to our Country before we part from you, if shewing you good Sport with *angling* will do it.

Via. My Respect to you, and that together, may do much, Sir; otherwise, to be plain with you, I do not find myself much inclined *that Way*.

Pis. Well, Sir, your Raillery upon our Mountains, has brought us almost Home; and look! where the same River *Dove* has again met us, to bid you welcome, and to invite you to a Dish of *Trouts* To-morrow.

Via. Is this the same we saw at the Foot of *Penmen-Maure*? — It is a much finer River here.

Pis. It will appear yet much finer To-morrow — But look you, Sir — here appears the House that is now like to be your Inn, for want of a better.

Via. It appears on a sudden, but not before it was looked for — It stands prettily, and here is
Wood

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 237

Wood about it too, but so young, as appears to be of your own planting.

Pis. It is so — will it please you to alight, Sir? — And now permit me, after all your Pains and Dangers, to take you in my Arms, and assure you, that you are *infinitely welcome*.

Via. I thank you, Sir — and am glad, with all my Heart, I am here; for, in downright Truth, I am exceeding weary.

Pis. You will sleep so much the better; you shall presently have a light Supper, and to Bed — Come, Sirs, lay the Cloth, and bring what you have presently; and let the Gentleman's Bed be made ready, in the mean Time, in my Father *Walton's* Chamber — And now, Sir, here is my Service to you — and, once more, welcome!

Via. Ay marry, Sir, this Glass of good Sack has refreshed me; and I will make as bold with your Meat, for the Trot has got me a good Stomach.

Pis. Come, Sir, fall too then; you see my little Supper is always ready when I come Home, and I will make no Stranger of you.

Via. That your Meal is so soon ready, is a Sign your Servants know your certain Hours, Sir. I confess I did not expect it so soon; but, now it is here, you shall see I will make myself no Stranger.

Pis. Much good do your Heart, and I thank you for that friendly Word! — And now, Sir, my Service to you in a Cup of *Moreland's* Ale — for you are now in the *Morelands* — but within a Spit and a Stride of the *Peak* — Fill my Friend his Glass.

Via. Believe me, you have good Ale in the *Morelands*, far better than at *Ashborn*.

Pis. That it may soon be; for *Asbarn* has (which is a Kind of a Riddle) always in it the best *Malt*, and the worst *Ale*, in *England* — Come, take away, and bring us some Pipes, and a Bottle of Ale, and go to your own Suppers. Are you for this Diet, Sir?

Via. Yes, Sir, I am for one Pipe of Tobacco; and I perceive your's is very good by the Smell.

Pis. The best I can get in *London*, I assure you — But, Sir, now you have thus far complied with my Designs, as to take a troublesome Journey into an ill Country, only to satisfy me; how long may I hope to enjoy you?

Via. Why truly, Sir, as long as I conveniently can; and longer, I think, you would not have me.

Pis. Not to your Inconvenience, by any Means, Sir — But I see you are weary, and therefore I will presently wait on you to your Chamber; where take Council of your Pillow, and To-morrow resolve me — Here, take the Lights! — and pray follow them, Sir — Here you are like to lie: And now I have shewed you your Lodging, I beseech you to command any thing you want; and so I wish you a good Rest.

Via. Good Night, Sir!

C H A P. III.

A Morning's Recreation, and the Description of the Fishing-House.

Pis. **G**OOD Morrow, Sir; what! up and dressed so early?

Via. Yes, Sir, I have been dressed this half Hour; for I rested so well, and have so great a Mind

Mind either to take, or see a *Trout* taken, in your fine River, that I could no longer lie a Bed.

Pis. I am glad to see you so brisk this Morning, and so eager of Sport; though, I must tell you, this Day proves so calm, and the Sun rises so bright, as promises no great Success to the Angler. But, however, we will try; and, one Way or other, we shall sure do something—What will you have to your Breakfast? Or what will you drink this Morning?

Via. For Breakfast, I never eat any; and, for Drink, am very indifferent. But, if you please to call for a Glass of Ale, I am for you; and let it be quickly, if you please, for I long to see the little Fishing-house you spoke of, and to be at my Lesson.

Pis. Well, Sir, you see the Ale is come without calling for; for, though I do not know *your's*, my People know *my* Diet, which is always one Glass as soon as I am dressed, and no more till Dinner; and so my Servants have served you.

Via. My Thanks—And now, if you please, let us look out this fine Morning.

Pis. With all my heart—Boy! take the Key of my Fishing-house, and carry down those two Angle-rods in the Hall Window thither; with my Fish-pannier, Pouch, and Landing-net; and stay you there till we come.—Come, Sir, we will walk after; where, by the Way, I expect you should raise all the Exceptions against our Country you can.

Via. Nay, Sir, do not think me so ill-natur'd, nor so uncivil. I only made a little bold with it last Night to divert you, and was only in jest.

Pis. You were then in as good Earnest as I am now with you; but had you been *really angry* at it, I could not blame you; for, to say the Truth, it is not very taking at first Sight. But look you,
Sir,

Sir, now you are Abroad, does not the Sun shine as bright here, as in *Essex*, *Middlesex*, or *Kent*, or any of your Southern Counties?

Via. 'Tis a delicate Morning, indeed; and I now think this a marvelous pretty Place.

Pis. Whether you think so or no, you cannot oblige me more than to say so; and those of my Friends, who know my Humour, and are so kind as to comply with it, usually flatter me that Way. —But look you, Sir, now you are at the Brink of the Hill, how do you like my River? The Vale it winds through like a Snake? And the Situation of my little *Fishing-house*?

Via. Trust me, 'tis all very fine—and the House seems, at this Distance, a neat Building.

Pis. Good enough for that Purpose; and here is a Bowling-green too, close by it—so, though I am myself no very good Bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own Pleasure, but that I have also some Regard to other Men's. And now, Sir, you are come to the Door, pray walk in, and there we will sit and talk as long as you please.

Via. Stay — what is here over the Door; **PISCATORIBUS SACRUM** *. Why then, I perceive, I have some Title here, for I am one of them, though one of the worst; and here, below it, is the Cypher too you spoke of. 'Tis prettily contrived. Has my Master *Walton* ever been here to see it, for it seems new built?

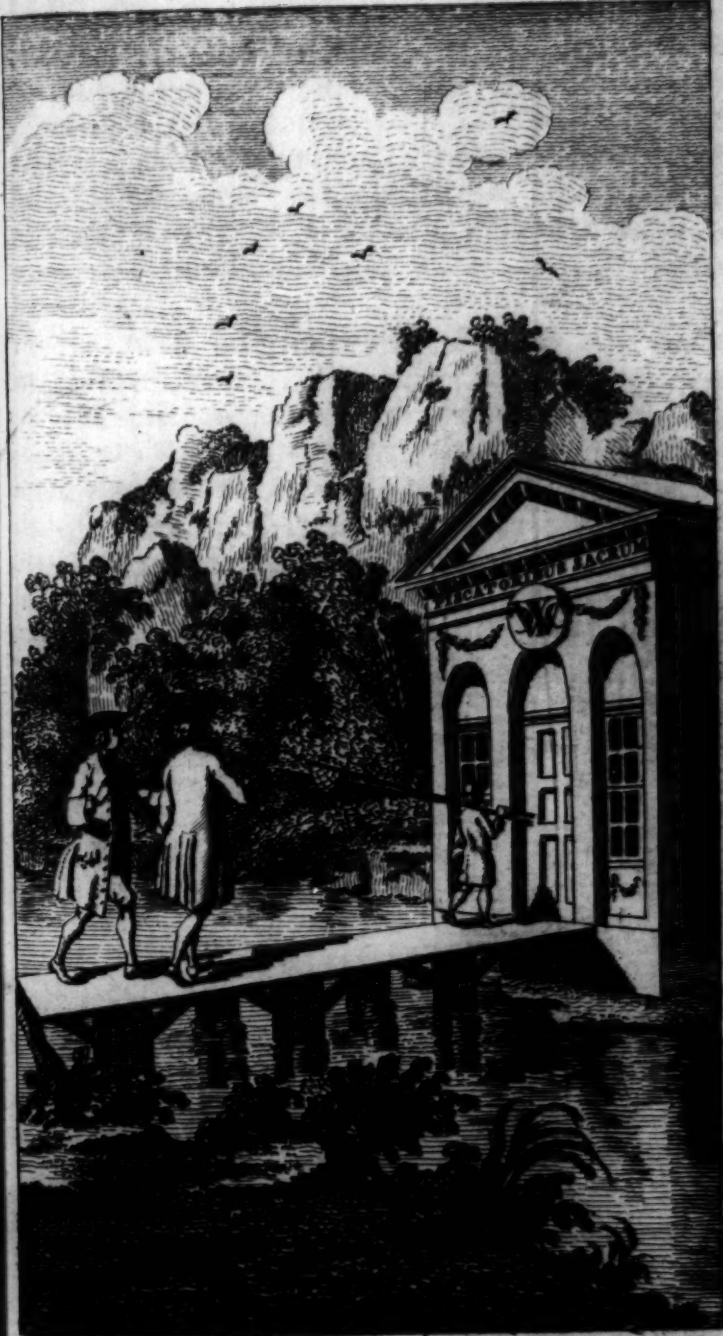
Pis.

* DEVOTED TO ANGLERS.

There is under this Motto, the Cypher in the Title-Page; and some Part of the *Fishing-house*, has been described; but the Pleasantness of the River, Mountains, and Meadows about it, cannot, unless Sir *Philip Sidney*, or Mr. *Cotton's* Father (a), were again alive to do it,

JOY 1601. A Note of Mr. *Walton's*.

(a) He wrote *The Wonder of the Peak*, a Poem,





P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 241

Pis. Yes, he saw it cut in the Stone before it was set up, but never in the Posture it now stands, for the House was but building when he was last here, and not raised so high as the Arch of the Door, and, I am afraid, he will not see it yet; for he has lately writ me Word, he doubts his coming down this Summer; which, I do assure you, was the worst News he could possibly have sent me.

Via. Men must sometimes mind their Affairs to make more room for their Pleasures; and 'tis odds, he is as much displeased with the Business that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But—I am the most pleased with this little House, of any thing I ever saw; it stands in a kind of Peninsula too, with a delicate clear River about it.—I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without; but, by your Leave, I will try.—Why, this is better and better, fine Lights! finely wainscoted! and exceeding neat!—with a Marble Table, and all, in the Middle!

Pis. Enough, Sir, enough—I have laid open to you the Part where I can worst defend myself; and now you attack me there. Come, Boy, set two Chairs—and, whilst I am taking a Pipe of Tobacco, which is always my Breakfast, we will, if you please, talk of some other Subject.

Via. None fitter then, Sir, for the Time and Place, than those Instructions you promised.

Pis. I begin to doubt, by something I discover in you, whether I am able to instruct you or no; though, if you are really a Stranger to our clear Northern Rivers, I still think I can. And, therefore, since it is yet too early in the Morning, at this Time of the Year (to Day being but the seventh of *March*) to cast a Fly upon the
L Water,

Water, if you will but direct me what Kind of fishing for a *Trout* I shall read you a Lecture on, I am willing and ready to obey you.

Via. Why, Sir, if you will so far oblige me, and that it may not be too troublesome to you, I would entreat you would run through *the whole Body of it*; and I will not conceal from you, that I am so far in love with you, your Courtesy, and pretty *Moreland Seat*, as to resolve to stay with you long enough, by Intervals (for I will not oppress you) to hear all you can say on that Subject.

Pis. You cannot oblige me more than by such a Promise; and therefore, without more Ceremony, I will begin to tell you, that my Father *Walton* having read to you before, it would look like a Presumption in me, and peradventure would do so in any other Man, to pretend to give *Lessons for Angling* after him, who, I do really believe, understands as much of it, at least, as any Man in *England*: did I not pre-acquaint you, that I am not tempted to it by any vain Opinion of myself, that I am able to give you better Directions; but having, from my Childhood, pursued the Recreation of angling in very clear Rivers, truly I think by much (some of them at least) the clearest in this Kingdom; and the Manner of angling here with us, by reason of that exceeding Clearness, being somewhat different from the Method commonly used in others, which, by being not near so bright, admit of stronger Tackle, and allow a nearer Approach to the Stream: I may, peradventure, give you some Instructions that may be of use even in your own Rivers, and shall bring you acquainted with more Flies, and shew you how to make them,

them, and with what Dubbing too, than he has taken Notice of in his *Compleat Angler*.

Via. I beseech you, Sir, do — and, if you will lend me your Steel, I will light a Pipe the while — for that is commonly my Breakfast in a Morning too.

C H A P. IV.

Containing the various Methods of Trout and Grayling fishing.

§ * §

Pis. **W**H Y then, Sir, to begin Methodically, as a Master in any Art should do (and I will not deny, but that I think myself a Master in this) I shall divide angling for Trout or Grayling into these three Ways :

At the Top. At the Bottom. And in the Middle.

Which three Ways, though they are all of them (as I shall hereafter endeavour to make it appear) in some Sort common to both those Kinds of Fish, yet are they not so generally and absolutely so, but that they will necessarily require a Distinction, which, in due Place, I will also give you.

That which we call angling at the Top, is with a Fly.

At the Bottom with a Ground-bait.

*In the Middle with a Minnow or a Ground-bait **

Angling at the Top is of two Sorts :

With a Live, or with an Artificial Fly.

L 2

That

* Meaning any Bait that is fished with at the Ground or Bottom.

That we call angling at the *Bottom* is also of two Sorts :

By Hand, or with a Cork or Float.

That we call angling in the *Middle* is also of two Sorts :

With a Minnow for a Trout ; or,

With a Ground-bait for a Grayling.

Of all which several Sorts of Angling, I will, if you can have Patience to hear me, give you the best Account I can.

Via. The Trouble will be your's, and mine the Pleasure, and the Obligation. I beseech you therefore to proceed.

Pis. Why then, first of Fly-fishing.

CH A P. V.

Of Fly-fishing.

Pis. FLY-fishing, or fishing at the *Top*, is, as I said before, of two Sorts,

With a natural and living; or,

With an artificial and made Fly.

First then of the natural-Fly, of which we generally use but two Sorts, and those but in the two Months of *May* and *June* only ; namely, the *Green-drake*, and the *Stone-fly* ; though I have made use of a third that Way, called the *Camlet-fly*, with very good Success, for *Grayling*, but never saw it angled with by any other after this Manner, my Master only excepted ; who did so, many Years ago ; and was one of the best Anglers that ever I knew.

These

These are to be *angled* with, having a short Line, not much more than half the Length of your Rod, if the Air be still; or with a longer, very near or *all out* as long as your Rod, if you have any Wind to carry it from you. And this Way of fishing we call *Dapping*, *Dabbing*, or *Dibbling*, wherein you are always to have your Line flying before you, up or down the River, as the Wind serves, and to angle as near as you can to the Bank of the same Side whereon you stand; though where you see a Fish rise near you, you may guide your Fly quick over him, whether in the Middle, or on the contrary Side; and, if you are pretty well out of Sight, either by kneeling, or the Interposition of a Bank or Bush, you may almost be sure to raise, and take him too, if it be presently done; the Fish will otherwise peradventure be removed to some other Place, if it be in the still Deeps, where he is always in Motion, and roving up and down to look for Prey; though in a Stream you may always almost, especially *if there be a good Stone near*, find him in the same Place. Your Line ought, in this Case, to be three good Hairs next the Hook*, both by reason you are, in this Kind of angling, to expect the biggest Fish, and also, that, wanting Length to give him Line after he is struck, you must be forced to tug for it; to which I will also add, that not an Inch of your Line being to be suffered to touch the Water in *dibbling*, it may be allowed to be the stronger.—I should now give you a Description of *those Flies*, their Shape and Colour, and then give you an Account of their Breeding, and withal, shew you how to keep

L 3

and

* Of *Silk-worm Gut* (sold at all the Shops) is best: which is an Improvement, since Mr. *Walton's* and *Cotton's* Times.

and use them; but shall defer that to their proper Place and Season.

Via. In earnest, Sir, you discourse very rationally of this Affair; and, I am glad to find myself mistaken in you; for, in plain Truth, I did not expect so much from you.

Pis. Nay, Sir, I can tell you a great deal more than this, and will conceal nothing from you. But I must now come to the second Way of angling at the Top, which is with an *artificial Fly*, which also I will shew you how to make before I have done. But first shall acquaint you, that, *with this*, you are to angle with a Line longer by a Yard and an half, or sometimes two Yards, than your Rod. and (with both this and the other) in a still Day, in the Streams, in a Breeze that curls the Water in the still Deeps, where (excepting in *May* and *June*, that the best *Trouts* will lie in shallow Streams to watch for Prey, and even then too) you are like to hit the best Fish.

For the Length of your Rod, you are always to be governed by the Breadth of the River, you shall chuse to angle at; and, for a *Trout-River*, one of five or six Yards long is commonly enough; and longer (though never so neatly or artificially made) it ought not to be, if you intend to fish at ease; and, if otherwise, where lies the Sport?

Of these, the best that ever I saw are made in *Yorksire*, which are all of one Piece; that is to say, of several (six, eight, ten or twelve) Pieces, so neatly pieced and tied together with fine Thread below, and Silk above as to make it taper, like a Switch, and to ply with a true Bent to your Hand; and these are light too, being made of Fir-wood, for two or three Lengths, nearest to the Hand, and other Wood nearer to the Top, that

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 247

that a Man might very easily manage the longest of them, that ever I saw, with one Hand; and these, when you have given over angling for a Season, being taken to Pieces, and laid up in some dry Place, may afterwards be set together again in their former Posture, and will be as strait, sound and good, as the first Hour they were made; and, being laid in Oil and Colour, according to your Master *Walton's* Directions *, will last many Years.

The Length of your Line, to a Man that knows how to handle his Rod, and to cast it, is no manner of Incumbrance, except in woody Places, and in landing of a Fish, which every one that can afford to angle for Pleasure has somebody to do for him; and the Length of Line is a mighty Advantage to the fishing at Distance; and to fish *sitte*, and *far off*, is the first and principal Rule for *Trout* angling.

Your Line, in this Case, should never be less, nor exceed *two* Hairs next to the Hook, for *one* (though some I know will pretend to more Art than their Fellows) is indeed too few, the least Accident, with the finest Hand, being sufficient to break it: But he that cannot kill a *Trout* of twenty Inches long with *two*, in a River clear of Wood and Weeds, as this and some others of ours are, deserves not the Name of an *Angler*. Now, to have your whole Line as it ought to be, two of the first Lengths nearest the Hook, should be of *two* Hairs a-piece, the next three Lengths above them of *three*, and the next three above them of *four*, and so of *five*, and *six*, and *seven*, to the very Top; by which Means your Rod and Tackle will in a manner be taper from your very Hand to

L 4

your

* P. I. p. 203.

your Hook ; your Line will fall much better and straiter, and cast your Fly to any certain Place to which the Hand and Eye shall direct it, with less Weight and Violence, that would otherwise circle the Water, and fright away the Fish.

In casting your Line, do it always before you, and so that your Fly may first fall upon the Water, and as little of your Line with it as is possible ; though, if the Wind be stiff, you will then of Necessity be compelled to drown a good Part of your Line to keep your Fly in the Water ; and, in casting your Fly, you must aim at the further or nearer Bank, as the Wind serves your Turn, which also will be with and against you, on the same Side several Times in an Hour, as the River winds its Course, and you will be forced to angle up and down by Turns accordingly ; but are to endeavour, as much as you can, to have the Wind evermore on your Back, and always be sure to stand as far off the Bank as your Length will give you Leave, when you throw to the contrary Side ; though, when the Wind will not permit you so to do, and that you are constrained to angle on the same Side whereon you stand, you must then stand on the very Brink of the River, and cast your Fly at the utmost Length of your Rod and Line, up or down the River, as the Gale serves.

It only remains touching your Line to enquire whether your two Hairs next to the Hook are better twisted, or open ? And for that, I should declare, that I think the open Way the better, because it makes the less shew in the Water ; but that I have found an Inconvenience or two, or three, that have made me almost weary of that Way ; of which one is, that, without Dispute, they are not so strong open as twisted ; another

that

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 249

that they are not easily to be fastened of so exact and equal Length in the arming, that the one will not cause the other to bag, by which Means, a Man has but one Hair upon the Matter to trust to; and the last is, that these loose flying Hairs are not only more apt to catch upon every Twig or Bent they meet with, but moreover the Hook, in falling upon the Water, will very often rebound, and fly back betwixt the Hairs, and there stick (which, in a rough Water especially, is not presently to be discerned by the Angler) so as the Point of the Hook shall stand reverse; by which Means, your Fly swims backwards, makes a much greater Circle in the Water, and, till taken home to you, and set right, will never raise any Fish; or, if it should, I am sure, but by a very extraordinary Chance, can hit none.

Having done with both these Ways of fishing *at the Top*, the Length of your Rod and Line and all, I am next to teach you how to make a Fly; and afterwards, of what Dubbing you are to make the several Flies I shall hereafter name to you.

In making a Fly then (which is not a *Hackle* or *Palmer-fly*, for of those, and their several Kinds, we shall have Occasion to speak every Month in the Year) you are first to hold your Hook fast betwixt your Fore-finger and Thumb of your left Hand, with the Back of the Shank upwards, and the Point towards your Fingers End; then take a strong small Silk, of the Colour of the Fly you intend to make, wax it well with Wax of the same Colour too (to which End, you are always, by the Way, to have Wax of all Colours about you) and draw it betwixt your Finger and Thumb to the Head of the Shank, and then whip it twice or thrice about the bare Hook, which you must

L 5

know,

know, is done, both to prevent slipping, and also that the Shank of the Hook may not cut the Hairs of your *Towght*, * which sometimes it will otherwise do, which being done, take your Line, and draw it likewise betwixt your Finger and Thumb, holding the Hook so fast as only to suffer it to pass by, until you have the Knot of your *Towght* almost to the Middle of the Shank of your Hook on the Inside of it, then whip your Silk twice or thrice about both Hook and Line, as hard as the Strength of the Silk will permit; which being done, strip the Feathers for the Wings proportionable to the Bigness of your Fly, placing that Side downwards which grew uppermost before, upon the Back of the Hook, leaving so much only, as to serve for the Length of the Wing, of the Point of the Plume, lying reversed from the End of the Shank upwards; then whip your Silk twice or thrice about the Root-end of the Feather, Hook, and *Towght*; which being done, clip off the Root-end of the Feather close by the Arming, and whip the Silk fast and firm about the Hook and *Towght* till you come to the Bend of the Hook, but not further, as you do at *London* (and so make a very unhandsome, and, in plain *English*, a very unnatural and shapeless Fly) which being done, cut away the End of your *Towght*, and fasten it: Then take your *Dubbing*, which is to make the Body of your Fly, as much as you think convenient, and holding it lightly with your Hook betwixt the Finger and Thumb of your Left Hand, take your Silk with the Right, and twisting it betwixt the Finger and the Thumb of that Hand, the *Dubbing* will spin itself about the Silk; which, when it has done, whip it about the armed Hook backwards, till you come to the setting on of the Wings, and then take the Feather

* A Term for what is whipped first about the bare Hook to arm it.

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 251

ther for the Wings, and divide it equally into two Parts, and turn them back towards the Bend of the Hook, the one on the one Side, and the other on the other of the Shank, holding them fast in that Posture betwixt your Fore-finger and Thumb of your Left Hand; which done, warp them so down, as to stand and slope towards the Bend of the Hook; and having warpt up to the End of the Shank, hold the Fly fast betwixt the Finger and Thumb of the Left Hand, and then take the Silk betwixt the Finger and Thumb of your Right Hand, and, where the Warping ends, pinch or nip it with your Thumb Nail against your Finger, and strip away the Remainder of your Dubbing from the Silk, and then, with the bare Silk, whip it once or twice about, make the Wings to stand in due Order, fasten, and cut it off; after which, with the Point of a Needle, raise up the Dubbing gently from the Warp, twitch off the superfluous Hairs of your Dubbing, leaving the Wings of an equal Length (your Fly will never else swim true) and the Work is done *. And this Way of making a Fly, which is certainly the best of all other,

was

* *As Mr. Walton has given his Directions for making a Fly, P. I. p. 83. and Mr. Cotton (as above) I thought it proper here to add Col. R. Venable's Direction, p. 18, to 23, of his experienc'd Angler, or Angling improv'd, 4th Edit. a Book on which Mr. Walton bestows the highest Encomium in his Letter printed before it. That those Gentlemen who love to make their own Flies (as many, curious in them do) may see all that can be said on the Subject by three great Masters in this Art, who have been never equal'd.*

First (*says this ingenious Angler*) I set on my Hook (the Hair placed on the Inside its Shank) with such colour'd Silk as I conceive most proper for the Fly, beginning at the End of the Hook; and, when I come to that Place I conceive most proportionable for the Wings, then I place such colour'd Feathers as most resemble the *Flies Wings*, and set the Points of the Wings towards the Head; or else run the Feathers (stript from the Quill, with the Skin or Film-part cleaving to the Feathers) round the Hook, and so

make

was taught me by a Kinsman of mine, one Captain *Henry Jackson*, a near Neighbour, an admirable Fly-angler, by many Degrees the best Fly-maker that ever I yet met with.



And now that I have told you how a Fly is to be made, you shall presently see me make one; with

make them fast. If I do so, then I clip away those on the Back of the Hook, that so, if possible, the Point of it may be forced by the Feathers, left on the Inside of the Hook, to swim upwards: and by this Means I conceive the Stream will carry your Fly's Wings in the Posture of one flying. Whereas, if you set the Points of the Wings backwards, towards the Bend of the Hook, the Stream (if the Feathers be gentle, as they ought) will fold the Wings-points in the Hook's Bend, as I have found by Experience. After I have set on the Wings I go on, so far as I judge fit, till I fasten all: and then begin to make the Body, and the Head last. The Body of the Fly I make several Ways. If the Fly be one entire Colour then I take a *Worsted* Thread, or *Moccado* End; or twist Wool or Fur into a Kind of Thread; or wax a very small *Silk* Thread, and lay *Wool*, *Fur*, &c. upon it: then twist, and the Materials will stick to it: and then go on to make my Fly small or large, as I please. If the Fly (as most are) be of several Colours, and those running in Circles round it, then I either take two of these Threads (fastening them first toward the Bent of the Hook) and so run them round, and fasten all at the Wings; and then make the Head: or else I lay upon the Hook *Wool*, *Fur* of *Hare*, *Dog*, *Fox*, *Bear*, *Cow*, *Hog* (which close to their Bodies have a fine Fur) and with the *Silk* of the other Colour bind the same down, and then fasten all. Or, instead of the *Silk* running thus round the Fly, pluck the Feathers from one Side of those long ones growing about a *Cock* or *Capon's* Neck or Tail (which some call a *Hackle*) then run the same round your Fly from Head to Tail, making both Ends fast. But be sure to suit the Feather answerable to the Colour you are to imitate in the Fly. And this way you may counterfeit those rough Insects which some call *Wool-beds*, because of their *Wool-like* Outfides and Rings of diverse Colours: I take them to be *Palmer-worms*; which the Fish much delight in. Let me add this only, that some Flies have forked Tails, some Horns, both which you must imitate with a slender Thread fastened to the Head or Tail of your Fly, when you first set on your Hook; and in all Things, as Length, Colour as like the natural Fly as you can possibly. The Head is made after the Rest of the Body, of *Silk* (or *Hair*, as being of a more shining, glossy Colour than

P. II. Contemplative Man's Recreation. 253

with which you may peradventure take a Trout this Morning, notwithstanding the Unlikeliness of the Day, for it is now nine of the Clock, and Fish will begin to rise, if they will rise to Day. I will walk along by you, and look on, and after Dinner I will proceed in my Lecture of Fly-fishing.

Via:

the other Materials) as usually the Fly's Head is more bright than the Body, and usually different coloured. Sometimes I make the Body with a Peacock's Feather, but that is only one Sort of Fly, whose Colour nothing else I could ever get would imitate, being a short Fly, of a sad, golden-green Colour, with short brown Wings (bred in May) which I make thus. Take one Strain of a Peacock's Feather (or if not sufficient another) wrap it about the Hook till the Body be according to your Mind: if your Fly be of diverse Colours, and those lying long-ways from Head to Tail, then I take my Dubbing and lay them on the Hook, long-ways, one Colour by another (as they are mixt in the natural Fly) from Head to Tail then bind all on, and make it fast with Silk of the most predominant Colour. And this I conceive is a more artificial Way than is practiced by many Anglers; who use to make such a Fly of one Colour, and bind it on with Silk: so, that it looks like a Fly with round Circles, but nothing at all resembles the Fly it is intended for: The Head, Horns, Tail, are made as before. The better to counterfeit all Sorts of Flies, get Furs of all Sorts of Colours, &c. (see p. 85 and P. II. c. 6. of *Compl. Angler*) that you may make yours exactly of the same Colour with the natural Fly. I have observed that very many make their Flies suitable to the most orient Colours you see in the natural Fly, which is usually the Back Part, and commonly excels the Belly in Lustre and Splendor; and so you conceive you imitate the Fly exactly, when it is nothing so; because the Back Part is out of the Fishes Eye; and if you fail of Sport, as usually you do, you impute it to the Want of the right Fly: when as you have not truly imitated the right Colour of the Fly, which the Fish chiefly see and regard. Therefore,

1. In making the Artificial Fly chiefly observe the Belly of the Fly, for that Colour the Fish most take Notice of, as being most in their Eye.

2. When you try how to fit the Colour of your Fly, wet your Fur, Hair, Wool, or Muccado: otherwise you will fail in your Work; for though when these Materials are dry, they exactly suit the Colours of the Fly, yet the Water will alter most Colours, and make them either brighter or darker.

N. B. For every Sort of Fly have three; one of a lighter Colour, another sadder than the natural Fly, and a third of the exact Colour of the Fly, to suit all Waters and Weathers.

Via. I confess, I long to be at the River, and yet I could sit here all Day to hear you ; but some of the one, and some of the other, will do well, and I have a mighty Ambition to take a Trout in your River Dove.

Pis. I warrant you shall ; I would not, for more than I will speak of, but you should, seeing I have so extolled my River to you ; nay, I will keep you here a Month, but you shall have one good Day of Sport before you go.

Via. You will find me, I doubt, too tractable that Way ; for, in good Earnest, if Business would give me Leave, and that if it were fit, I could find in my Heart to stay with you for ever.

Pis. I thank you, Sir, for that kind Expression, and now let me look out my Things to make this Fly.

CHAP. VI.

Of Fly-making ; with some Trials of Sport.

Pis. **BOY**, come, give me my Dubbing-bag here presently — and now, Sir, since I find you so honest a Man, I will make no Scruple to lay open my Treasure before you.

Via. Did ever one see the like ! what a Heap of Trumpery is here ! certainly never an Angler in Europe, has his Shop half so well furnished as you have.

Pis. You, perhaps, may think now, that I rake together this Trumpery, as you call it, for Shew only ; to the End, that such as see it (which are not many I assure you) may think me a great Master in the Art of Angling ; but let me tell you, here
are

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 255

are some Colours, as contemptible as they seem, that are very hard to be got, and scarce any one of them, which, if it should be lost, I should not miss, and be concerned about the Loss of it too, once in the Year; but look you, Sir, amongst all these, I will chuse out these two Colours only; of which, this is Bear's Hair; this darker, no great Matter what; but, I am sure, I have killed a great deal of Fish with it, and, with one or both of these, you shall take Trout or Grayling this very Day, notwithstanding all Disadvantages, or my Art shall fail me.

Via. You promise comfortably, and I have a great deal of Reason to believe every thing you say; but I wish the Fly was made, that we were at it.

Pis. That will not be long a doing; and pray observe then. You see first how I hold my Hook, and thus I begin; look you, here are my first two or three Whips about the bare Hook; thus I join Hook and Line; thus I put on my Wings; thus I twirl and lap on my Dubbing; thus I work it up towards the Head; thus I part my Wings; thus I nip my superfluous Dubbing from my Silk; thus I fasten, thus trim and adjust my Fly, and there is a Fly made: And now, how do you like it?

Via. In earnest, admirably well! and it perfectly resembles a Fly; but we, about London, make the Bodies of our Flies both much bigger and longer, so long, as even almost to the very Beard of the Hook.

Pis. I know it very well, and had one of those Flies given me by an honest Gentleman who came with my Father *Walton* to give me a Visit, which, to tell you the Truth, I hung in my Parlour Window to laugh at; but, Sir, you know the Proverb, *They who*

who go to Rome, must do as they at Rome do; and believe me, you must here make your Flies after this Fashion; or you will take no Fish. Come, I will look you out a Line, and you shall put it on and try it. — There, Sir, now I think you are fitted, and now, beyond the farther End of the Walk, you shall begin; I see at that Bend of the Water above, the Air crisps the Water a little, fix on your Line first here, and then go up thither, and see what you can do.

Via. Did you see that, Sir?

Pis. Yes, I saw the Fish, and he saw you too, which made him turn short; you must fish further off, if you intend to have any Sport here; this is no *New River* let me tell you. — That was a good *Trout*, believe me; did you touch him?

Via. No, I would I had, we would not have parted so. — Look you! there was another — this is an excellent Fly.

Pis. That Fly, I am sure, would kill Fish if the Day were right; but they only chew at it I see, and will not take it. Come, Sir, let us return back to the Fishing-house; this still Water, I see, will not do our Business to Day. — You shall now, if you please make a Fly yourself, and try what you can do in the Streams with that; and I know a *Trout*, taken with a Fly of your own making, will please you better than twenty with one of mine. — Give me that Bag again, Sirrah; look you, Sir, there is a Hook, Towght, Silk, and a Feather for the Wings; be doing with those, and I will look you out a Dubbing that I think will do.

Via. This is a very little Hook?

Pis. That may serve to inform you that it is for a very little Fly, and you must make your Wings accordingly; for, as the Case stands, it
must

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 257

must be a little Fly, and a very little one too, that must do your Business. Well said, believe me, you shift your Fingers very handsomely: I doubt I have taken upon me to teach my Master. So, here is your Dubbing now.

Via. This Dubbing is very black.

Pis. It appears so in Hand, but step to the Door, and hold it up betwixt your Eye and the Sun, and it will appear a shining Red: Let me tell you, never a Man in *England* can discern the true Colour of a Dubbing any Way but that, and therefore chuse always to make your Flies on such a bright Sun-shine Day as this; which also you may the better do, because it is worth nothing to fish in; here put it on, and be sure to make the Body of your Fly as slender as you can. Very good! upon my Word, you have made a marvellous handsome Fly.

Via. I am very glad to hear it: It is the first that ever I made of this Kind in my Life.

Pis. Away, away! you are a Doctor at it; but I will not commend you too much, lest I make you proud. Come, put it on, and you shall now go downward to some Streams betwixt the Rocks, below the little Foot-bridge, you see there, and try your Fortune. Take Heed of slipping into the Water, as you follow me under this Rock—So, now you are over—and now throw in.

Via. This is a fine Stream indeed—There is one! I have him!

Pis. And a precious Catch you have of him; pull him out, I see you have a tender Hand. This is a diminutive Gentleman—E'en throw him in again, and let him grow till he be more worthy your Anger.

Via.

Via. Pardon me, Sir, all is Fish that comes to the Hook with me now — Another!

Pis. And of the same Standing.

Via. I see I shall have good Sport now — Another! and a *Grayling*. — Why, you have fish here at Will.

Pis. Come, come, cross the Bridge, and go down the other Side lower, where you will find finer Streams, and better Sport, I hope than this — Look you, Sir, here is a fine Stream now! you have Length enough; stand a little further off let me intreat you, and do but fish this Stream like an Artift, and peradventure a good fish may fall to your Share — How now! what is all gone?

Via. No, I but touched him; but that was a Fish worth taking.

Pis. Why, now let me tell you, you lost that Fish by your own Fault, and through your own Eagerness and Haste; for you are never to offer to strike a good Fish, if he do not strike himself, till first you see him turn his Head after he has taken your Fly, and then you can never strain your Tackle in the Striking, if you strike with any manner of Moderation. Come, throw in once again, and fish me this Stream by Inches; for, I assure you, here are very good Fish, both *Trout* and *Grayling*, lie here; and, at that great Stone on the other Side, 'tis ten to one a good *Trout* gives you the Meeting —

Via. I have him now, but he is gone down towards the Bottom; I cannot see what he is; yet he should be a good Fish by his Weight; but he makes no great Stir.

Pis. Why then, by what you say, I dare venture to assure you, it is a *Grayling*, who is one of the deadeft-hearted Fishes in the World, and the bigger

bigger he is, the more easily taken—Look you, now you see him plain ; I told you what he was—bring hither that Landing-net, Boy, and now, Sir, he is your own, and, believe me, a good one, sixteen Inches long I warrant him. I have taken none such this Year.

Via. I never saw a *Grayling* before look so black.

Pis. Did you not? Why then, let me tell you, that you never saw one before in right Season ; for then a *Grayling* is very black about his Head, Gills, and down his Back, and has his Belly of a dark Grey, dappled with black Spots, as you see this is, and, I am apt to conclude, that from thence he derives his Name of *Umber*. Though, I must tell you, this Fish is past his Prime, and begins to decline, and was in better Season at *Christmas*, than he is now — But move on, for it grows towards Dinner-time, and there is a very great and fine Stream below, under that Rock, that fills the deepest Pool in all the River, where you are almost sure of a good Fish.

Via. Let him come, I will try a Fall with him ; but I had thought that the *Grayling* had been always in Season with the *Trout*, and had come in and gone out with him.

Pis. Oh ! no, assure yourself, a *Grayling* is a Winter Fish ; but such a one as would deceive any but such as know him very well indeed ; for his Flesh, even in his worst Season, is so firm, and will so easily calver *, that, in plain Truth, he is very good Meat at all Times ; but, in his perfect Season (which, by the Way, none but an overgrown *Grayling* will ever be) I think so good a
Fish

* That is, part in Flakes.

Fish, as to be little inferior to the best *Trout* that ever I tasted in my Life.

Via. Here's another *Skip-jack*, and I have raised five or six more at least whilst you were speaking—Well, go thy Way little *Dove*! thou art the finest River that ever I saw, and the fullest of Fish. Indeed, Sir, I like it so well, that I am afraid you will be troubled with me once a Year, so long as we two live.

Pis. I am afraid I shall not, Sir, but, were you once here a *May* or a *June*, if good Sport would tempt you, I should then expect you would sometimes see me, for you would then say it were a fine River indeed, if you had once seen the Sport at the Height.

Via. Which I will do, if I live, and that you please to give me Leave—There was one! and—there another!

Pis. And all this in a strange River, and with a Fly of your own making! Why, what a dangerous Man are you!

Via. Ay, Sir, but who taught me? And, as *Dametas* says by his Man *Dorus*, so you may say by me;

— If my Man such Praises have,
What are my Due, that taught the Knave.

But, what have we got here? a Rock springing up in the Middle of the River!—This is one of the oddest Sightings that ever I saw!

Pis. Why, Sir, from that Peak*, that you see standing up there distant from the Rock, this

* 'Tis a Rock in the Fashion of a *Spire* steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the River *Dove*, and not far from Mr.





P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 261

is called *Peak-pool*; and young Mr. *Isaac Walton* was so pleased with it, as to draw it in Landskip in black and white in a Blank Book I have at Home, as he has done several Prospects of my House also, which I keep for a Memorial of his Favour, and will shew you, when we come up to Dinner.

Via. Has young Mr. *Isaac Walton* been here too?

Pis. Yes, marry has he, Sir, and that again and again too; and in *France* since, and at *Rome*, and at *Venice*, and I cannot tell where; but I intend to ask him a great many hard Questions, so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next Month. In the mean time, Sir, to come to this fine Stream, at the Head of this great Pool, you must venture over these slippery cobbling Stones—Believe me, Sir, there you were nimble, or else you had been down—but, now you are got over, look to yourself, for, on my Word, if a Fish rise here, he is like to be such an one as will endanger your Tackle—How now!

Via. I think you have such Command here over the Fishes, that you can raise them by your Word, as they say Conjurers can do Spirits, and afterwards make them do what you bid them; for, here is a *Trout* has taken my Fly, I had rather have lost a Crown—What Luck is this! he was a lovely Fish, and turned up a Side like a *Salmon*.

Pis.

Cotton's House; below which Place, this delicate River takes a swift Career betwixt many mighty Rocks, much higher and bigger than *St Paul's Church*, before it was burnt. And this *Dove*, being opposed by one of the highest of them, has at last forced itself a Way through it; and, after a Mile's Concealment, appears again with more Glory and Beauty than before that Opposition, running through the most pleasant Vallies, and most fruitful Meadows, that this Nation can justly boast of. *Mr. Walton's Note, spoken of in his Letter.*

Pis. Oh, Sir, this is a War where you sometimes win, and must sometimes expect to lose; never concern yourself for the Loss of your Fly, for ten to one I teach you to make a better—Who is that calls?

Serv. Sir, will it please you to come to Dinner.

Pis. We come. You hear, Sir, we are called. And now take your choice, whether you will climb this steep Hill before you, from the Top of which you will go directly into the House, or back again over these stepping Stones, and about by the Bridge?

Via. Nay sure the nearest Way is best, at least my Stomach tells me so; and I am now so well acquainted with your Rocks, that I fear them not.

Pis. Come then, follow me; and so soon as we have dined, we will down again to my little *Fishery*, where I will begin at the Place I left off about Fly-fishing, and read you another Lecture: for I have a great deal more to say upon that Subject.

Via. The more the better; I could never have met with so obliging a Master, my first excepted; nor such Sport can all the Rivers about *London* ever afford, as is to be found in this pretty River.

Pis. You deserve to have better, both because I see you are willing to take Pains, and for liking this little so well; and *better* I hope to shew you before we part.

CHAP. VII.

The first Lecture on making Artificial-Flies.

Via. COME, Sir, having now well dined, and being again set in your little Fishing-House, I will now challenge your Promise, and
intreat

intreat you to proceed in your Instructions for *Fly-making*; which, that you may be the better encouraged to do, I will assure you, that I have not lost, I think, one Syllable of what you have told me, but very well retain all your Directions, both for the *Red, Line,* and *making a Fly,* and now desire an Account of the *Flies* themselves.

Pis. Why, Sir, I am ready to give it you, and shall have the whole Afternoon to do it in, if nobody comes in to interrupt us; for you must know, besides the Unfitness of the Day, that the Afternoons, so early in *March*, signify very little to angle with a *Fly*: though, with a *Minnow*, or a *Worm*, something might, I confess, be done. To begin then where I left off; my Father *Walton* tells us but of twelve artificial * *Flies* only, to angle with at the Top, and gives their Names; of which some are common with us here, and, I think, I guess at most of them by his Description, and, I believe, they all breed, and are taken in our Rivers, though we do not make them either of the same Dubbing or Fashion as it may be in the Rivers about *London*; which, I presume, he has most frequented, and where 'tis likely he has done most Execution. There is not much Notice taken of many more, but we are acquainted with several others here (though, perhaps, I may reckon some of his by other Names too) but, if I do, I shall make you Amends by an Addition to his *Catalogue*. And although the fore-named great Master in the Art of Angling, for so in Truth he is, tells you, that no Man should in Honesty catch a *Trout* till the Middle of *March*†, yet, I hope, he will give a Man Leave sooner to take a *Grayling*, which, as I told you, is, in the dead Months, in his best Season;

Season; and do assure you, which I remember by a very remarkable Token; I did once take, upon the sixth Day of *December*, one, and only one, of the biggish *Graylings*, and the best in Season, that ever I yet saw or tasted; and do usually take *Trouts* too, and with a Fly, not only before the Middle of this Month, but almost every Year, in *February*, unless it be a very ill Spring indeed; and have sometimes in *January*, so early as *New-Year's-Tide*, and in Frost and Snow, taken *Grayling*, in a warm sun-shiny Day, for an Hour or two about Noon; and to fish for him with a *Grub*, it is then the best Time of all. I shall therefore begin my Fly-fishing with that Month (though, I confess, very few begin so soon, and that such as are so fond of the Sport as to embrace all Opportunities, can rarely in that Month find a Day fit for their Purpose) and tell you, that, upon my Knowledge, *these Flies*, in a warm Sun, for an Hour or two in the Day, are certainly taken.

§ * §

JANUARY. 1. A Red-brown. The Wings of the Male of a *Mallard* almost white: The Dubbing, of the Tail of a black, long-coated Cur, such as Muffs are made of; for the Hair on the Tail of such a Dog dies, and turns to a Red-brown, but that of a smooth-coated Dog of the same Colour will not, because it will not die, but retains its natural Colour. This Fly is taken in a warm Sun this whole Month through. 2. A very little bright-dun *Gnat*, as little as possibly can be made, so little as never to be fished withal with above one Hair next the Hook. This is to be made of a mixed Dubbing of *Marten's-fur*, and the white of a *Hare's* Scut, with a very white, small Wing. 'Tis

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 265

no matter how fine you fish, for nothing will rise this Month but a *Grayling*, and of them I never at this Season saw any, taken with a Fly, of above a Foot long, but of little ones, about the Bigness of a *Smelt*; in a warm Day, and a glowing Sun, you may take enough with these two Flies. And they are both taken the whole *North* through.

FEBRUARY. 1. Where the *Red-brown* of last Month ends, another, almost the same Colour, begins with *this*; saving the Dubbing must be of something a blacker Colour, and both of them warped on with red Silk. The truest Dubbing is to be got off the black Spot of a *Hog's Ear*; not that a black Spot in any Part of the Hog will not afford the same Colour, but the Hair in that Place is by many Degrees softer and fitter for the Purpose; his Wing must be as the last named; this kills all this Month, and is called the *Lesser Red-brown*.

2. A plain *Hackle*, or *Palmer-fly*, made with a rough black Body, of black *Spaniel's Fur*, or the Whirl of an *Ostrich* Feather, the red *Hackle* of a *Capon* over all. It will kill, and, if the Weather be right, make very good Sport.

3. A lesser *Hackle*, with a black Body also, Silver-twist over that, and a red Feather over all, will fill your *Pannier* with very good Fish, if the Weather be open, and not bound up in Ice and Snow; but, in case of the latter, you are to angle only with the smallest Gnats, *Browns* and *Duns*, you can make; and with those are only to expect *Graylings* no bigger than *Sprats*.

4. Upon a whirling, rough Water, we have a great *Hackle*, the Body black, wrapped with a red Feather of a *Capon* untrimm'd, that is, the whole Length of the *Hackle* staring out; for we sometimes barb the *Hackle* Feather

ther short all over, sometimes only a little, sometimes close underneath, leaving the whole Length of the Feather on the Top or Back of the Fly, which makes it swim better, and, as Occasion serves, kill very great Fish. 5. Another great *Hackle*, the Body black, ribb'd over with Gold-twist, and a red Feather over all, which does great Execution. 6. A great *Dun*, made with dun *Bear's Hair*, the Wings of the grey Feather of a *Mallard* near his Tail. This is absolutely the best Fly can be thrown on a River this Month, and with which an Angler shall have admirable Sport. 7. The great blue *Dun*; the Dubbing, of the Bottom of *Bear's Hair* next the Roots, mixed with a little blue *Cumlet*, the Wings, of the dark grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 8. A Dark brown; the Dubbing, of the brown Hair off the Flank of a Breeded Cow, the Wings, of the grey *Drake's* Feather.

Note, That these several *Hackles*, on *Palmer-flies*, are some for one Water and Sky, some for another, and, according to the Change of these, we alter their Size and Colour. Note also, That in this, and all other Months in the Year, when you do not certainly know what Fly is taken, or cannot see any Fish rise, put on a small *Hackle*, if the Water be clear; or a larger, if something thick, till you have taken one; and then, thrusting your Finger through his Gills, pull out his Gorge, which opening with your Knife, you will discover what Fly is taken, and may fit your self accordingly. For the making of a *Hackle*, viz. *Palmer-fly*, my Father *Walton* has already given you sufficient Direction.

MARCH. Use all the same *Hackles* and *Flies* as in *February*, but make them less. We have besides,

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 267

fides, 1. A little *Dun*, call'd a *Whirling Dun*, though not *that* indeed, which is one of the best Flies we have; the Dubbing must be of the bottom Fur of a *Squirrel's Tail*, the Wing of the grey Feather of a *Drake*. 2. The *Bright-brown*; the Dubbing, of the Brown of a *Spaniel* or a *Cow's Flank*, with a grey Wing. 3. A *whitish Dun*, made of the Roots of *Camel's Hair*, the Wings of the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 4. The *Thorn-Tree-fly*; Dubbing an absolute black, mixed with eight or ten Hairs of *Isabella* colour'd *Mohair*, the Body as little as can be made, the Wings of a bright *Mallard's Feather*: *An admirable Fly, in great Repute among us.* 5. The *Blue-dun*; the Dubbing is thus to be got: Take a small Tooth-comb, and with it comb the Neck of a black *Greyhound*, the Down which sticks in the Teeth will be the finest *Blue* you ever saw. The Wings of this Fly can hardly be too white; he is taken about the 10th of this Month, and lasts till the 24th. 6. The little *black Gnat*, taken also for the above-named Space of Time; the Dubbing of the Fur of a black *Water-dog*, or the Down of a young black *Water-coot*, the Wings of the Male of a *Mallard*, as white as may be, the Body as little as you can possibly make it, and the Wings as short as this Body*. 7. The *Bright-brown*, taken from the Middle of *March* to the same of *April*; the Dubbing to be had out of a *Parcbment-maker's Lime-pits*, from the Hair of an abortive *Calf*, which the Lime will turn to be so bright as to shine like Gold; the Feather of a brown *Hen* is best for Wings.

M. 2

APRIL.

* Some make his Body of the *Cap*, or *Top-Feather*, on a *Plover's Head*.

APRIL. All the Hackles and Flies taken in March, will be taken this Month also, with this Distinction only concerning the Flies, that all the Browns be lapped with red Silk, and the Duns with yellow. To these, 1. A small *Bright-brown*, made of *Spaniel's* Fur, with light grey Wings, in a bright Day, and clear Water, is very well taken. 2. A little *Dark-brown*: the Dubbing of that Colour, and some violet *Camlet*, mixed; the Wing, the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 3. The *Violet-fly*, from the 6th to the 10th of this Month, made of a dark violet Stuff, the Wings of the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 4. The *Whirling-Dun*, comes in about the 12th of this Month, taken about *Mid-day* every Day this Month through, and by Fits from thence to the End of *June*: It is commonly made of the Down of a *Fox-Cub*, which is Ash-coloured at the Roots next the Skin, ribb'd about with yellow Silk; the Wings of the pale grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 5. A *Yellow Dun*; the Dubbing of *Camel's* Hair, and yellow *Camlet* or Wool, mixed, and a white grey Wing. 6. Another little *Brown*, with a very slender Body; the Dubbing, of dark-brown and violet *Camlet* mix'd, and a grey Wing: Which, though the Direction for making be near the other *Bright-brown*, it is yet another Fly, and will take when the other will not, especially in a bright Day, and clear Water. 7. The *Horse-flesh-fly*, comes in about the 20th of this Month; the Dubbing is a blue *Mohair* with Pink-coloured and red *Tammy* mixed, a light-coloured Wing, and dark-brown Head. This Fly is taken best in an Evening, from two Hours before Sun-set till Twilight, and is taken the Month through,

MAY.

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 269

MAY. And now, Sir, that we are entering into the Month of *May*, I think it requisite to beg not only your Attention, but your best Patience; for I must be a little tedious, and dwell upon this Month longer than ordinary. Which, that you may the better endure, I must tell you, this Month deserves and requires to be insisted on, as *it alone*, and the Month following, afford more Pleasure to the *Fly-angler*, than all the rest. And here it is that you are to expect an Account of the *Green-drake* and *Stone-fly*, promised you so long ago, and *some others*, that are peculiar to this and Part of the following Month; and that, though not so great, either in Bulk or Name, do yet stand in Competition with the two before-named, and so, that it is yet undecided amongst *Anglers*, to which of the Pretenders to the Title of *May-fly* it does properly and duly belong; neither dare I, where so many of the Learned in the Art of Angling are got in Dispute about the Controversy, take upon me to determine; but, I think, I ought to have a Vote amongst them, and according to that Privilege, shall give you my free Opinion; and peradventure, when I have told you all, you may incline to think me in the right.

Via. I have so great a Deference to your Judgment in these Matters, that I must always be of your Opinion; and the more you speak, the faster I grow to my Attention, for I can never be weary of hearing you upon this Subject.

Pis. Why, that is Encouragement enough. And now prepare yourself for a tedious Lecture; but I will first begin with the Flies of less Esteem, though *almost any thing will take a Trout in May*, that I may afterwards insist the longer on those of greater Note and Reputation. Know therefore,

that the first Fly we take Notice of in this Month is called, 1. The *Turkey-fly*; the Dubbing, ravell'd out of some blue Stuff, and lapped about with yellow Silk, the Wings of a grey *Mallard's* Feather. 2. A great *Hackle*, viz. *Palmer-fly*, with a yellow Body, ribb'd with Gold-twist, and large Wings of a *Mallard's* Feather dy'd yellow, with a red *Capon's* Hackle over all. 3. A *Black-fly*; the Dubbing, of a black *Spaniel's* Fur, and the Wings, of a grey *Mallard's* Feather. 4. A *Light-brown*, with a slender Body; the Dubbing, twirl'd upon a small red Silk, and raised with the Point of a Needle, that the Ribs or Rows of Silk may appear through; the Wings, of the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 5. A *Little Dun*; the Dubbing of *Beaver's* Dun whirr'd upon yellow Silk, the Wings of the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 6. A *White Grail*, with a pale Wing, and black Head. 7. The *Peacock-fly*; the Body made of a Whirl of a *Peacock's* Feather, with a red Head, and Wings of a *Mallard's* Feather. 8. The *Dun-cut*, a very killing Fly; the Dubbing is a *Beaver's* Dun, a little blue and yellow mix'd with it, a large dun Wing, and two Horns at the Head, made of the Hairs of a *Squirrel's* Tail. 9. The *Cow-Lady*, a little Fly, the Body of a *Peacock's* Feather, the Wing of a red Feather, or strips of the red Hackle of a *Cock*. 10. The *Cow-Lady Fly*; the Dubbing, light brown and yellow mix'd, the Wing, the dark grey Feather of a *Mallard*. And note, That besides these above-mentioned, all the same Hackles and Flies that are taken in April will also be taken this Month; the Hackles only brighter, and the Flies smaller; as also all Browns and Duns.

And
 greater Note and Reputation. Know
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And now I come to my *Stone-fly* and *Green-drake*, which are the Matadores for *Trout* and *Grayling*, and, in their Season, kill more Fish in our *Derbyshire* Rivers than all the rest, past and to come, in the whole Year besides.

But First, I am to tell you, that we have four several Flies which contend for the Title of the *May-fly*; namely, the *Green-drake*, the *Stone-fly*, the *Black-fly*, and the little yellow *May-fly*: all these have their Champions and Advocates to dispute and plead their Priority, though I do not understand why the *two last* named should; the *first two* having so manifestly the Advantage, both in their Beauty, and the wonderful Execution they do in their Season. Of these,

1. The *Green-drake* comes in about the 20th of this Month, or betwixt that and the latter End, for they are sometimes sooner, and sometimes later, according to the Quality of the Year, but never well taken till towards the End of this Month, and the Beginning of *June*: The *Stone-fly* comes much sooner, so early as the Middle of *April*, but is never well taken till towards the Middle of *May*, and continues to kill much longer than the *Green-drake* stays with us, as long as to the End almost of *June*, and indeed so long as there are any of them to be seen upon the Water; and sometimes (in an artificial Fly, and late at Night, or before Sun-rise in a Morning) longer.

Now both these Flies, and I believe many others, though I think not all, are certainly and demonstratively bred in the very Rivers where they are taken; our *Caddews* or *Cod-bait*, which lie under the Stones, at the Bottom of the Water, most of

them turning into those two Flies, and, being gathered in the Husk, or Crust, near the Time of their Maturity, are very easily known and distinguished, and are of all others the most remarkable, both for their Size (as being of all other the biggest, the shortest of them being a full Inch long or more) and for the Execution they do; the *Trout* and *Grayling*, being much more greedy of them than any others: and indeed the *Trout* never feeds fat, nor comes into his perfect Season, till these Flies come in.

Of these, the *Green-drake* never discloses from his Husk, till he be first there grown to full Maturity, Body, Wings, and all. And then he creeps out of his Cell, but with his Wings so crimp, and ruffled, by being pressed together in that narrow Room, that they are some Hours totally useless to him; by which Means, he is compelled either to creep upon the *Flags*, *Sedges*, and *Blades of Grass*, if his first rising from the Bottom of the Water be near the Banks of the River, till the Air and Sun stiffen and smooth them. Or, if his first Appearance above Water happen to be in the Middle, he then lies upon the Surface of the Water like a Ship at Hull; for his Feet are totally useless to him there, and he cannot creep upon the Water, as the *Stone-fly* can, until his Wings have got Stiffness to fly with, if by some *Trout* or *Grayling* he be not taken in the interim, which ten to one he is; and then his Wings stand high, and closed exact upon his Back, like the *Butterfly*, and his Motion in flying is the same. His Body is in some of a paler; in others of a darker yellow, for they are not all exactly of a Colour, ribb'd with Rows of green, long, slender, and growing sharp towards the Tail, at the End of which he has three long small Whisks,

P. I. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 273

Whisks, of a very dark Colour, almost black, and his Tail turns up towards his Back like a *Mallard*, from whence, questionless, he has his Name of a *Green-drake*; these, as I think I told you before we commonly *dap* or *dibble* with, and having gathered great Store of them into a long Draw-Box with Holes in the Cover to give them Air, where also they will continue fresh and vigorous a Night or more, we take them out thence by the Wings, and bait them thus upon the Hook.

§ * §

We first take *one* (for we commonly fish with two of them at a Time) and putting the Point of the Hook into the thickest Part of his Body, under one of his Wings, run it directly through, and out at the other Side, leaving him spitted cross upon the Hook, and then taking the other, put him on after the same Manner, but with his Head the contrary Way; in which Posture they will live upon the Hook, and play with their Wings, for a Quarter of an Hour, or more; but you must have a care to keep their Wings dry, both from the Water, and also, that your Fingers be not wet when you take them out to bait them, for then your Bait is spoiled.

Having now told you how to angle with this Fly alive, I am now to tell you next, how to make an artificial Fly, that will so perfectly resemble him to a Wonder, as to be taken in a rough windy Day, when no Flies can lie upon the Water, nor are to be found about the Banks and Sides of the Rivers and with which you shall certainly kill the best *Trout* or *Grayling* in the River.

The artificial *Green-drake* then is made upon a large Hook; the Dubbing *Camel's Hair*, bright *Bear's Hair*, the soft down that is combed from a *Hog's Bristles*, and yellow *Gamlet*, well mixed together; the Body long, and ribb'd about with green *Silk*, or rather yellow, wax'd with green *Wax*; the *Whisks*, of the Tail of the long *Hairs* of *Sables* or *Fitchet*; and the *Wings* of the white-grey Feather of the *Mallard* dy'd yellow, which is also to be dy'd thus: Take the Root of a *Barbary-tree* and shave it, and put to it *Woody-viss*, with as much *Allum* as a *Walnut*, and boil your Feathers in it with *Rain-water*, and they will be of a very fine yellow. I have now done with the *Green-drake*, excepting to tell you, that he is taken at all *Houes* during his Season, whilst there is any Day upon the Sky; and, with a *Made-fly*, I once took ten Days after he was absolutely gone, in a cloudy Day, after a Shower, and in a whistling Wind, five-and-thirty very great *Trouts* and *Graylings*, betwixt five and eight of the Clock in the Evening, and had no less than five or six Flies, with three good Hairs a-piece. taken from me, in despite of my Heart, besides. 12. I should now come next to the *Stone-fly*, but there is another Gentleman in my Way, that must of Necessity come in between, and that is the *Grey-drake*, which in all Shapes and Dimensions is perfectly the same with the other, but quite almost of another Colour; being of a paler, and more livid yellow and green, and ribb'd with black, quite down his Body, with black shining Wings, and so diaphanous and tender, Cob-web like, that they are of no manner of use for dapping; but come in, and are taken after the *Green drake*, and in an artificial Fly kill very well. Which Fly is thus made; the Dubbing of the

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the Down of *Hog's Bristles*, and black *Spaniel's Fur*, mix'd, and ribb'd down the Body with black *Silk*, the *Whisks*, of the Hairs on the Beard of a black *Cat*, and the Wings of the black-grey Feather of a *Mak-lurd*.

And now I come to the *Stone-fly*, but am afraid I have already wearied your Patience; which, if I have, I beseech you freely tell me so, and I will defer the remaining Instructions for *Fly angling* till some other Time.

Via. No truly, Sir, I can never be weary of hearing of you. But, if you think fit, because I am afraid I am too troublesome, to refresh yourself with a *Glass*, and a *Pipe*, you may afterwards proceed; and I shall be exceedingly pleased to hear you.

Pis. I thank you, Sir, for that Motion; for, believe me, I am dry with talking — Here, Boy, give us here a *Bottle*, and a *Glass* — and, Sir, my Service to you, and to all our Friends in the South.

Via. Your Servant, Sir, I will pledge you as heartily; for the good powder'd Beef I eat at Dinner, or something else, has made me thirsty.

CHAP. VIII.

The Second Lecture on making Artificial Flies.

Via. SO, Sir, I am now ready for another Lesson, so soon as you please to give it me.

Pis. And I, Sir, as ready to give you the best I can. Having told you the Time of the *Stone-fly's* coming

coming in, and that he is bred of a *Cadis*, in the very River where he is taken, I am next to tell you, that, 13. This same *Stone-fly* has not the Patience to continue in his Crust or Husk till his Wings be full grown; but so soon as ever they begin to put out, that he feels himself strong (at which Time we call him a *Jack*) squeezes himself out of Prison, and crawls to the Top of some Stone, where, if he can find a Chink that will receive him, or can creep betwixt two Stones, the one lying hollow upon the other (which, by the way, we also lay *so*, purposely to find them) he there lurks till his Wings be full grown, and there is your only Place to find him, and from thence doubtless he derives his Name: though, for Want of such Convenience, he will make shift with the Hollow of a Bank, or any other Place where the Wind cannot come to fetch him off. His Body is long, and pretty thick, and as broad at the Tail almost as in the Middle; his Colour a very fine brown, ribb'd with yellow, and much yellower on the Belly than the Back; he has two or three Whisks also at the Tag of his Tail, and two little Horns upon his Head; his Wings, when full grown, are double, and flat down his Back; of the same Colour, but rather darker than his Body, and longer than it, though he makes but little use of them; for you shall rarely see him flying, though often swimming and paddling, with several Feet he has under his Belly, upon the Water, without stirring a Wing; but the *Drake* will mount Steeple-height in the Air, though he is to be found upon Flags and Grass too, and, indeed, every-where, high and low, near the River; there being so many of them in their Season, as, were they not a very inoffensive Insect, would look like a Plague.

And

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 277

And these *Drakes* (since I forgot to tell you before, I will tell you here) are taken by the Fish, to that incredible Degree, that, upon a calm Day, you shall see the still Deepes continually all over Circles by the Fishes rising; who will gorge themselves with those Flies, till they purge again out of their Gills. And the *Trouts* are at that Time so lusty and strong, that one of eight or ten Inches long will then more struggle and tug, and more endanger your Tackle, than one twice as big in Winter: But pardon this Digression.

§ * §

This *Stone-fly* then we dape or dabble with as with the *Drake*, but with this Difference; that whereas the *Green-drake* is common both to *Stream and Still*, and to all Hours of the Day; we seldom dape with this but in the Streams, for, in a whistling Wind a *Made-fly* in the Deep is better, and rarely but early and late; it not being so proper for the Mid-time of the Day, though a great *Grayling* will then take it very well in a sharp Stream, and here and there a *Trout* too, but much better towards eight, nine, ten, or eleven of the Clock at Night; at which Time also the best Fish rise, and the later the better, provided you can see the Fly; and when you cannot, a *Made-fly* will murder; which is to be made thus: The Dubbing of *Bear's Dun*, with a little brown and yellow *Camlet*, very well mix'd, but so placed, that your Fly may be more yellow on the Belly, and towards the Tail underneath, than in any other Part; and you are to place two or three Hairs of black *Cat's Beard* on the Top of the Hook in your Arming, so as to be turn'd up, when you warp on your Dubbing, and to stand almost upright, and staring one from

from another: And *note*, That your Fly is to be ribb'd with yellow Silk; and the Wings long, and very large, of the dark grey Feather of a *Mallard*. The next *May-fly* is, 14. The *Black fly*, made with a black Body of the Whirl of an *Ostriche's* Feather, ribb'd with Silver-twist, and the black Hackle of a *Cock* over all, and is a killing Fly, but not to be named with either of the other. 15. The little yellow *May-fly*, the last of the four Pretenders, in Shape exactly the same with the *Green-drake*, but a very little one, and of as bright a yellow as can be seen, made of a bright yellow *Camlet*, the Wings, of a white grey Feather dy'd yellow. 16. The *Camlet-fly*, and the last for this Month, which, though it comes in the Middle of it, continues all *June*. In Shape like a Moth, with fine diaper'd or water'd Wings, and with which, as I told you before, I sometimes used to dabble; and *Grayling* will rise mightily at it. But the artificial Fly, which is only used amongst our Anglers, is made of a dark brown shining *Camlet*, ribb'd over with a very small light green Silk, the Wings, of the double-grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 'Tis a killing Fly for small Fish. And so much for *May*.

JUNE. From the First, to the Four-and-twentieth, the *Green-drake* and *Stone-fly* are taken, as I told you before: Then are, 1. The *Owl-fly*, taken from the 12th to the 24th, late at Night; the Dubbing, of a white *Weasel's* Tail, and a white-grey Wing. 2. The *Barme-fly* (another *Dun*) named from its yesty Colour; the Dubbing, the Fur of a yellow-dun *Cat*, a grey Wing, of a *Mallard's* Feather. 3. A *Hackle*, with a purple Body, whip'd about with a red *Capon's* Feather.

P. H. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 279

4. A *Gold-twist Hackle*, with a purple Body, whip'd exactly as that above. 5. A *Flesh-fly*; the Dubbing, of black *Spaniel's Fur*, and blue *Wool*, mix'd, and a grey Wing. 6. The little *Flesh-fly*; the Body of the Whirl of a *Peacock's Feather*, Wings, of the grey Feather of a *Drake*. 7. The *Peacock-fly*; the Body and Wing both made of the Feather of that Bird. 8. The *Ant-fly*; the Dubbing, of brown and red *Camlet* mix'd, with a light-grey Wing. 9. The *Brown-gnat*, with a very slender Body, of brown and violet *Camlet* well mix'd, and a light-grey Wing. 10. A little *Black-gnat*; the Dubbing, of black *Mohair*, and a white grey Wing. 11. A *Green Grasshopper*; the Dubbing, of green and yellow *Wool* mix'd, ribb'd over with green *Silk*, and a red *Capon's Feather* over all. 12. A little *Dun Grasshopper*; the Body made slender of *dun Camlet*, a *dun Hackle* at Top.

JULY. All the small Flies are taken in this Month that were in June. We have then, 1. The *Orange-fly*; the Dubbing, of *Orange-wool*, the Wing of a black Feather. 2. A little *White-dun*; the Body of white *Mohair*, the Wing's blue, of a *Hern's Feather*. 3. The *Wasp-fly*, a dark brown Dubbing, or else the Fur of a black *Cat's Tail*, ribb'd about with yellow *Silk*, the Wing, of the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 4. A *Black Hackle*; the Body, of the Whirl of a *Peacock's Feather*, a black *Hackle Feather* on the Top. 5. Another, made of a *Peacock's Whirl*, without Wings. 6. The *Shell-fly*; the Dubbing, of yellow green *Fer-sey Wool*, and a little white *Hog's Hair*, mix'd. I call this the *Palm-fly*, and do believe it is taken for a *Palm* that drops off the *Willows* into the Water,

Water. For I have seen *Trouts* take little Pieces of Moss as they swam down the River for this Fly; by which, I conclude, *the best Way to hit the right Colour is to compare your Dubbing with the Moss, and mix the Colours as near as you can.* 7. A *Black-blue Dun*; the Dubbing, of the Fur of a black *Rabbit*, mix'd with a little yellow, the Wings, of the Feather of a blue *Pigeon's* Wing.

AUGUST. *The same Flies with July.* Then, 1. Another *Ant-fly*; the Dubbing, the black-brown Hair of a *Cow*, some red warp'd in for the Tag of his Tail, and a dark Wing; a *killing Fly*. 2. The *Fern-fly*; the Dubbing, of the Fur of a *Hare's* Neck, that is of the Colour of *Fern*, with a darkish grey Wing of a *Mallard's* Feather; a *Killer* too. 3. A white *Hackle*; its Body of white *Mohair*, wrap'd about with a white *Hackle* Feather, and this is assuredly taken for *Thistle-down*. 4. A *Harry-long-legs*; the Body made of *Bear's* Dun and blue Wool mix'd, and a brown *Hackle* Feather over all: *All the same Browns and Duns are taken this Month that were in May.*

SEPTEMBER. *The same Flies are taken this Month that were in April:* To which I shall only add, 1. A *Camel-brown-fly*; the Dubbing, pull'd out of the Lime of a Wall, whip'd about with red Silk, and a darkish grey *Mallard's* Feather for the Wing. 2. One other, for which we have no Name. It is made of the black Hair of a *Badger's* Skin, mix'd with the yellow softest Down of a *sanded Hog*.

OCTOBER. *The same Flies that were taken in March.*

NOVEMBER;

NOVEMBER. *The same Flies that were taken in February.*

DECEMBER. Few Men angle with a Fly this Month, no more than they do in *January*; but yet, if the Weather be warm, as I have known it sometimes in my Life to be, even in this cold Country, where it is least expected, then a *Brown*, that looks red in the Hand, and yellowish betwixt your Eye and the Sun, will both raise and kill in a clear Water, and free from *Snow-broth*. But, at best, it is hardly worth a Man's Labour.

§ * §

And now, *Sir*, I have done with *Fly-fishing*, on angling at the Top, excepting once more to tell you, that of all these, and I have named you a great many very killing Flies, none are fit to be compared with the *Drake* and *Stone-fly*, both for many and very great Fish. And yet there are some Days that are by no Means proper for the Sport; and in a Calm, you shall not have near so much, even with *Dapping*, as in a whistling Gale of Wind; for two Reasons: both because you are not then so easily discovered by the Fish, and also, that there are but few Flies can then lie upon the Water; for where they have so much Choice, you may easily imagine they will not be so eager and forward to rise at a Bait, that both the Shadow of your Body, and of your Rod, nay of your very Line, in a hot calm Day, will, in spite of your best Caution, render suspected to them. But even then, in swift Streams, or by sitting down patiently behind a *Willow-bush*, you shall do more Execution, than at almost any other Time of the Year with any other Fly, though one may sometimes hit
of

of a Day when he shall come home very well satisfied with Sport, with several other Flies. But with these two, the *Green-drake* and the *Stone-fly*, I do verily believe I could, some Days in my Life, had I not been weary of Slaughter, have loaded a lusty Boy, and have sometimes, I do honestly assure you, given over upon the mere Account of satiety of Sport; which will be no hard Matter to believe, when I likewise assure you, that, with this very Fly, I have, in this very River that runs by us, in three or four Hours, taken thirty, five-and-thirty and forty, of the best *Trouts* in it. What shame and Pity is it then, that such a River should be destroyed by the basest Sort of People in those unlawful Ways of Fire * and netting in the Night, and of Damming, Groping, Spearing, Hanging, and Hooking, by Day, which are now grown so common, that though we have very good Laws to punish such Offenders, every Rascal does it, for ought I see, with Impunity.

To conclude; I cannot now, in honesty, but frankly tell you, that many of these Flies I have named, at least so made as we make them here, will peradventure do you no great Service in your southern Rivers; and will not conceal from you, but that I have sent Flies to several Friends in *London*, that, for ought I could ever learn, never did any great Feats with them; and therefore, if you intend to profit by my Instructions, you must come to angle with me here in the *Peak*. And so, if you please, let us walk up to Supper, and Tomorrow, if the Day be windy, as our Days here commonly are, 'tis ten to one but we shall take a good Dish of Fish for Dinner.

CHAP. IX.

A Morning Conference.

Pis. A Good Day to you, Sir; I see you will always be stirring before me.

Via. Why, to tell you the Truth, I am so allured with the Sport I had Yesterday, that I long to be at the River again; and, when I heard the Wind sing in my Chamber Window, could forbear no longer, but leap out of Bed, and had just made an End of dressing myself as you came in.

Pis. Well, I am both glad you are so ready for the Day, and that the Day is so fit for you; and look you, I have made you three or four Flies this Morning; this Silver-twist Hackle, this Bear's Dun, this light Brown, and this dark Brown, any of which, I dare say, will do; but you may try them all, and see which does best—only I must ask your Pardon, that I cannot wait upon you this Morning; a little Business being fallen out, that, for two or three Hours, will deprive me of your Company; but I will come to call you home to Dinner, and my Man shall attend you.

Via. Oh! Sir, mind your Affairs by all Means—do but lend me a little of your Skill to these fine Flies; and, unless it have forsaken me since Yesterday, I shall find Luck of my own, I hope, to do something.

Pis. The best Instruction I can give you is, that, seeing the Wind curls the Water, and blows the right Way, you would now angle up the still Deep to Day; for betwixt the Rocks where the Streams are, you would find it now too brisk; and besides, I would have you take Fish in both Waters.

Via.

Via. I'll obey your Directions, and so a good Morning to you—Come, young Man, let you and I walk together—But hark you, Sir, I have not done with you yet; I expect another Lesson for angling *at the Bottom*, in the Afternoon.

Pis. Well, Sir, I'll be ready for you.

CH A P. X.

The Success at angling; with the Way of dressing a Trout and Grayling.

Pis. **O**H! Sir, are you returned? You have but just prevented me. I was coming to call you.

Via. I am glad then I have saved you the Labour,

Pis. And how have you sped?

Via. You shall see that, Sir, presently—look you, Sir, here are three Brace of *Trouts*, one of them, the biggest but one, that ever I kill'd with a Fly in my Life; and yet I lost a bigger than that, with my Fly to Boot—and here are three *Grailings*, and one of them longer by some Inches than that I took Yesterday; and yet I thought that a good one too.

Pis. Why, you have made a pretty good Morning's Work on it; and now, Sir, what think you of our River Dove?

Via. I think it to be the best *Trout River* in England; and am so far in love with it, that if it were mine, and that I could keep it to myself, I would not exchange that Water for all the Land it runs over, to be totally debared from it.

Pis.

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 285

Pis. That Compliment to the River, speaks you a true Lover of the *Art of Angling*: And now, Sir, to make Part of Amends for sending you so uncivilly out alone this Morning, I will myself dress you this Dish of Fish for your Dinner. Walk but into the Parlour, you will find one Book or other in the Window to entertain you the while, and you shall have it presently.

Via. Well, Sir, I obey you.

Pis. Look you, Sir, have I not made Haste?

Via. Believe me, Sir, that you have, and it looks so well, I long to be at it.

Pis. Fall too then—now, Sir, what say you! Am I a tolerable Cook, or no?

Via. So good a one, that I did never eat so good Fish in my Life! This Fish is infinitely better than any I ever tasted of the Kind! 'Tis quite another Thing, than our *Trouts* about London.

Pis. You would say so, if that *Trout* you ate of were in right Season: But, pray, eat of the *Grayling*, which, upon my Word, at this Time, is by much the better Fish.

Via. In earnest, and so it is! and I have one Request to make to you, which is, that as you have taught me to catch *Trout* and *Grayling*, you will now teach me how to dress them as these are dress'd, which, questionless, is of all other the best Way.

Pis. That I will, Sir, with all my Heart, and am glad you like them so well, as to make that Request; and they are dress'd thus:

Take your Trout, wash and dry him with a clean Napkin, then open him, and having taken out his Guts, and all the Blood, wipe him very clean within,
but

but wash him not; and give him three Scotches with a Knife to the Bone on one Side only: After which, take a clean Kettle, and put in as much hard stale Beer (but it must not be dead.) Kingar, and a little White-wine and Water, as will cover the Fish you intend to boil; then throw into the Liquor a good Quantity of Salt, the Rind of a Lemon, a Handful of sliced Horse Radish-root, with a handsome little Faggot of Rosemary, Thyme, and Winter Savoury. Then set your Kettle upon a quick Fire of Wood, and let your Liquor boil up to the Height before you put in your Fish; and, if there be many, put them in one by one, that they may not so cool the Liquor, as to make it fall; and whilst your Fish is boiling, beat up the Butter for your Sauce with a Ladleful or two of the Liquor it is boiling in; and, being boiled enough, immediately pour the Liquor from the Fish; and, being laid in a Dish, pour your Butter upon it, and strewn it plentifully over with shav'd Horse Radish, and a little pounded Ginger, garnish your Sides of your Dish, and the Fish itself, with a sliced Lemon or two, and serve it up.

A Grayling is also to be dressed exactly after the same Manner, having that he is to be scaled, which a Trout never is; and that must be done either with one's Nails, or very lightly and carefully with a Knife, for fear of bruising the Fish. And note, That these Kinds of Fish, a Trout especially, if he is not eaten within four or five Hours after he is taken, is worth nothing.

But come, Sir, I see you have dined, and therefore, if you please, we will walk down again to the little Fishing-house, and there I will read you a Lecture of angling at the Bottom.

C H A P. XI.

Directions for angling at Bottom for a Trout, &c.

§ * §

Via. SO, Sir, now we are here, and set, let me have my Instructions for angling for Trout and Grayling at the Bottom; which, though not so easy, so cleanly, nor (as it is said) so genteel a Way of fishing, as with a Fly, is yet, if I mistake not, a good holding Way, and takes Fish when nothing else will.

Pis. You are in the right, it does so; and a Worm is so sure a Bait at all Times, that, excepting in a Flood, I would I had laid a thousand Pounds that I had killed Fish, more or less, with it, Winter or Summer, every Day throughout the Year; those Days always excepted, that, upon a more serious Account, always ought so to be. But not longer to delay you, I will begin, and tell you, that *angling at the Bottom* is also commonly of two Sorts (and yet there is a third Way of angling with a Ground-bait, and to a very great Effect too, as shall be said hereafter) namely,

By Hand, or with a Cork or Float.

That we call *angling by Hand* is of three Sorts. The first with a Line about half the Length of the Rod, a good weighty Plumb, and three Hairs next the Hook, which we call a Running-line, and with one large *Brandling*, or a *Dew-worm*, of a moderate Size, or two small ones of the first, or any other Sort, proper for a Trout (of which my Father *Walton* has already given you the Names, and saved me a Labour) or indeed almost any Worm whatever; for if a Trout be in the Humour to bite, it must be such a Worm as I never yet saw, that

he will refuse; and, if you fish with *two*, * you are then to bait your Hook thus; you are first to run the Point of your Hook in at the very Head of the first Worm, and so down through his Body, till it be past the Knot, and then let it out, and strip the Worm above the Arming, that you may not bruise it with your Fingers, till you have put on the other, by running the Point of the Hook in below the Knot, and upwards through his Body towards the Head, till it be but just covered with the Head; which being done, you are then to slip the first Worm down over the Arming again, till the Knots of both Worms meet together.

The second Way of angling by Hand, and with a Running-line, is with a Line something longer than the former, and with Tackle made after this same manner. At the utmost Extremity of your Line, where the Hook is always placed in all other Ways of angling, you are to have a large Pistol or Carbine Bullet, into which the End of your Line is to be fastened, with a Peg or Pin, even and close with the Bullet; and about half a Foot above that, a Branch of Line, of two or three Handfuls long (or more for a swift Stream) with a Hook at the End thereof, baited with some of the fore-named Worms; and half a Foot above that, another armed and baited after the same Manner, but with another Sort of Worm, without any Lead at all above; by which Means, you will always certainly find the true Bottom in all Depths, which, with Plumbs upon your Line above, you can never do, but that your Bait must always drag whilst you are sounding (which, in this Way of angling, must be continually) by which Means you are like to have more

* The Way of baiting with one Worm (See p. 71.) with two (a little different from this above) in Note, p. *ibid.*

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 289

more Trouble, and peradventure, worse Success. And both these Ways of angling at the Bottom, are most proper for a dark and muddy Water, by reason, that in such a Condition of the Stream, a Man may stand as near as he will, and neither his own Shadow, nor the Roundness of his Tackle, will hinder his Sport.

The *third Way* of angling by Hand with a Ground-bait, and by much the best of all other, is, with a Line full as long, or a yard and half longer than your Rod, with no more than one Hair next the Hook, and for two or three Lengths above it, and no more than one small Pellet of Shot for your Plumb: your Hook little, your Worms of the smaller *Brandlings* very well scoured, and only one upon your Hook at a time, which is thus to be baited; *the Point of your Hook is to be put in at the very Tag of his Tail, and run up his Body quite over all the Arming, and still stript on, an Inch at least, upon the Hair, the Head and remaining Part hanging downward*; and with this Line and Hook thus baited, you are evermore to angle in the Streams, always in a clear, rather than a troubled Water, and always *up the River*; still casting out your Worm before you (with a light one-handed Rod) like an artificial Fly; where it will be taken, sometimes at the Top, or within a very little of the Superficies of the Water, and almost always before that light Plumb can sink it to the Bottom, both by Reason of the Stream, and also that you must always keep your Worm in Motion, by drawing still back towards you, as if you were angling with a Fly*; and, believe me, whoever

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will

* Col. *Venables* commends this Way of *Night-fishing for a Trout*, but with *two great Garden Worms*, baited to hang at as even Lengths together as you can. *Exper. Angler*, p. 33.

will try it, shall find *this the best Way of all other to angle with a Worm*; in a bright Water especially: but then his Rod must be very light and pliant, and very true and finely made which, with a skillful Hand, will do Wonders; and, in a clear Stream, is undoubtedly the best Way of angling for a Trout or Grayling with a Worm, by many Degrees, that any Man can make choice of, and of most Ease and Delight to the Angler. To which let me add, that if the Angler be of a Constitution that will suffer him to wade, and will slip into the Tail of a shallow Stream, to the Calf of the Leg, or the Knee, and to keep off the Bank, he shall almost take what Fish he pleases.

The *second Way* of angling at the Bottom, is with a *Cork or Float*, and that is also of *two Sorts*:

With a Worm; or, with a Grub or Cadis.

With a Worm, you are to have your Line within a Foot, or a Foot and an half, as long as your Rod; in a dark Water with *two*, or, if you will with *three*, but, in a clear Water, never with above *one* Hair next the Hook, and *two* or *three* for four or five Lengths above it, and a Worm of what Size you please; your Plumbs fitted to your Cork, your Cork to the Condition of the River (that is, to the Swiftness or Slowness of it) and *both*, when the Water is very clear, as fine as you can, and then you are never to bait with above one of the lesser Sort of *Brandlings*; or, if they are very little ones indeed, you may then bait with *two*, after the Manner before directed. When you angle for a Trout, you are to do it as deep, that is, as near the Bottom as you can, provided your Bait do not drag; or, if it do, a Trout will sometimes take it in that Posture: If for a

Grayling

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 291

Grayling, you are then to fish further from the Bottom, he being a Fish that usually swims nearer to the Middle of the Water, and lies always loose, or however, is more apt to rise than a *Trout*, and more inclined to rise, than to descend: Even to a Ground Bait.

With a *Grub* or *Caddis*, you are to angle with the same Length of Line; or, if it be all out as long as your Rod, it is not the worse; with never of above one Hair for two or three Lengths next the Hook, and with the smallest Cork or Float, and the least Weight of Plumb you can, that will but sink, and that the Swiftnes of your Stream will allow; which also you may help, and avoid the Violence of the Current, by angling in the Returns of a Stream, or the Eddies betwixt two Streams, which also are the most likely Places wherein to kill a Fish in a Stream, either at the Top or Bottom. Of *Grubs*, for a *Grayling*, the *Ash-Grub*, which is plump, milk-white, bent round from Head to Tail, and exceeding tender, with a red Head; or the *Dock-worm* or *Grub* of a pale yellow: Longer, lanker, and tougher than the other, with Rows of Feet all down his Belly, and a red Head also, are the best, I say, for a *Grayling*; because, although a *Trout* will take both these (the *Ash-Grub* especially) yet he does not do it so freely as the other; and I have usually taken ten *Grayling* for one *Trout*, with that Bait; though, if a *Trout* come, I have observed, that he is commonly a very good one. These Baits we usually keep in Bran, in which an *Ash-Grub* commonly grows tougher, and will better endure baiting; though he is yet so tender, that it will be necessary to warp in a Piece of stiff Hair with your Arming, leaving it standing out about a Straw's Breadth at the Head of your Hook, so as to keep the *Grub* either from slipping totally

off when baited, or at least down to the Point of the Hook, by which Means your Arming will be left wholly naked and bare: Which is neither so lightly, nor so likely to be taken; though, to help that (which will however very often fall out) I *always arm the Hook I design for this Bait with the whitest Horse-hair I can chuse, which itself will resemble and shine like that Bait, and, consequently, will do more good, or less harm, than an Arming of any other Colour.* These Grubs are to be baited thus; *the Hook is to be put in under the Head or Chaps of the Bait, and guided down the Middle of the Belly, without suffering it to peep out by the Way* (for then the *Ash-Grub* especially, will issue out Water and Milk, till nothing but the Skin shall remain, and the Bend of the Hook will appear black through it) *till the Point of your Hook come so low, that the Head of your Bait may rest and stick upon the Hair that stands to hold it, by which means it can neither slip off itself, neither will the Force of the Stream, nor quick pulling out, upon any Mistake, strip it off.* Now the *Cadis*, or *Cad-bait* (which is a sure killing Bait, and, for the most Part, by much surer than any of the other) may be put upon the Hook, *two or three together, and is sometimes to very great Effect join'd to a Worm, and sometimes to an artificial Fly, to cover the Point of the Hook; but is always to be angled with at the Bottom, when by itself especially, with the finest Tackle, and is, for all Times of the Year, the most holding Bait of all other whatever, both for Trout * and Grayling.*

There

* The best Way to angle with the *Cadis* is on the Top of the Water, as with a Fly. It must stand on the Shank of the Hook, as the

P. II. Contemplative Man's Recreation. 293

There are several other Baits besides these few I have named to you, which also do very great Execution at the Bottom; and *some* that are peculiar to certain Countries and Rivers, of which every Angler may, in his own Place, make his own Observation; and some others that I do not think fit to put you in mind of, because I would not corrupt you, and would have you (as in all things else I observe you to be a very honest Gentleman) a *fair Angler*. And so much for the *second Sort* of angling for a *Trout* at the Bottom.

Via. But, Sir, I beseech you give me Leave to ask you one Question: Is there no Art to be used to Worms, to make them allure the Fish, and, in a manner, compel them to bite at the Bait?

Pis. Not that I know of; or did I know any such Secret, I would not use it myself, and therefore would not teach it you. Though, I will not deny to you, that, in my younger Days, I have made Trial of Oil of Ospray, Oil of Ivy, Camphire, *Assa-fœtida*, Juice of Nettles, and several other Devices that I was taught by several *Anglers* I met with, but could never find any Advantage by them, and can scarce believe there is any thing to be done that Way; though, I must tell you, I have seen some Men, who I thought went to work no more artificially than I, and have yet, with the same kind of Worms I had, in my own Sight, taken

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five

the *artificial Fly* (not come into the *Bend*, or the Fish will not value it; nor if you pull the *Blue-gut* out) and thus it is a most excellent Bait for a *Trout*. Where the River is not violently swift, you may place a very slender Lead on the *Shank* and draw the *Cad-bait* over it; raise it often from the Bottom, and so let it sink again. You may imitate the *Cad-bait*, making the Head of black Silk, and the Body of yellow Wax, or of Shammy. The *Trout* will not take the *Cads* in muddy Waters, you must therefore only use it in clear ones. Col. R. Venable; *Exper. Angler*, p. 29.

five, and sometimes ten for one. But we will let that Business alone, if you please; and because we have Time enough, and that I would deliver you from the Trouble of any more Lectures, I will, if you like, proceed to the last Way of angling for a *Trout* or *Grayling*, which is in the *Middle*, after which, I shall have no more to trouble you with.

Via. 'Tis no Trouble, Sir, but the greatest Satisfaction that can be, and I attend you.

CHAP. XII.

Of Angling at Middle-water. The Conclusion.

Pis. **A** Ngling in the *Middle* then for a *Trout* or *Grayling* is of two Sorts;

With a *Penk* or *Minnow* for a *Trout*,

Or,

With a *Worm*, *Grub*, or *Cadis* for a *Grayling*.

For the first, it is with a *Minnow*, half a Foot, or a Foot, within the Superficies of the Water; and, as to the rest that concerns this Sort of angling, I shall wholly refer you to Mr. *Walton's* Direction*, who is undoubtedly the best Angler with a *Minnow* in *England*; only in plain Truth, I do not approve of those Baits he keeps in Salt†, unless where the living ones are not possibly to be had (though I know he frequently kills with them, and peradventure more than with any other; nay, I have seen him refuse a living one for one of them) and much less of his artificial one‡; for though

* P. I. p. 72—3—4.

† p. 73.

‡ *Ibid.*

though we do it with a counterfeit Fly, methinks it should hardly be expected, that a Man should deceive a *Fish* with a *counterfeit Fish*; which having said, I shall only add, and that out of my own Experience, that I do believe a *Bull-head*, with his Gill-fins cut off, at some Times of the Year especially, to be a much better Bait for a *Trout* than a *Minnow*, and a *Loach* much better than that; to prove which, I shall only tell you, that I have much oftener taken *Trouts* with a *Bull-head*, or a *Loach*, in their Throats (for there a *Trout* has questionless his first Digestion) than a *Minnow*; and that one Day especially, having angled a good Part of the Day with a *Minnow*, in as hopeful a Day, and as fit a Water, as could be wished for that Purpose, without raising any one Fish, I at last fell to it with a *Worm*; and with that, took fourteen in a very short Space; amongst all which, there was not, to my Remembrance, so much as one that had not a *Loach* or two, and some of them three, four, five, and six *Loaches* in his Throat and Stomach; from whence I concluded, that had I angled with that Bait, I had made a notable Day's Work of it. But, after all, there is a better Way of angling with a *Minnow*, than perhaps is fit either to teach or to practice; to which I shall only add, that a *Grayling* will certainly rise at, and sometimes take a *Minnow*, though it will be hard to be believed by any one, who shall consider the Littleness of that Fishes Mouth, very unfit to take so great a Bait: But it is affirmed by many, that he will sometimes do it, and I myself know it to be true; for though I never took a *Grayling* so, yet a Man of mine once did, and within so few Paces of me, that I am as certain of it, as I can be of any thing I did not

not see; and, which made it appear the more strange, the *Grayling* was not above eleven Inches long.

I must here also beg Leave of your Master and mine, not to controvert, but to tell him, that I cannot consent to his Way of throwing in his Rod to an over-grown *Trout* *, and afterwards recovering his Fish with his Tackle; for though I am satisfied he has sometimes done it, because he says so, yet I have found it quite otherwise; and though I have taken with the Angle, I may safely say, some thousands of *Trouts* in my Life, my Top never snapped (though my Line still continued fast to the remaining Part of my Rod, by some Lengths of Line curled round about my Top, and there fastened with waxed Silk, against such an Accident) nor my Hand never slackened or slipped by any other Chance, but I almost always infallibly lost my Fish, whether great or little, though my Hook came home again. And I have often wondered, how a *Trout* should so suddenly disengage himself from so great a Hook as *that* we bait with a *Minnow*, and so deep bearded as those Hooks commonly are, when I have seen, by the fore-named Accidents, or the slipping of a Knot in the upper Part of the Line, by sudden, and hard striking, that though the Line has been immediately recovered, almost before it could be all drawn into the Water, the Fish was cleared, and gone in a Moment. And yet, to justify what he says, I have sometimes known a *Trout*, having carried away a whole Line, found dead three or four Days after, with the Hook fast sticking in him; but, then it is to be supposed he had gorged it, which a *Trout* will do, if you be not too quick with him, when he comes at a *Minnow*,

Minnow, as sure, and much sooner than a *Pike*; and I myself have also, once or twice in my Life, taken the same Fish, with my own Fly sticking in his Chaps that he had taken from me the Day before, by the slipping of a Hook in the Arming; but, I am very confident, a *Trout* will not be troubled two Hours with any Hook that has so much as one Handful of Line left behind with it, or that is not struck through a Bone, if it be in any Part of his Mouth only; nay, I do certainly know, that a *Trout*, as soon as ever he feels himself prick'd, if he carries away the Hook, goes immediately to the Bottom, and will there rout like a Hog upon the Gravel, till he either rub out, or break the Hook in the Middle. And so much for this first Sort of angling in the Middle for a *Trout*.

The *second Way* of angling in the Middle is with a *Worm*, *Grub*, or *Cadis*, or any other Ground-bait for a *Grayling*; and that is with a Cork, and a Foot from the Bottom (a *Grayling* taking, is much better there than at the Bottom, as has been said before) and this always in a clear Water, and with the finest Tackle.

To which we may also, and with very good Reason, add the *third Way* of angling by Hand with a Ground-bait, as a *third Way* of fishing in the Middle, which is common to both *Trout* and *Grayling*; and, as I said before, the best Way of angling with a *Worm*, of all other I ever tried whatever.

And now, Sir, I have said all, I can at present think of, concerning angling for a *Trout* and *Grayling*; and, I doubt not, have tired you sufficiently; but I will give you no more Trouble of this Kind whilst you stay, which, I hope will be a good while longer.

Via. That will not be above a Day; but, if I live till *May* come Twelvemonth, you are sure of me again, either with my Master *Walton*, or (if I am to be so unhappy) without him; and, in the mean time, shall acquaint him, how much you have made of me for his Sake; and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it.

Pis. I shall be glad, Sir, of your good Company at the Time you speak of, and shall be loth to part with you now; but when you tell me you *must* go, I will then wait upon you more Miles on your Way, than I have tempted you out of it, and heartily wish you a good Journey.

To my most HONOURED FRIEND,

CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

SIR,

YOU now see I have returned you your very pleasant and useful Discourse of the Art of FLY-FISHING; printed just as it was sent me: for I have been so obedient to your Desires, as to endure all the Praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And, when I have thanked you for them, as the Effects of an undissembled Love, then let me tell you, Sir, that I will really endeavour to live up to the Character you have given of me, if for no other Reason, yet for this alone, that you that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my Sake, suffer by a Mistake in your Judgment.

And

P. H. Contemplative Man's Recreation. 299

And, Sir, I have ventured to fill a Part of *your Margin*, by Way of Paraphrase, for the Reader's clearer understanding the Situation, both of your *Fishing-house*, and the Pleasantness of *that you dwell in*; and I have ventured also to give him a Copy of Verses (*these that follow*) that you were pleased to send me, *not* some Years past, in which he may see a good Picture of *both*: and so much of your own Mind too as will make any Reader, that is blest with a generous Soul, to love you the better. I confess that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold; if you do, *I will say so too*, and so far commute for my Offence, that, though I be more than an hundred Miles from you, and *in the eighty third Year of my Age*, yet I will forget both, and next Month begin a Pilgrimage to beg your Pardon. For I would die in your Favour, and till then will live,

SIR,

Your most affectionate

Father and Friend,

London, April 29th
1676.

ISAAC WALTON.

T H E
R E T I R E M E N T.

Irregular Stanzas.

To Mr. ISAAC WALTON.

I.

*Farewell, thou busy World! and may
We never meet again:*

*Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short Day,
Than he, who his whole Age outwears
On the most throng'd, conspicuous Theatres,
Whore nought but Vanity and Vice appear.*

II.

*Good Lord! how sweet are all Things here!
How beautiful the Fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
What early, temperate Hours we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What Peace, what Unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd Fashion
Is all our Business, all our Recreation!*

III.

*Oh, how happy here's our Leisure!
Oh how harmless all our Pleasure!*

P. II. *Contemplative Man's Recreation.* 301

Oh, ye Valleys, Meads, and Mountains!

Lonely Groves, and chrystal Fountains,

How I love at Liberty

By turns, to come and visit ye!

IV.

Dear Solitude, the Mind's best Friend,

That Man, acquainted with himself doth make,

And, all his MAKER'S Wonders to intend,

With thee, I here converse at will,

And would be glad to do so still,

For, it is thou alone, that keep'st the Soul awake.

V.

How calm, and quiet a Delight

Is it alone

To read—and meditate—and write;

By none offended, and offending none?

To walk—ride—sit—in unmolested Ease,

And, pleasing guiltless SELF, none other to displease.

VI.

Oh, my unequall'd Nymph, fair Dove!

Princess of Rivers, how I love

Upon thy flowry Banks to lie;

And view thy silver Stream,

When gilded by a Summer's Beam,

And in it, all thy wanton Fry

Playing, at fearless Liberty:

And with my Angle upon them,

(The all of Treachery

I ever learn'd) industriously to try.

Such

VII.

Such Streams, Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
 Th' Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;
 The Maufe, the Danube, and the Rhine,
 Are puddled Waters all, compar'd with thine;
 And Loire's pure Streams, yet, too polluted are
 With thine, much purer, to compare;
 The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,
 Are both too mean,
 Lov'd, beauteous Dove! with thee
 To vie Priority;
 Nay, Thames and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
 And lay their Trophies at thy silver Feet.

VIII.

Oh, my lov'd Rocks! that stately rise
 To awe the Earth, and mate the Skies:
 From some aspiring Mountains Crown,
 How dearly do I love,
 Giddy with Pleasure, to look down—
 And from the Vales, to view the noble Heights above!

IX.

Oh, my lov'd silent Caves! from Dog-star's Heat,
 And all Anxieties, my sought Retreat:
 What Safety, Privacy, what true Delight,
 In the artificial Night
 Your gloomy spacious Entrails make
 Have I taken—do I take!
 How oft, when Grief has made me fly
 To hide me from Society,
 Even of my dearest Friends,—have I
 In your Recesses friendlier Shade,
 All my Sorrows open laid: (vacy.
 And my most secret Woes, in Trust, giv'n to your Pri-
 Liv'd

X.

*Liv'd I, from Man unvex'd, alone —
 What an over-happy One
 Should I deem myself to be!
 Might I in this desert Place
 (Which, in Opinion, most disgrace)
 Live but undisturb'd and free!
 Here, in this despis'd Recess
 Would I, spite of Winter's Cold,
 And the Summer's worst Excess,
 Try to live out to sixty full-Years old!
 And, all the while,
 Without an envious Eye
 On any (thriving under Fortune's Smile)
 Contented live, and then — contented die.*

CHARLES COTTON.

End of the Second Part.



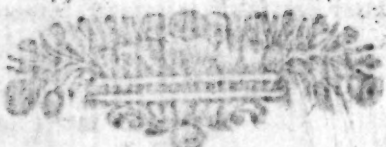
A SHORT

X.

I wish I, from Adam know'd, alone —
 Wot an over-happy One, as I might, might be
 I should I deem myself to be, in this world of
 Alight I in this distant Place
 (Which, in Opinion, not distant) of a world, but
 Live but unhappily and find, in this world, but
 Here, in this happy Place, in this world, but
 Would I, like of Winter's Cold, in this world, but
 And the Summer's heat, in this world, but
 Try to live out to last, in this world, but
 And, in this world, but
 Without an account, in this world, but
 On any (living under Fortune's smile)
 Contented live, and then — contented die.

CHARLES COTTON

End of the Second Part.



A SHORT



A SHORT
DISCOURSE

By Way of

POSTSCRIPT,

Touching the LAWS that concern

ANGLING.

To Mr. WALTON.

My good Friend,

I CANNOT but tender my particular Thanks to you, for that you have been pleased, by several Editions of your *Compleat Angler*, freely to dispense your dear-bought Experiences to all the Lovers of that Art; and have thereby so excellently vindicated the Legality thereof, as to divine Approbation, that, if I should go about to say more in that Behalf, it indeed were to *light a Candle to the Sun*: But since all Pleasures (though never so innocent in themselves) lose that Stamp, when they are either pursued with inordinate Affections, or to the Prejudice of another, therefore as to the former, every Man ought to endeavour, through

through a serious Consideration of the Vanity of worldly Contentments, to moderate his Affections thereunto, whereby they may be made of excellent Use, as some Poisons, allayed, are in Physick: And, as to the latter, we are to have recourse to the known Laws; Ignorance whereof excuseth no Man, and by their Directions so square our Actions, that we hurt no one, but keep close to that golden Rule, *To do to all Men, as we would ourselves be done unto.*

Now, concerning the *Art of Angling*, we may conclude, Sir, that as you have proved it to be of great Antiquity, so I find it favoured by the Laws of this Kingdom; for where Provision is made by our Statutes, *primo Eliz. cap. 17.* against taking Fish by Nets that be not of such and such a Size there set down, yet those Law-makers had so much Respect to Anglers, as to except them, and leave them at Liberty to catch as big as they could, and as little as they would catch. And yet, though this apostolical Recreation be simply in itself lawful, yet no Man can go upon another Man's Ground to fish, without his Licence, but that he is a Trespasser; but if a Man have Licence to enter into a Close or Ground for such a Space of Time, there, though he practise angling all that Time, he is not a Trespasser, because his fishing is no Abuse of his Licence: But this is to be understood of running Streams, and not of Ponds or standing Pools; for, in Case of a Pond or standing Pool, the Owner thereof hath a Property in the Fish, and they are so far said to be his, that he may have Trespass for the Fish against any one that shall take them without his Licence, though it be upon a Common, or adjoining to the King's Highway, or adjoining to another Man's Ground, who gives
Licence;

Licence; but, in case of a River, where one or more have *libera piscaria*, only it is otherwise; for there the Fish are said to be *feræ naturæ*, and the taking of them with an Angle is not Trespass, for that no Man is said to have a Property in them till he have caught them, and then it is a Trespass for any to take them from him: But this is not to be understood of Fish confined to a Man's own Ground by Grates or otherwise, so that they cannot pass away, but may be taken out or put in at Pleasure; for, in that Case, the Party hath a Property in them, as in the Case of a standing Pool.

But where any one hath *separalis piscaria*, as in *Child and Greenhills Case*, in *Trin. 15. Car. I.* in the *King's Bench*, there it seemeth that the Fish may be said to be his, because no Man else may take them whilst they are within his several fishing; therefore what is meant by a several fishing is necessary to be considered; and though the Difference between a free fishing and a *several fishing* be often treated of in the antient Books of the Law, and some Opinions will have the Difference to be great, and others small, or nothing at all; yet the certainest Definition of a several fishing is, where one hath the Royalty, and owneth the Ground on each Side of the Water; which agreeth with *Sir W. Calthrop's Case*, *Mich. 17. E. 4. 6.* and *Past. 18. E. 4. 4.* where an Action was brought by him against another for fishing in his several fishing, &c. to which the Defendant pleaded, That the Place wherein the Trespass was supposed to be done, contained ten Perches of Land in Length, and twenty Perches in Breadth, which was his own Freehold at the Time when the Trespass was supposed to be done, and that he fished there, as was lawful for him to do; and this was adjudged a
good

good Plea by the whole Court ; and, upon Argument in that Case, it was agreed, that no Man could have a several fishing but in his own Soil, and that free fishing may be in the Soil of another Man ; which was all agreed unto by *Littleton*, our famous *English* Lawyer. So that from all this may be drawn this Short Conclusion, *That if the Angler take care that he offend not with his Feet, there is no great Danger of his Hands.*

But there are some covetous, rigid Persons, whose Souls hold no sympathy with those of the innocent Anglers, having either got to be Lords of Royalties, or Owners of Lands adjoining to Rivers, do, by some apted, clownish Nature and Education, for the Purpose insult and domineer over the innocent Angler ; beating him, breaking his Rod, or a least taking it from him, and sometimes imprisoning his Person, as if he were a Felon ; whereas a true-bred Gentleman scorns those Spider-like Attempts, and will rather refresh a civil Stranger at his Table, than warn him from coming on his Ground upon so innocent an Occasion. It would therefore be considered, how far such furious Drivers are warranted by the Law, and what the Angler may, in case of such Violence, do in Defence of himself. If I come upon another Man's Ground without his Licence, or the Licence of the Law, I am a Trespasser, for which the Owner may have an Action of Trespass against me ; and if I continue there after Warning to depart by the Owner, or his Servant thereunto authorized, the Owner, or his Servant, by his Command, may put me off by Force, but not beat me, but in case of Resistance by me, for then I, by resisting, make the Assault ; but if he beat me, I

not
beog

not resisting, in that case *he* makes the Assault, and I may beat him in Defence of myself, and to free myself from his Violence: And in case I shall leave my Rod behind in his Ground, he may take it *Damage Feasant*, but he can neither take it from my Person by Force, nor break it, but he is a Trespasser to me: Which seems clear by the Case of *Reynell and Champernoou, Mich.*

7. Car. I. where *Reynel* brought an Action of Trespass against *Champernoou* for taking and cutting his Nets; the Defendant justified, for that he was seized in Fee of a *several fishing*, and that the Plaintiff, with others, endeavoured to row upon his Water, and with the Nets to catch his Fish, and that for the Safeguard of his fishing, he took and cut the Nets and Oars: To which Plea the Plaintiff demurred: And there it was adjudged by the whole Court, that he could not, by such Colour, cut the Nets and Oars; and Judgment was thereupon given for the Plaintiff.

Doubtless, our Fore-fathers well considered, that Man to Man was a Wolf, and therefore made good Laws to keep us from devouring one another; and, amongst the rest, a very good Statute was made in the three-and-fortieth Year of Queen *Elizabeth*, whereby it is provided, That, in personal Actions in the Courts at *Westminster*, being not for Land or Battery, when it shall appear to the Judges, and be so by them signified, that the Debt or Damages to be recovered amount not to the Sum of forty Shillings or above, the said Judges shall award to the Plaintiff no more Costs than Damages, but less, at their Discretion.

And

And now, with my Acknowledgment of the Advantage I have had, both by your Friendship and your Book, I wish nothing may ever be that looks like an Alteration in the first, nor any thing in the last, but that, by Reason of the useful Pleasure of it, you had called it the *Arcadia* of Angling, for it deserves that Title; and I would deserve the Continuance of your Friendship.





A N

A P P E N D I X.

Which shews at one V I E W,

- I. The proper *Rivers*. II. Particular *Haunts*.
- III. *Baits*. IV. Their *Seasons*; and *Hours* of Biting. V. General Directions, &c. for every Kind of Fish that is to be angled for: Alphabetically digested. With SHORT RULES concerning, I. The Tackle. II. Baits. III. Several Ways of Angling. IV. Weather proper and improper for the Sport.

B A R B E L.

HIS RIVERS. The *Thames*, at *London*, *Kingston*, and *Chertsey* Bridges. *Sheperton* and *Walton* Deeps, *Hampton* Ferry, all the Locks between *Maidenhead* and *Oxford*; the Holes under *Cooper's-Hill*; *Moulsey*, *Esper*, *Byfleet* and *Weybridge* Rivers, *Surry*; the *Lea*, *Essex*, is famous for them; *Avon*, *Worcestershire*; and *Trent*.

N B. These Fish are never in *Meers*, *Ponds*, or *standing Waters*.

HAUNTS. Generally the End of a gravelly Hole, low, among Weeds; under a Bank near the Shore; under Bridges; about Mill-tails, Piles, or the Aprons of Sluices and Weirs in clear swift Streams. In

Summer

Summer they lie on the swiftest, shallowest Scowers. In *Winter* in the quietest Deep. They never quit their Places of Residence (a Hole famous for them once, is always so) and will flock together like Sheep.

BAITS. He is delicate, must always have them clean, sweet and well scowered; yet he prefers a green, *viz.* unscoured *Gentle*. His chief Bait is a well scoured *Lob-worm*; a Bit of *rusty Bacon*; *Cheese*, laid a Day or two in a wet Cloth to make it tough, and in clarified Honey an Hour or two before it is used. *Paste* made of Sheep's Blood and Suet, or of the latter and *Cheese*, choicely good in *August*. *Ground-bait* with Tallow-Chandler's *Greaves* cut in Pieces, thrown in over Night, or the Worms you angle with.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. He spawns in *April* (others say *August*) recovers presently; bites from Sun-rise till ten o'Clock, and from four in the Afternoon till Sun-set, and all Night in *Summer*. Principal Months are *August*, *September* and *October* (especially the Middle or latter End) if mild. They bite best in a Breeze of Wind.

GEN. DIREC. The Rod and Line must be strong, and of sufficient Length; some use a little Bell at the Top of the Rod, to warn of a Bite. Fish always at Ground. You may use the Ledger and Running-Line, and no Float. If not close watched, he will suck off the Bait; play him some Time before you offer to land him.

BLEAK.

IS almost in all RIVERS in great Plenty; very large ones in the *Thames*; *Lea*, *Essex*; and *Weybridge*, *Surry*.

HAUNTS.

HAUNTS. Every Place, for he is continually roving.

BAITS. *Gentles* under Water, or small *Red-worms* (in Winter chiefly) and *House* or *Ant-flies* in Summer, at the Top and Middle; and all the Baits the *Roach* takes, only less.

Is in best SEASON in *August*; bites all Day: A little Bread well chewed, and scattered in loosely, will presently draw Numbers about you; or in want of this, letting your Bait fall hard into the Water, for they are dauntless and greedy.

GEN. DIREC. *Fish with a Pater-noster Line* (p. 167.) or *whip with a Fly* (p. ib.) you angle deeper for them in the Thames, than any other River.

B R E A M.

HIS RIVERS. The *Mole* in Surry, about *Darking* Bridge, and upward; fifty Brace together have been seen at *Esher* Bridge. *Medway* in Kent; *Avon* in *Worcestersh.* and very large in the *Nyne*, *Northamptonsh.* and *Ouse*, *Bedfordsh.* in Plenty. They are also a very common Pond Fish, but very few are to be got within about twenty Miles of London.

HAUNTS. The quietest, broadest, and deepest Parts of Rivers; on a sandy or loomy Bottom: His delightful Harbour is the *Water-dock*. Where the Stream is roughest, and Waves run highest; and keeps nearest the Middle.

BAITS. Is vastly fond of a *Dock-worm*, found at the Roots of that Plant, or Rushes; and, the best of all, the biggest *Red-worm* you can get; some say the smallest *Dew* or *Lob-worm*, well scoured. Several *Flies* (takes under Water) that are found on

Flags, by the River's Side; *Green Flies*, *Butterflies*. In June and July the Grasshopper, with his Legs off. *Gentles*, the young Brood of *Wasps*, or *Sheep's Blood*, dried slowly on a Tile at the Fire. *Pastes* of brown Bread and Honey. *Ground-bait* with *Red-worms* or *Barley-malt* (p. 138—9—140.)

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn about *Midsummer*, just with the *Tench*. May be angled for from the Beginning of *April* till *Michaelmas*; but the best Time is, from the Beginning of the last Week in *July*, to the last in *August*. His *Hours of biting*, are from four till eight in the Morning, and the same again in the Evening, or later; and, in gloomy, windy Weather, all Day. You can't be too early nor late.

GEN. DIREC. *Be sure keep very still, and out of sight. Use a long Rod, and strong Line. Give him Time to bite; strike gently, and fish always near the Bottom. See Directions from p. 138, with the Notes, to 143.*

BULL-HEAD; or MILLER'S-THUMB.

IS to be found in most clear gravelly Rivers and Brooks.

HAUNTS. Are under Stones, or in Holes; where he will hide himself; and be easily seen in hot Weather, lying on any flat Pebble sunning himself.

BAIT. A small *Red-worm*.

His *SEASONS* being in *April* (when he spawns, and in several Months in Summer) and will bite any Time of the Day, and so boldly, that if there are never so many in a Place, the most silly Angler may take them all.

CARP.

CARP.

HIS RIVERS. *Byfleet* and *Weybridge*, *Surry*; the last has *Carps* of eight or nine Pounds Weight; the *Arun* and *Rother*, in *Sussex*; *Ouse*, *Bedfordsh.* *Nyne*, *Northamptonsh.* the Waters in the *Fens* (*Lincolnsh.*) called *Drains*; all the Rivers, which run into the Sea near *Harwich*, some say in the Sea itself, about the *Isle of Man*; *Lea* and *New River* near *London*. I have seen a *Carp* of eighteen Inches taken against *Canbury-House*. *Wandsworth River*: and the *Thames*, in *Mortlack Deeps*, and the Sides of the *Eights* against *Brentford*, *Isleworth*, and *Twickenham*; but is more chiefly a Pond Fish.

HAUNTS. Any still, dead Pit or Hole, just in the Middle, in a Current — The Turnings of Streams, and deepest Water, where there is least Motion, with a Bottom of hard or bluish Clay; under Trees shading the Bank, and among fresh-grown Weeds, which he quits when old and black; if you cut the Weeds they will forsake the Place. In standing Waters, they are, most, in deep Marl-pits. N. B. *They will not come near a Boat in Pond or River.*

BAITS. In *March*, *Red-worms*, or rather the bluish *Marsh-worm*, or any other not too big; or a green *Gentle* may do as well. In *June*, *Cadeius*: *July*, *August* and *September*, a *Grasshopper*. Modern Anglers say, a green par-boil'd *Pea* is his choicest Bait; a Quantity may be kept ready for Use, by covering them in melted Butter. Sweet Pastes of all Kinds, made with *Honey*; *Gentles*, with a Bit of *Scarlet-cloth* on the Hook, soaked in *Oil of Peter*. See p. 134. A *Lob-worm*, used as a Fly, on the Top of the Water, or about eight

Inches under. See the Note, p. 133. *Ground-bait* with dried Blood, Grains, boiled Malt, Garbage, or the Baits you angle with.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn several Times, some say six, in a Year, particularly *May* and *August*, and are then out of Season. Are in highest Request in *April*, others say *March*. In the hot Months, you can never fish for them too early, or too late, and sometimes they will bite all Night in the still Part of the Water. The 10th of *April* it is said is a fatal Day (p. 133.)

GEN. DIREC. Always fish fine and strong, use a *Swan Quill float*; you must be watchful; move your Rod as little as possible, and be sure keep out of Sight, or all your Labour is lost. Keep him from running to his Hold in the Weeds, yet give him play enough before you offer to land him; in which use a small Hand Net. In very thick, clayish Water, you may let your Worm fall gently in Shallows near the Sides without a Floāt, and he will readily take it, imagining it to be crawling out of the Bank.

CHUB, CHEVEN, or CHEVENDER.

HIS RIVERS. *Nyne, Welland, Ouse, Trent*, and most throughout England; but near London, the chief are *Coln*, and the *New River*, *Middlesex*; *Lewisham River*, *Kent*; *Moulsey, Esher, Cobham*, and *Byfleet Rivers*, *Surry*; *Lea* particularly: and *Roddon* by *Woodford*, and *Ilford*, *Essex*.

HAUNTS. Loves large Rivers, chiefly under the Shades of Trees, on sandy clay Bottoms, or where Cattle come to dung in Fords in hot Weather. They generally swim in Drovers, and keep to one Residence, like the *Barbel*. A *Chub-Hole* is always so.

BAITS. *Worms* chiefly in *March* or *April*. In the hot Months, *Cherries*, any Kind of soft *Berries* or *Flies*; his Favourite is the *Owl-fly*, or great *Moth*, found in Summer Evenings in Gardens; a great Head, whitish Wings, and yellowish Body. No Bait exceeds the *Minnow* in Summer, in a deep and strong Stream, if a Breeze blows. A Bit of soft *Cheese*, *Gentles*, *Beetles*, without the Legs and Wings. *Snails* (very early in the Morning) the black one, or *Slug*, with his Belly slit, to show the white. Above all, a *Grasshopper* at the Top of a swift Stream, and the young *Humble Bee*, found in long Grass, at the Bottom. A *Roach* cut in Bits, used as Baits; or a young *Eel*, as thick as a Straw. In *August*, and the cooler Months, yellow *Paste* of strongest *Cheese* pounded, a little *Butter*, and as much *Saffron* as will dye it *Lemon-colour*; boiled *Malt*, p. 183, or *Wheat*, p. 185. In Winter you may use the *Ledger-bait*, *Paste* of *Cheese* and *Turpentine*, the *Earth-Grub* (p. 181) *Ox Brains*, or the *Pith* down his Backbone; fat *Bacon*. He loves always a large Bait, and two or three Kinds on the Hook together.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn in *March*, others say *May*; is in Prime from *Mid-May* till *Candlemas*, but best in Winter. Bites in Summer from Sun-rise till nine in the Morning, and from three in the Afternoon till Sun-set, especially if there be a gentle Breeze stirring.

GEN. DIREC. Float down a River in a Pont or Boat, about seven in a Summer's Evening, and angle under the Trees or Willows, at Top-water, with a Bee, Moth, or Fly; they will rise as fast as you can throw in. Use strong Tackle, keep out of Sight, for they are very fearful. Play him when struck, and use a Landing-Net. In warm Weather

fish at Mid-water and Top (see Method, p. 44, with the Note) in colder, angle lower; and in very cold, at Ground. This Rule is infallible.

D A C E.

HIS RIVERS. The same with the *Chub, Roach,* and *Gudgeon*, and is found in most of the Kingdom. In the *Thames, Lea*, all the *Surry Rivers*, and the *Roddon*, about *Barking*, in *Essex*, they are very large.

HAUNTS. A gravelly Bottom, in the deepest and shadiest Parts of the River, under a hanging Bank, and the Dark of a spreading Willow or Alder, and on the shallowest Scowers in hot Weather. The Eddy between two Mill-streams, or the Piles of Weirs and Bridges, or under the Leaves of Water-dock, and generally lies near the Top of the Water.

BAITS. Small *Red-worms*, and in *April, Caddis*; all *Worms* bred on Plants or Trees, especially the *Oak-worm*, at Top-water, like the *Fly*: boiled Wheat, *Sheep's Blood* dried, cut in the Bigness of Baits. Pastes; *Earth Grub* and *Gentles* in Winter, and the *Ant, House* and *Flesh-flies* in Summer. *Ground-bait*, in Bottom-fishing, with *Bread* and *Bran* mixed.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn *February* and *March*, are good again in *April* and *May*, but best in *September*; bite all Day long in Summer, but best Morning and Evening, and in the latter, pretty late.

GEN. DIREC. *Very full and particular may be seen in the Notes, p. 179, &c.*

E E L.

E E L.

HIS RIVERS. The *Thames* abounds with them, and the Rivers running into it about *London*; *Lea*, in *Essex*, produces as fine ones of the silver Kind as any whatever; *Ouse*, *Bedfordsh.* many, and very large; all the Rivers of *Cambridgesh.* *Rumsey-Meer*, *Huntington*; *Severn*, *Worcester*; *Stower*, *Dorset*; *Ankham*, *Lincolnsb.* are all very famous; and the *Irk*, *Lancash.* has the finest, it is said, in *England*. Mr. *Pope* celebrates the *Kenet*, *Berksh.*

The Kenet swift for silver Eels renown'd.

HAUNTS. In foul and muddy Bottoms, and the stillest Waters: In Day they hide in Holes near the Banks, among Weeds, under Roots of Trees, Stones, Planks of Flood-gates, Mills, and the Bottoms of Sluices; but the smaller ones are found in all Sorts of Rivers and Soils.

BAITS. *Lob-worms*, a *Frog*, *Minnow*, small *Gudgeon*, *Chickens Guts*, one of their own Kind cut in Pieces; but their choicest Baits are, a Bit of powdered Beef; and, above all, a very little *Lam-prey*, called a *Pride*.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. Are always in Season, but best in *Winter*, and worst in *May*. They bite best in a Shower, after a Thunder-storm, and in windy, gloomy Weather.

GEN. DIREC. In dry hot Weather when the Waters are low, practice Snigglings (see the Note, p. 156.) or Bobbing (see Note, p. 157.) in Rivers that have Tides, during Ebb. Or lay Night-hooks (p. 155.) baited with small Roaches; the Hook must lie in the Mouth of the Fish, as for Pike. The best Way of angling for them with the Rod, is

with a Ledger-bait (p. 119, &c.) or on the Grabble, which is sinking the Line by a small running Bullet at Bottom, that the Hook-link play in the Water (p. 138 in Note and 288.) These three Ways may be practised in any likely Place while the Angler is amusing himself in other fishing; and often, besides Eels, Pike and Perch are thus taken.

FLOUNDER, FLUKE or BUT.

HIS RIVERS. Are those which have Communication with the Tides; but he will wander very far up them. There are very fine ones taken in the *Thames*, near *London*, and in the Mouths of the *Roddon* and *Lea*, *Essex*; *Wandell*, *Moulsey*, *Esler*, *Weybridge* and *Bysleet* Rivers, *Surry*; in which last they are very large.

HAUNTS. The Sides of Sand-banks, or on Gravel, especially if there be a deep Declivity: The Tail of Mill Streams, or at the End of a Stream, in a deep still Place. They never lie on any Bottom where there is Mud.

BAITS. *Gentles*, *Wasps*, but best of all a small *Red-worm*, or a little bluish *Marsh-worm*. Ground-bait with a Handful of the same cut in two Pieces.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn from the End of *June* to the Middle of *July*, when they are at worst, but are in Season all the rest of the Year. From *April* to *August* he bites all Day long, but best early.

GEN. DIREC. The usual Way of fishing, is to lie upon the Grabble (see the Way of this in the Gen. Direc. for the *Eel*). If you use a Float, let it lie flat on the Surface, and, when it moves along slowly, and presently stands upright, then strike; but

but take Leisure, for he is some time in sucking in the Bait. Let your Hook be exceeding small.

GRAYLING, or UMBER.

HIS RIVERS are very few. The chief is the Dove, Derbysh. though he is in the Lug, Herefordsh. Derwent, Yorksh. Hodder and Trent, Staffordsh. Avon, Wiltsh. and perhaps no others in England.

HAUNTS. The same with the Trout, but that he loves to lie in the sharpest and swiftest Streams, and is generally found nearer the Mid-water than the Bottom.

BAITS. He takes *all the Trout does*, but seldom the Minnow. His Flies must be small; and, under Water, an Ash-Grub, Dock-worm, Wheat or Malt boiled, or a small Red-worm, are the best of any.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn in May, and are in highest Perfection in December. At that Time, in a mild sun-shiny Day, they bite best for two Hours about Noon. In Summer, his Hours and Weather for biting, are the same with the Trout.

GEN. DIREC. Your Tackle should be somewhat finer than for a Trout. Your Hook whipped to Silk-worm Gut well waxed with Virgin's Wax. Fish at least six or nine Inches from the Bottom, for he is apter to rise than descend. Keep concealed as much as may be, for he is the quickest sighted, and easiliest scared, of any Fish; and be gentle with him when struck, or he is so tender mouthed, he will break his Hold; yet he is so simple, he will return several times to your Bait, and sometimes leap out of the Water after it.

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HAUNTS. The Sides of Sand-banks, or on Gravel, especially if there be a deep Declivity: The Tail of Mill Streams, or at the End of a Stream, in a deep still Place. They never lie on any Bottom where there is Mud.

BAITS. Gentles, Wasps, but best of all a small Red-worm, or a little bluish Marsh-worm. Ground-bait with a Handful of the same cut in two Pieces.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn from the End of June to the Middle of July, when they are at worst, but are in Season all the rest of the Year. From April to August he bites all Day long, but best early.

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GUDGEON.

HIS RIVERS. The *Thames*, above Bridge. *Teddington* Banks are remarkable; at *Sunbury*, *Sheperton*, *Windsor*, and especially *Marlow*. In the *New River* are vast Plenty; and in *Bysfleet*, *Surry*; *Uxbridge* River breeds them very large, and the *Trent*, particularly near its Head; but there are none finer than in the *Lea*, *Essex*.

HAUNTS. The clearest, sandy or gravelly Bottoms, and moderately sharp Streams, where they lie in Shoals on the Shallows in Summer, but get deeper about Autumn; under any Bridge or Plank in small Rivers, for they are fond of Shade.

BAITS. *Gentle*, *Paste*, *Cadis*, *Wasps*; but the best is a small well-scowered *Red-worm*, or the *Blood-worm*, found in the Mud of Cow-ponds near *London*. This Fish never rises at *Flies*, nor takes them under.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn in the End of *April*, and in *November*. He bites all Day, from *March* to *October*, an Hour after Sun-rise, and till the same Time before Sun-set.

GEN. DIREC. Fish always at Ground; use a small Float, but better, fishing by Hand, with the Running-line. You should rake the Ground with a Pole between while's, or, in want of one, throw in Earth by Handfuls, or Crumbs of Bread chewed small. Be not too quick to strike, because they will often nibble the Bait before they swallow it, but will take it sure. Let your Hook and Baits be small, and fish fine. You need not be careful about their seeing you, for they are not in the least shy, but so undaunted, that, for Conveniency, you may stand up to the Mid-leg in Water, and catch them close to your very Feet, and this (if you can bear it) I have found the best Way.

LOACH.

LOACH.

HIS RIVERS. He is not usually found in these, but in little, clear, swift *Brooks* or *Rills*, in the sharpest Streams.

HAUNTS. The Gravel, and under Stones, and always lies at Bottom.

BAITS. A small *Red-worm*, or the *Gilt-tail*. He spawns in *April*, but is always in Season, and may be fished for at any Hour. Your *Hook* must be of the smallest Size, of what is called a *Louse-Hook*.

MINNOW, or PENK.

HIS RIVERS. All those where the *Trout* breeds, and in most others.

HAUNTS. Are least in deep still Places where *Trouts* lie ; but in shallow and swifter Streams.

BAITS. Any small *Worms*, *Paste*, *Cadis*, or *Gentles*. They spawn in *April*, and bite at Bottom or Mid-water all Day, if it is clear, but never in dark windy Weather, or in the Night, when the *Trout* is most ravenous for Prey. Use a Float in fishing for him.

MULLET.

HIS RIVERS are, those in the *South* of *England*, near the Sea ; chiefly at *Arundel* and *Chichester*, in *Suffex* ; the *Cornish* Rivers ; *Axe*, *Devonsh.* and at *Poole*, *Dorsetsh.* It is not known whether they are in Ponds.

HAUNTS. The same with the *Fleunder*, they come and return with the Tide.

BAITS.

BAITS. *Red-worms* of all Sorts, *Wasps*, *Gentles*, and at Top, all the *Flies* that the *Trout* takes, but the artificial ones must be somewhat larger than for the *Trout*. Also a *Lob* or a *Marsh-worm* within two Foot of the Bottom.

SEASONS, and *Hours of biting*. Are in Season from *May* to *September*; they bite every Tide, sometimes better at Ebb, at other times during Flood, and that very freely.

GEN. DIREC. He is shy, wary and strong, therefore you must angle cautiously, and be provided with Tackle accordingly.

P E A R C H.

HIS RIVERS. *Thames*, at *Isleworth*, and about the *Eights*, and from *Windfor* upwards; *Mole*, in *Surry*; and *Byfleet* has them of eighteen Inches long; and the *Coln*, below *Colnbrook*, very famous; *Roddon* and *Lea*, *Essex*; *Charwell*, *Oxfordsh.* *Avon*, *Warwicksh.* *Ouse*, *Bucks*, abounds in them; *Nyne*, *Northamptonsh.* are in most Rivers. He is also a Pond Fish.

HAUNTS. A gravelly Scower, chiefly in any Eddy or Turning of the Water, where the Stream is gentle, and of a tolerable Depth, or in the Holes of Pits, and near any hollow Bank, Piles of Bridges, or the Roots and Stumps of Trees; but he commonly roves in the Day in Search of Spoil.

BAITS. They will take almost any thing except a *Fly*; *Roach* or *Dace* cut in Pieces; *Bobs*, *Gentles*, *Pastes*, are all good; but better the *Minnow*, small *Frog*, and *Lob-worm*, or *Red-worm*, well scoured. Use of *Worms* at Bottom, the *Red-worm* in *March*; the *Oak-worm*, a young *Frog*, or a *Red-snail* in *April*; *Dock-worms*, or what breeds

breeds on the *Osier*, *Oak* or *Hawthorn* Leaves, in *May*; the *Red-worm*, with the Head nipt off, and a *Cadis* or a *Dor*, put on before it, in *June*; a large *Grashopper*, or *Earth-grub*, in *July*; and *Red-worms*, or *Brandlings*, in *August*, and all the Months after. Your Worm rubb'd with Fat of a *Water-rat* is excellent. *Ground-bait* with *Lob-worms* cut in Pieces.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn but once a Year, about *February* or *March*. In Summer they bite all Day long, if it is cool, and Weather gloomy and windy; yet his principal Times are from seven till ten in the Forenoon, and in the Afternoon, from two to six, and in hot Days later. He bites very little in Winter, unless in a warm Day, and about the Middle of it.

GEN. DIREC. Be sure give them Time in biting (you can scarce give them too much, unless they be small ones) especially when you fish with a Minnow, or small Frog. The Minnow must have the Hook put through his back Fin, or his under Lip; the Frog, through the upper Part of the Skin of his Leg, and you fish with these at Mid-water, or a little lower: Your Float must be pretty large. Some, when they use Worms, let the Bait touch the Bottom, but, about six Inches from it, is more generally approved of. If you find a Hole of them, you may catch them all; but take care not to drop one off your Hook, for then all is over for that Time there; but you will meet with them again in an Hour or two. Whip your Hook to a small Wire when you fish with a Minnow, for Fear of a Pike; and use the Instrument in disengaging your Hook mentioned p. 148.

PIKE,

PIKE, LUCE, PICKEREL, or JACK.

HIS RIVERS. *Perrat* and *Ivel*, *Somerset*, have the largest, fattest, and most, in the Kingdom. *Ouse* in Plenty. The long Drain from *Peterborough* to *Wisbich*, and through all the Fens, and most of the Rivers of *Suffolk*; *Nyne*, *Northamptonsh.* *Ilford*, *Lea*, and most of the *Essex* Rivers, and those of *Dorsetsh.* they avoid brackish Rivers, and that are near the Sea. Are also a Lake or Pond Fish.

HAUNTS. An unfrequented Place, that is quiet and shady, among *Rushes*, *Water-docks*, *Weeds*, and *Bushes*, on a sandy, chalk or clay Bottom; all Pits; is very fond of such a Situation; or retired Corner in a River, when any Brook, Ditch, or Spring runs into it. They get upon the clear gravelly Shallows from *May* to *September*, and then retire deeper.

BAITS. All Sorts but a *Fly*. The principal are, large *Gudgeons*, small *Roach* or *Dace*, the two last are his favourite ones; large *Minnows*, *Loaches*, *Bull-heads*, and *Bleak*; small *Gregs*, or a Bit of an *Eel*, are a tempting Morsel, as is a Pigeon's *Craw*, scoured; your *Fish-baits* must be very fresh and sweet. In *July*, young *Frogs*; the yellowest are best: Some use fat *Bacon* in the Winter Months. Your Bait rubb'd with *Mole's* Fat is excellent.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn about the End of *February*, or in *March*, and may be fished for, six Weeks after, all the Year through. Their best biting Time is early and late from *April* to *July*, three in the Afternoon from *July* to *September*; and, the Winter Months, he bites all Day long, but seldom in the Night at any Time.

Time. You have best Sport in clear Water, and a Gale of Wind, on a dark cloudy Day, and (in muddy Rivers only) after a Flood, when the Water is growing clear. In hot, bright, sultry Weather, when he lies *sunning* at the Top, he bites not at all; nor in dark, rainy Weather, nor in *White-water*, viz. discoloured in the Swellings of Land-Floods.

GEN. DIREC. Give him Time to pouch the Bait, and strike always directly upright. You may use either the Ledger (p. 123) or Walking-bait; viz. a Rod carried in your Hand; or angle with a Dead-bait (anointed as is directed p. 125.) Let your Rod be always of the longest, and use strong Tackle, with Gimp or Brass Wire next your Hook. Put the Hook in the Mouth of your Bait-fish, and never let it lie still, but keep it moving up and down, nor sink it above half a Yard under Water. Do not strike when he runs away with it, but let him have Line, and go his own Time; when he returns, and goes off again, then strike briskly, but not too hard, and you are sure of him. He is taken also by the Trowl, (see Note p. 120) the Snap (p. 124.) and Snaring. See Gen. Direc. in Tench, Append. p. 332, and in Note.

POPE, or RUFF.

HIS RIVERS. *Yare*, in *Norfolk*, is the most famous; yet he is in many of the large Rivers. *Thames* (about *Shepperton*, *Weybridge*, *Chertsey*, and *Stains*) *Ouse*; *Cam*; *Isis*; *Sow*, *Staffordsh.* the *Tame*, running into *Trent*; *Mole* and *Wey*, *Surry*.

HAUNTS: A deep gentle Stream covered with Trees, where there is Sand or Gravel; they always flock in *Shoals* together. They spawn in *April*, will bite almost at any thing, *Gentles*, *Cadis*, and even

even, greedily, at a *Minnow* as big as themselves; but a *Brandling* or *Red-worm* has the Preference. Earth thrown in by Handfuls is an excellent *Ground-bait*; use then a Paternoster-line, and you will catch them from Top to Bottom, and as long as there is one Fish left in the Hole.

ROACH, or RUD.

HIS RIVERS. The very same with the *Dace*; is in almost *all*; the *Thames*, and the *Lea*, are the principal; but they grow largest in Ponds. *Rud*, or broad *Roach*, and of a finer Kind, are in the Lakes near *Lincoln*, and those about *Holderness*, *Yorkshire*; and the Rivers, *Yare*, *Norfolk*; *Cherwell*, *Oxfordsh.* *Roddon*, *Essex*, above *Ilford*; *Ouse*, *Bedfordsh.* has very many and large.

HIS HAUNTS. Gentle shallow Streams, where is Sand or Gravel, with here and there deeper Holes at the Ends of Scours, where they usually lie; especially against the Mouth of a small Brook or River, emptying into a larger. The *Rud* feeds nearer the Top. In *June* and *July* a very big Sort haunt about *London-Bridge*, and in no other Months. The Bait is a *Perriwinckle* taken whole from the Shell; in want of it use a *White Snail*.

BAITS. All the *Dace* takes, and those for the *Chub*, except that the *Flies* must be used under Water; he will rise in hot Weather at a *May* or *Ant-fly*, used one particular Way (see p. 179.) Use *Paste* or *Gentles* in Winter; *Worms* or *Cadis* in *April*; in the very hot Months, a *Shrimp*, the little *White-snail*, or *Flies* (as above-mentioned) and a *Red-worm* in any windy Weather. Always use *Ground-bait*, as for the *Dace*.

SEASONS,

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. Spawns in Middle of May, and may be fished for six Weeks after. Bites all Day long. The Rowe is dainty Meat.

GEN. DIREC. For Thames, Bottom and Stern-fishing (see the Notes, p. 177 — 8.) Rud may be fished for as the Dace; at Top-water with a Fly; or a Red-worm a little under. The Rud is very strong, struggles hard, and requires suitable Tackle, and Time in landing.

SALMON.

HIS RIVERS. The six Summer Months, all those that communicate with the Sea. The best Salmon are in Thames, but they are few, he loving rather the colder Northern Rivers; of those, Tweed and Tyne have the greatest Plenty, and Tamer, in Cornwall, of the Western Coast; even as to occasion a Distich;

Cornwall, from England, Tamer's Streams divide;
Whence with fat Salmon, all the Land's supply'd.

Lone in Lancash. abounds with them. They are in almost all Rivers in the Kingdom, except those on the Coasts of Suffolk, Essex, and Sussex. The Wye and Usk, Monmouthshire; and the Ex, Devon, contrary to all others, have the Salmon in Season the six Winter Months. Salmon-Peal are in the Rivers of Dorset, Devon and Yorkshire. These last never grow to above sixteen Inches.

HAUNTS. The clearest Waters, nearest the Spring-heads in Summer; the deepest Part of a rapid Stream, in the Middle; and near the Ground: On pebble, chalk, or gravelly Bottoms. Salmon-Peal chuse deep Holes, near the Bank, under the Root of a Tree.

BAITS.

BAITS. He loves a large one. All those the Trout takes, especially a large *Lab-worm*, or two, exceeding well scowered in Moss sixteen, twenty Days, or longer, with the Unguents recommended *Pages 110—111—112*, and in the Notes. He is not so fond of a *Minnow*, nor of a *Fly*, as the Trout; of *Flies*, the live one succeeds best, several on one Hook. Your *artificial Sort* must be large, and of glaring gaudiest Colours, the Bodies made with gold and silver Threads, and with four, or, it is better, of six Wings, made standing one before another, and both these and the Tail must be long. A raw *Cockle*, or *Muscle*, taken out of the Shell, are recommended, or a *Prawn*. The Way in this is to drop your Line, with no Shot on it, in a Shallow, by the Edge of any deep Hole, and let the Stream carry it in. They are very nice and whimsical in the changing their Baits. For *Salmon-Real*, the best Bait is a well scowered *Brandling*, bred in *Tanner's-bark*. They will rise at any Trout-fly.

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. He bites from the Middle of *April* to *August*, about nine in the Forenoon, and three in the Afternoon, in a sunny Day that is rough and windy, especially if it blows against the Stream. *Salmon-Real*, Morning and Evening, all the Summer long.

GEN. DIREC. Fish five times as strong as for a Trout. If one leaps out of the Water, beware there is a deep Hole. If you cannot reach it with your Fly-rod, use the Ledger as near as you can to the Hole, and a large Cork-float. Bait with a live Minnow, Loach, Gudgeon, or Dace, at Mid-water (and some prefer that Depth, or a little lower, with a Worm; though it is common to fish that Way close at Ground, either with a Float or Running.

Running-line) He is also trowled for. Your Hook must be large, armed with Wire, or whip'd on to two Hog's Bristles.

S M E L T.

HIS RIVERS. The *Thames*, and other great Rivers. Visits them twice a Year in *March* and *August*; in the first, is taken about *Chelsea* and *Hammer-smith*; in the last, seldom above *London-Bridge*.

BAITS. *Gentles*, white *Paste*, or a Bit of one of his own Species. Use a *Pater-noster-line*.

S T I C K L E B A C K.

IS found in every River, Pond, and Ditch; taken with a Bit of a *Red-worm*, and never used but as a Bait, with his Prickles cut off, for other Fish, as *Pike*, *Trout* and *Eel*.

T E N C H.

HIS RIVERS. *Bysfleet*, *Surry*; *Stower*, *Dorsetsh.* *Welland*, *Lincolnsh.* has *Tench* of five Pounds Weight. All the Rivers near *Harwich*, and the Drains in the Fens about *Ely*, breed very large, particularly *Wintlessea-mere*; also *Brecknach-mere*, in *Wales*. He is chiefly a Pond Fish.

HAUNTS. Are the same with the *Carp*, only he loves the foulest and muddiest Bottoms among Weeds.

BAITS. *Marsh*, *Lob*, or *Red-worms*, anointed with *Tar*, or the Unguent in Note (p. 145.) *Wasps*, *Gentles*, *Cadis*, *Pastes* of brown *Bread* and *Honey*, with a little *Tar*. *Ground-Bait* with *Blood* and *Grains* mixed.

SEASONS,

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They are best from the Beginning of September till the End of May. In June or July they spawn; and are out of Season the hot Months; yet then they bite freest, even all Night long. Early and late, as for the *Carp*, are the usual Hours, in a still, smooth Water, and best in a cloudy, drizzling, or rainy Morning, when it is warm, and a south or west Wind.

GEN. DIREC. You must fish strong, and near the Bottom; or, with a Marsh or Flag-worm, more near the Middle; allow him a great deal of Time in biting. He is no shy Fish. In hot Weather you may snare them at Top of the Water, as the Pike, with a double haired Link, not over-twisted, hung in a Noose, tied to a Line, on a long Rod: Let it fall softly before him on the Water, without touching him, till you have brought it over his Gills; then pull gently, and you have him.

TROUT.

HIS RIVERS. All those of *Hampsh.* and *Derbysh.* chiefly. He is found in most that are clear (all the Northern ones) of the Kingdom; none on the *Essex*, *Suffolk* and *Sussex* Coasts, excepting *Amerly*, in *Sussex*, which is famous. Near London, the *Lea*, above *Waltham*; and the Branches of it running by *Watton* and *Aston*, beyond *Heriford*. The *Thames*, above *Isteworth*, and upward, and all the Rivers that run into it from the *Surry* Side. *Stower* River, *Canterbury*, and the Brooks in *Kent*, and *Uxbridge* River, abound with fine Trout; as do most in *Wales*.

HAUNTS. Small purling Streams, that are clear and swift, usually on the Side, or in the Ed-

dies of the Stream, and in the quietest Place; in a dead Hole, behind some Stone, Stump, or a Point of Land that stands shooting out, and makes a moving in the Water like an Eddy; especially under a Shade of a Bush, or hollow hanging Bank. At a Stream-tail in Spring, and latter End of Summer, in *May* he keeps the upper End; and on the Shallows in Summer, or at the Aprons or Tails of Mills.

BAITS. A *Lob-worm* and *Brandling* are the chief; how to bait your Hook with these, see p. 71, and in Note: and 288; though any Sort of *Worm* is grateful to him; but a large *Worm* is best in a thick, and a smaller in a clear Water. *Cadis* is another excellent Bait at Bottom, and the most holding through the Year. Two or three put on the Hook together, and sometimes joined to a *Worm*, have very good Effect. *Minnow*, or any small Fish, half a Foot or Foot under Water; *Bull-head*, with his back Fin. cut off, which is better, or *Loach*, which is best of all (how to order these, see p. 73, 295.) All *Flies*, natural or artificial, at Top; and of these the *May-fly*, *Palmer-fly*, *Stone-fly*, *Green-drake*, *Ash*, *Fern* and *Ant-flies*; or a *Grasshopper* in dipping, as for *Chub* (see p. 45.)

SEASONS, and Hours of biting. They spawn about *October* or *November*; are out of Season from about the Middle of *October* to the same Time in *March*, and in Season all the Summer half Year. *April*, *May* and *June* are his Prime. Bites from Sun-rise till within an Hour and half of Noon, and from two till Sun-set, or later, and he may be fished for all Night; but nine in the Morning, and three in the Afternoon are his most certain Hours, either at *Ground* or *Fly*. A Water clearing after
a Flood

a Flood, or dark, cloudy, and gloomy Weather, when it is windy, is most favourable. In *March*, *April*, *September*, and a Part of *October*, the warmest sun-shiny Weather, and Middle of the Day is best. In little crystal Brooks, when a Shower has raised and disturbed the Water, or a Mill is first set going, or the Tide comes up, it is of great Advantage, following the Course of the Current: And little is to be expected in such Places when the contrary, unless they have been swelled some Time before by Land-floods.

GEN. DIREC. *Fish as strong and fine as possible, and use the utmost Caution to keep unseen. In muddy or white Water, as some term it, you may be more bold, fish coarser, and stand nearer; a Worm is then better than a Fly; unless when you fish with it in the Fly manner, or with a small Brandling; which is the best Way of all in a clear Water (of which see full Instructions p. 287.) In angling with a Float or Ledger-bait, lie as near the Bottom as you can, without dragging. When with a Fly, keep it always playing upon the Water, drawing it up and down the Stream, as the Wind will permit. When your Flies are dead on the Hook, cut off their Wing, put one shot to sink them about Mid-water, and you will find your Account. After a Shower they will rise greedily at Gnats: In the Evening, of a hot Day, dib with a Grasshopper, on a short Line, as for Chub (see p. 44—5.) Where you shall find many Minnows or Chubs, expect few or no Trouts in that Place. The Chubs will drive the Trouts out, and keep Possession. You need make but three or four throws in a Stand, for if a Trout takes not your Bait then, there is none there, or he will not come nigh it at all. Ground-bait the Night before with a Pint of Lob-worms.*

Short

Short R U L E S

Concerning

I. The Tackle. II. Baits. III. The several Ways of Angling. IV. Weather improper and proper for the Sport.

I. **I**N Choice of a Rod, made up now very cheap, and in Perfection, at the Shops in London, let it not in Length exceed five, or at most six Yards; all longer are unmanageable, and will not answer to the Motion of the Hand, in striking or throwing out; those of Cane are better than of Hazel, as being lightest. See they are taper, and decrease gradually, the Whale-bone Joint light, and End small, for if that be stiff and unpliant, or top-heavy, it will not, as they term it, mount well; that is, you cannot strike true, but it will endanger breaking your Tackle, or losing the Fish. Chuse your Hazel ones of old well-seasoned Wood; new and green will warp, and an Hour's fishing in the Rain or Sun will spoil them. Rods are best preserved in Winter, by keeping them dry, and laying them by rubbed over (the Hazel ones) with Tallow, those of Cane with Oil. HAIRS of all Sorts may be bought in Links of every Size, ready twisted or single. Single Hairs should be glass-coloured, round and even; for strong fishing, Indian-grass, or Silk-worm Gut, are best. Floats of Quill or Cork, may also be had of all Sizes; and Cork one's for the ease and better Direction of the Eye, steadier swimming, and on many Accounts, have the Preference. Chuse your Hooks never too large,

large, a smaller Hook, of its particular Sort, being much the best for all Purposes; and be sure that it be never too short in the Shank. Those that are at a Distance from Town, or are desirous to make and prepare their own Tackle, may see Directions for it, p. 201,—2,—3,—246,—7.

II. *Worms, Gentles*, and the usual Sorts of *artificial Flies*, &c. are sold ready prepared at the Shops: But as all are not near that Conveniency, *Lob, Dew*, or *Earth-worms* are found in Gardens, or Meadow Grounds, after Rain, by the Help of a Lanthorn, in the Night: The best of these are those which have a red Head, a streak down the Back, and a broad Tail. *Brandlings*, a pale Worm; *Gilt-tails*, another of this Kind, with yellow List on the Tail; and *Red-worms*, are all found in fat rotten Earth or Dunghills, chiefly of Cow or Hog's Dung, but the best are in Tanner's-bark; the *Marsh*, a bluish Worm, in marshy Grounds; all these may be scoured in Fennel, or Moss washed clean, wetted, squeezed dry, and often changed; but the best Way is, to take a Piece of very coarse Cloth, that has never been in the Fulling-mill, washed clean and dried, then soaked in fresh Beef-liquor, in which there has been no Salt, for that would kill them; wring it, but not too dry: Lay it in a broad deep-glaz'd earthen Pan and your Worms in it, to creep through, and scour themselves in. Rinse it out in the same Sort of Liquor again, every two Days, and your Worms will keep a Month, set in a cool Place, and be in excellent Order; *Bole Armoniac* put to them will hasten their scouring, and makes them redder: Put what you want for present use in wetted Moss, well squeezed; *Gentles* may be made by the Direction, p. 182. *Clap-bait*, is a whitish Maggot, found at any Time under a Cow-Clat. *Earth-Grub*, the
Brood

Brood of the *Beetle*, in any fresh ploughed Lands: Way to preserve them, see p. 182. *Flag-worm*, *Dock-worm*, is found by plucking up those Plants, washing their Roots from the Earth, and in their Fibres are little Cases of a red or yellow Colour, open these with a Pin, and you will find the Worm; but the better Sort lie in the round Stalk, after you have pulled the Flag away: They are kept in Bran as the *Gentle*. *Ash-Grubs*, or *Bark-Worm*, a soft white Insect, are found lying bent Head to Tail, under the Bark of any decayed Ash, Oak, Alder, Birch, or any Tree that has laid any Time fallen; to be kept also in Bran: *Palmer-worms*, and all others bred on Herbs or Trees, may be found on their respective Plants, and kept, by putting them, with the Leaves of each, into little Boxes, with Holes to let in Air. *Oak* and *Ash-fly*, are found on the Bodies of those Trees, the Head downwards near the Root. *Hawthorn*, and other *Flies*, by beating the Boughs of Hawthorn, &c. *Ant-flies* are dug out of their Hills about July; a Way of keeping them, see p. 181. *Cadis* are got out of any Brook or Ditch by a River, as in Note p. 187, and are kept as in p. 186. *May*, and other *Flies*, by the Sides of every River. *Artificial Flies*, Variety of them may be bought at the Tackle Shops, and those that have Leisure, and are curious, have Directions (p. 81. & seq. — 249 to 254, with the Note — 264 to 271.) through every particular Month, for making them. *Pastes* are made several Ways, (p. 48. 133—7. 163) Col. *Venables* commends the following before all others;

Leg of a young Rabbit (or raw Veal) Virgin's Wax, Sheep's Suet, beat in a Mortar; temper'd before the Fire with clarified Honey.

Sheep's Kidney-Suet, or Sheep's Blood, as much Cheese, White Bread with clarified Honey.

Cherries, Sheep's Blood, White Bread, Saffron, fattest old Cheese, and strongest Rennet, White Bread, Anniseed-water, beat exceeding well together—Add rusty Bacon if for a Chub.

Fattest old Cheese, strongest Rennet, Sheep's Kidney Suet, colour'd with Tumeric, an excellent Paste for Chub.

In Winter, for large Fish let your Bait be as big as a Nutmeg,—add the Oils (as in Note p. 111—12) for Trial. And in all a little fine Wool or Flax, to keep it on the Hook.

N. B. The Spawn of any Fish (Salmon especially) beat to a Paste; or boil'd till so hard to hang on the Hook: Or the Flesh of any Fish beat to Paste, or cut into small Bits, is a choice Bait for almost all Fish.

III. The Ways of Angling are several. GROUND ANGLING is for all Waters and Seasons; and the Foundation of the Art: and is, 1. With the *Ledger*, or *fixed Bait*, when the Rod is stuck in, or rested upon the Bank, of which see full Directions p. 119 to 124, and 288. This Way is used for all Fish, especially *Trout, Pike, Chub, and Eel*. 2. By *Hand*, or with the *Running-line*, viz. with so many Shot on it as will sink it to the Bottom, and suffer the Bait to be carried with the Stream; and this must always be proportioned to the Strength or Weakness of the Current. In this you use no Float, but the Bite is easily seen by the Top of the Rod, or felt from the Hand; keep the Line strait, and strike upright. It is an excellent Way for *Trout, Barbel, Gudgeon, and other Fish*. 3. With the *Floa*t (290—6) which, in Opposition to the *Ledger*, is called the *Walking-bait*. In swift Streams, Floats of Cork are best; in gentler, those of Quill. You are to plumb the Depth of your Water, and use Ground-bait. 4. *Night-Hooks*. See

Directions

Directions p. 155 and 319. These four Methods are the whole of *Ground-Angling*.

MID-WATER-FISHING is with any live *Fish-bait* or *Worm*, or other Bait, at the Middle, or somewhat lower, and sometimes again, within a Foot of the Surface; for *Trout*, *Pike*, *Pearch*, or *Chub*. For the three former of these, they very often in this Way use the *Trowling-line*, which is sold ready-made at the Tackle-shops; in the use of which they will direct you. (See p. 120 in Note.)

FLY-FISHING, is usually on the very Top of the Water, and sometimes, when your Observation will show you the Fish crave it, a very little under; your Rod must be long, and your Line also, if you have Wind to carry it from you, otherwise a Line of less Length is best. This must always be done in clear Water, and in which you use neither Lead nor Float. Contrive, if you can, to have the Sun in your Face, the Wind in your Back, and always throw up the Stream, and let only your Fly touch the Water. (See p. 245)

The best Times to use a Fly are, when the River has been a little discolour'd by Rain, or in a cloudy, breezy Day. When the Wind is high choose the *still Deep*s, when small or none, the *running Streams*, and use then the *natural*, in boisterous Weather the *artificial Fly*.—In clear Streams use a *small Fly*, in less clear, *one* larger; a light colour'd Fly in a bright Day, a dark Fly for dark Waters, and an Orange Fly in muddy ones.—Keep as much as you can from the Fishes Sight as he rises, and strike the Instant you feel him touch, or, if a large one, not till you see him turn his Head.

N. B. After Floods or Rains, angle at Ground. When the Streams are beginning to clear, or after a Shower that has not muddied them, but only beaten

down the Flies and Gnats, or in the Shower, if you are inclined to stand it, angle with a Fly.

IV. The WEATHER, the last Consideration, is, 1. *Improper*. In a strong East or cold Northerly Wind. After a long Drought. In the Middle of Days that are excessive hot, especially in muddy or clear shallow Rivers. When there has been white Frost in the Morning. In Days, of high Wind. Where they have been *long* washing Sheep. Just after Fish have spawned. Upon rising of any sudden Clouds that prove to precede Rain. The Days following dark, cloudy, or windy Nights. When Rivers, especially small ones, are pent up by Flood-gates or Mills, and run low. 2. The most *proper Times* are, in calm clear Weather. In a brisk south or west Breeze; if you can find Shelter, no matter how high it be. When in the hottest Months it is cool and cloudy. After Floods, when the Water fines, and is of a *Whey-colour*. After a hasty violent Shower has a little muddied and swelled the Tide, especially for Ground-fishing. A little before any Fishes spawning, when they are seen rubbing themselves on the gravelly Shallows. When a River is very much swelled, and runs violent, then in any still Pit, by its Sides, the Mouth of any slow Creek running into it, and the Ends of Bridges, where the Water runs calm and quiet, if not too deep, there is admirable Sport. When Flashes are let down, or Mills set going; if you follow the Course of the Water.

The few brief Observations, under these four Heads, contain a Summary of the Angler's Knowledge, and include the Substance of many modern Volumes that have been written on the Subject; which affect to turn all into Mystery, Study, and Art, that should be supposed to treat of nothing more, than simple and mere RECREATION.



I N D E X.

A.

- ACTION**, *prefer'd to Contemplation*. Page 19.
Adonis, or Sea-Darling, a Fish, 23.
Air, *its Use and Commendation*, 6 to 10.
Ancients, *their Care to have their Fish fresh*, 49.
Angling, *its Eulogium*, 17 to 33. *Lawfulness*, 28.
Allowed the Clergy, ib. *Methods of*, 83 to 88.
244, and *seq.* 287 to 297. 338-9.
Angle-Rods, 83. 201. 246. 335-6. *How to colour*,
203. *Preserve*, 335.
Angling-Sport, *Descriptions of*, 40-1. 44-5. 55-6.
78-9. 97-8. 256 to 262.
Angler, *his Happiness*, 91. *Character* 5.
Angler's Songs, 66. 169. *Catch*, 174. *Evening*
Dialogues, 61 to 69. 168 to 175.
Angler's Wish, *Verses*, 92. *Tackle, old rhyme about*
184.
Ant-Fly, *how to procure and keep*, 181.
April, *Flies for*, 81. 268.
Artificial Flies. *See* Flies.
Ash-Grub, (*same with Bark-Worm*) 291. 337.
Best Time to use it, 264. *How to bait with*, 292.
August, *Flies proper to*, 82, 280.

B.

- BACON**, *for Bait*, 48. 160. (*in Notes*)
Baits, 45-6. 69-70. 178 to 193. 336-7-8.
Barbel, *where found*, 160. 311. *Subtily* 162. *His*
Baits, ib. 312. *Spawn poisonous*, 161.
Bark-Worm. *See* Ash-Grub.
Bee, *for Bait*, 47, 183.

I N D E X.

Beggars merry *Dispute and Song*, 94-5.
 Bleak, 166. 312.
 Bobbing for Eels, *way of*, 157. (*in Note*)
 Bones of Chevin, *baked dissolve*, 48.
 Brandling, Gilt-Tail or Red-Worm, 69. 70-1.
 336. *To bait with*, 289.
 Bream, *Baits for*, 137-8. 313-14. *Way to fish for*,
 138 to 143.
 Brogling (*for Eels*) *See Snigling*.
 Bull-head, or Miller's-Thumb, *to catch*, 191. 314.
to use as Bait, 295.
 Bull-Trout, 52.

C.

C Adews, *their Kinds*, 186-7. *How got*, 187.
 (*in Note*) and 188. *To keep*, 186.
 Carp, *his Fertility*, 128. *Destroyed by Frogs*, 130.
Longevity, 131. *Way of spawning*, ib. *How*
fish for, 133. and *the Note*. *Baits*, ib. and 315.
to dress, 135.
 Cantharus, *Fish, Verses on*, 23.
 Caterpillar, 74 to 78.
 Char-Fish, 159.
 Chalkhill Joseph, *Verses by*, 64. 169.
 Cheese, *Bait*, 162. 312-317. 337-8.
 Cherries and Berries, *Bait*, 47. 317.
 Chub or Cheven, *to catch*, 44. *His Baits*, 47-8.
 317. *Ways to dress*, 43-4.
 Clap-bait, or Bob, 46. 336.
 Common-Prayer, *Verses on*, 90.
 Conger, *Sea-Eel*, 158.
 Coridon's Song, 64.
 Cotton, *Esq; Stanzas by*, 300.
 Cuttle Fish, 22. 196.

D.

D ACE, *see Roach*.
 Dapping, Dopping or Dibbing, *viz. angling*
with a live Fly, Grasshopper, &c. 44-5. 88.
 339.
 Davidson

I N D E X.

Davidson Frank, *Song by*, 95.
 Davers Jos. *Verses by*, 32.
 December, *Flies for*, 281.
 Derbyshire Rivers *described*, 230 to 234.
 Dock, (*same with*) Flag-Worm, 138. 291. 337.
 Donne, *Dean of St. Paul's, Verses by*, 150.
 Dove River, *its Rise and Course*, 230-1.
 Draiton Mich. *his Verses on the Salmon*, 107.
 Dubartas, *Verses by*, 23-4. 77.
 Dubravius, Bishop, *strange Story by*, 117.

E.

E Arth, *its Excellencies*, 10, 11.
 Earth-Grub or Bob, *Spawn of Beetle*, 181. 336.
 Eel, *Opinions of their Generation*, 151-2. *Several Kinds*, 154. *Bed themselves in Winter*, 153-4. *Unbed at Thunder*, 100. *Baits for*, 154. 319. *Ways to catch*, 155-6. *and the Notes. To dress an excellent Way*, 157.
 Elvers, *Kind of Eel-cake*, 152.

F.

F Alcon, *his Flight, &c. described*, 6.
 February, *Flies for*, 265.
 Fence-Months *what*, 38.
 Fish-Diet *commended*, 14.
 Fish, *strange Kinds of*, 195. *Description of one*, 196.
 Fishermen, *their unlawful Practices condemned*, 38. 282. *Their Employment never reprehended by Christ*, 26.
 Fishes Enemies, 39.
 Fish-Ponds, *how to order*, 197 (*and in Notes*) to 201.
 Fordidge Trout, 50-1.
 Frogs, *to bait with*, 122. *Which Venomous*, 121. *Strange Instinct of some*, 117-18.
 Fletcher Phineas, *Verses by*, 173.

Flies,

I N D E X.

Flies, *their sorts and to find*, 84, and *Note*, 87-8. Artificial or Dub-Flies, 81-2. 264 to 281. *How to make*, 83-4-5. 249 to 252, with the *Note*. *To know which will be the best taken*, 266. *How to put on the Hook*, 273.
 Fly-Fishing, *Way of*, 83. 245 to 249. 339.
 Flounder, 158. 320.

G.

G Generation various, *antient opinions of*, 75. 113. 151-2.
 Gentles, *to breed and keep all the Year*, 182.
 Grayling, *how valued*, 102-3. *Physical Use*, 103. *St. Ambrose's Esteem of him*, ib. *Prime Season*, 259. 263. *His Baits* 104. 278. 291. 321.
 Green-Drake-Fly, 271 to 275.
 Grey ditto, 274-5.
 Grasshopper Bait, 45-7.
 Gudgeon, 165. 322.
 Guiniad, *Kind of Alpine Trout*, 159.
 Gypsies, *humorous Tale of*, 93. and *Song*, 95.

H.

H Hampshire yields best Trout Rivers, 99.
 Hair for Line, *which best*, 201. 335. *To colour and twist*, 202.
 Hanscn-Toot-Hill described, 233 to 236.
 Hawking, *its Eulogium*, 6 to 10.
 Hawks, *Catalogue of*, 10. in *Note*.
 Hawthorn-Fly, 88. 337.
 Hen, *Observation of*, 25.
 Hearing, *in Fishes*, 100-1.
 Herbert Mr. *Verses by*, 21. 40. 88.
 Hermit-Fish 23.
 Hook, *how to chuse*, 336. *To bait*, see Lob-Worm.
 Host, *Character of a bad one*, 39.
 Hunting, *its Eulogium*, 11, 12.

I N D E X

J.

- J**anuary, *Flies for*, 264.
 Jest, *ill ones condemned*, 39.
 June, *Flies for*, 82. 278-9.
 July, *ditto*, 82. 279.
 Ivy, *Gum to extract an Unguent*, 111. *and in Note*.

K.

- King's-Fisher, *her Nest inimitable*, 186.

L.

- Lamprey Eel, *lived 60 Years*, 153. *For Bait*, 155.
 Lathkin River, Derbysh. *clearest, and breeds best*
Trouts in England, 232.
 Lark, *his Commendations*, 7.
 Laws, *concerning Angling*, 305.
 Leather-mouthed Fish, *what*, 46.
 Ledger-Bait, 119. *To bait*, 121. *To use*, 123.
 288. 338.
 Loach, *to catch*, 190. 323. *Use as Bait*, 295.
 Lob-Worm, Garden or Dew-Worm, *to get and*
scour, 70-1. 336. *How to bait with one*
Worm, 71. *With two*, *ibid*, (*in Note*) *and*
 288.
 Lucian, *Epigram on Scoffers*, 3.

M.

- M**alt-Bait, 183.
 March, *Flies for*, 81. 266.
 Martial *Epigram by, translated*, 101.
 Marlow Kit, *Song by*, 58.
 May, *Flies for*, 81-2. 269 to 278.
 May-Fly, 54. 83. *where found*, 87. 337. *To make*, 86.
 Milk-Maids, *Dialogues with*, 57 to 61. 164. *Their*
Songs, 58. 60.
 Minnow or Penk, 189. *delicious, made into Tan-*
sies, *ib*. *How to bait with*, 72 *and Note*.
Make artificial, 73. *and Note*.

Montaigne's

I N D E X.

Montaigne's *Saying of his Cat*, 4.
Mullet, 323. *Verses on*, 24.
Musick, *Verses in Praise of*, 175.

N.

Night-Fishing, *for Trout*, 98-9.
Night-Hooks, 155. 319.
Nightingale, *her Melody*, 8.
November, *Flies for*. See *those for Feb*.
Nowel, *Dean of St. Paul's, his Character*, 28.

O.

Ok (or Ash) Fly, *to find*, 88. *Make*, 86.
Worm or Grub, *secret in using it*, 87, in *Note*.
Where find, 337.
October, *Flies for*. See *those for March*.
Otter, 2. *Hunting him*. 34 to 37. *Made tame*
to catch Fish, ib. *Skin, its use in Gloves*, 35.
Ointments, *to tempt Fish*, 110-11. and the *Notes*.
125. 134. 145 and the *Note*. 184. 293.

P.

Palmer-Fly. *To make*, 83.
—— Worm, 74. *His Description*, 77.
Pastes, 48. 133 4 163. 337-8.
Pater-noster-line, 167.
Pearch, *his wholesomness*, 147. *Baits for*, 148-9.
324.
Piscator's Song, 169.
Pike, *Longevity and Voraciousness*, 114. and *seq.*
medical Virtue, 116. *Kill'd by Frogs*, 117.
To catch, 119, &c. 327. *Dress*, 125-6. and
Note.
Pope or Ruff, 166, 327.
Poverty, *its Advantages*, 80. and in *Verses*, 173.
Preacher, *a Story of*, 79.

R.

Raleigh Sir Walter, *Song by*, 60.
Riches, *their Discommodities*, 4. 172. 205-6-7.
Rivers

I N D E X.

Rivers, *strange Accounts of some*, 20-1. *Help to Contemplation*, 19. *Theological Remark by Moline*, 20. *Differ like Pastures*, 102. *Chief ones in England*, 193. *Verses of*, 195.

Roach, *Baits for*, (*same as Dace*) 178. *and seq.* 328. *Spawn commended*, 176. *Biggest in Ponds*, *ib.*

Rud or Broad-Roach, 177 *in Note.* 329.

Running-Line, 166: 288-9. 338.

Rural Descriptions, 56-7. 91-2. 210.

S.

Salmon, *way of spawning*, 105. *Getting to and from Sea*, 105-6. *Same in Verse*, 107. *Hasty Growth*, 108. *How to fish for*, 109, &c. 330.

Salmon-Peal, 329-30.

Sargus Fish, *Verses on*, 23.

September, *Flies for*, 280.

Sheep's-Blood, *for Bait*, 183.

Saigglings or Broggling for Eels, 155-6 *and the Note.*

Snakes, *Land and Water Kinds*, 118.

Snap-Fishing, *for Pike*, 124 *and Note.*

Snails, *for Bait*, 46.

Spawn of Fish, *for Bait*, 338.

Spawning Time, *catching Fish then unnatural*, 38.

Stile of Scripture, *Remark on*, 27.

Stickleback, 191. 331.

Swallows, *caught with Angle*, 167.

T.

Tench, *to catch*, 145. 331-2. *Medical Virtues*, 144-5, *and the Note.*

Thames Angling, *manner of*, 177-8-9. *in Notes.*

Thankfulness, *Excitements to*, 204 to 210.

Trent River, *its Rise and Course*, 231 *and seq.*

Trimmer-Fishing, *for Pike*, 123, *and Note.*

Trout,

I N D E X.

TROUT, *Ways to angle for*, 69 to 74. 80. 245 to 249.
287 to 297. 333-4. *In Season with the Buck*,
49. *unseasonable*, 53. *To Dress*, 285.
TROWLING, *full Directions for*, 120 in Note.

W.

WATER, *its Utility*, 13. *Principal of Bodies Ex-*
periment of, ib. *Medium of Sounds*, 100.

WHEAT-BAIT, 185.

WHIPPING for Bleak, 167.

WORMS, *several Kinds for Baits*. See Brandling,
Lob-Worms, &c.

WOTTON Sir Henry, *his Character of Angling*, 30.
Verses by, 31. (*supposed his*) 211-13.

N. B. Page 84, l. 19, for Tackle should be read Hackle.

F I N I S.



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